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MORGAN'S CAVALRY

MORGAN'S CAVALRY

By BASIL W. DUKE

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TO THE WOMEN OF KENTUCKY,

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES
OF THE GALLANT MEN WHOSE HEROISM HAS BECOME PART OF THE HISTORIC
HERITAGE OF THE STATE,

and

To the Noble Women of the South,

WHOSE KINDNESS ALLEVIATED THE HARDSHIPS
WHICH THESE MEN SO LONG ENDURED, AND FOR WHOSE SAKE THEY WERE
PROUD TO SUFFER AND BLEED,

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

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CHAPTER I.

PERSONALITY OF GENERAL MORGAN AND HIS QUALITIES AS A COMMANDER—HIS RAPID CREATION OF AN EFFICIENT CAVALRY COMMAND, AND DISCOVERY OF NEW USES FOR THAT ARM OF THE SERVICE.

IN undertaking to write the history of General Morgan's services and of the command which he created, it is but fair that I acknowledge myself influenced, in a great measure, by the feelings of the friend and the follower; that I desire, if I can do so by relating facts, of most of which I am personally cognizant, to perpetuate his fame, and at the same time establish the true character of a body of men who, recruited and inured to war by him, served bravely and faithfully to the close of the great struggle.

General Morgan's career during the late war was so remarkable that it is not surprising that the public, accustomed to the contradictory newspaper versions of his exploits, should be disposed to receive all accounts of it with some incredulity. It was so rapid, so crowded with exciting incidents, appealed so strongly to the passions and elicited so constantly the comments of both sides, that contemporary accounts of his operations were filled with mistakes and exaggerations, and it is natural that some should be expected in any history of his campaigns, although written after the strife is over.

A narrative of the operations of a command composed, in great part, of Kentuckians, must possess some interest for the people of their own State. So general and intense was the interest which Morgan excited among the young men of the State that he obtained recruits from every county, numbers running every risk to join him when no other leader could enlist a man. The whole State was represented in his command. Many Kentuckians who had enlisted in regiments from other States procured transfers to

his command, and it frequently happened that men, the bulk of whose regiments were in prison, or who had become irregularly detached from them by some of the many accidents of which the volunteer, weary of monotony, is prompt to take advantage, would attach themselves to and serve temporarily with it. Probably every native citizen of Kentucky who will read these lines will think of some relative or friend who at some time served with Morgan.

It is a prevalent opinion that his troops were totally undisciplined and unaccustomed to the instruction and restraint which form the soldier. They were, to be sure, far below the standard of regular troops in these respects, and doubtless they were inferior in many particulars of drill and organization to some carefully-trained bodies of cavalry, Confederate and Federal, which were less constantly and actively engaged in service on the front. But these essential requisites to efficiency were by no means neglected or in a great degree lacking. The utmost care was exercised in the organization of every regiment to place the best men in office. No opportunity was neglected to attain proficiency in the tactics which experience had induced us to adopt, and among officers and men there was a perfect appreciation of the necessity of strict subordination, prompt, unquestioning obedience to superiors, and an active, vigilant discharge of all the duties which devolve upon the soldier in the vicinity or presence of the enemy.

I do not hesitate to say that "Morgan's Division," in its best days, would have lost nothing (in points of discipline and instruction) by comparison with any of the fine cavalry commands, which did constant service, of the Confederate army, and the testimony of more than one inspecting officer can be cited to that effect. More credit, too, has been given General Morgan for qualities and ability which constitute a successful partisan to lead a handful of men than for the very decided military talents which he possessed.

An even cursory study of Morgan's record will convince the military reader that the character he bore with those who served with him was deserved. That, while circumspect and

neglectful of no precaution to insure success or avert disaster, he was extremely bold in thought and action; that using every means to obtain extensive and accurate information (attempting no enterprise of importance without it), and careful in the consideration of every contingency, he was yet marvelously quick to combine and to revolve, and so rapid and sudden in execution as frequently to confound both friends and enemies. And above all, once convinced, he never hesitated to act; he would back his judgment against every hazard and with every resource at his command.

Whatever merit be allowed or denied General Morgan, he is beyond all question entitled to the credit of having discovered uses for cavalry, or rather mounted infantry, to which that arm was never applied before. While other cavalry officers were adhering to the traditions of former wars and the systems of the schools, however inapplicable to the demands of their day and the nature of the struggle, he originated and perfected, not only a system of tactics, a method of fighting and handling men in the presence of the enemy, but also a strategy as effective as it was novel. Totally ignorant of the art of war as learned from the books and in the academies; an imitator in nothing; self taught in all that he knew and did, his success was not more marked than his genius. The creator and organizer of his own little army—with a force which at no time reached four thousand—he *killed and wounded* nearly as many of the enemy and captured more than fifteen thousand. The author of the far-reaching "raid," so different from the mere cavalry dash, he accomplished with his handful of men results which would otherwise have required armies and the costly preparations of regular and extensive campaigns.

I shall endeavor to show the intimate connection between his operations and those of the main army in each department where he served, and the strategic importance of even his apparently rashest and most purposeless raids, when considered with reference to their bearing upon the grand campaigns of the West. When the means at his disposal, the difficulties with which he had to contend, and the results

he effected, are well understood, it will be conceded that his reputation with the Southern soldiery was not undeserved, and that to rank with the best of the many active and excellent cavalry officers of the West, to have had, confessedly, no equal among them except in Forrest, argues him to have possessed no common ability.

For the spirit in which it is written, I have only to say that I have striven to be candid and accurate; to that sort of impartiality which is acquired at the expense of a total divestiture of natural feeling I can lay no claim.

A Southern man, once a Confederate soldier—always thoroughly Southern in sentiments and feeling—I can, of course, write only a Southern account of what I saw in the late war, and as such what is herein written must be received.

John Hunt Morgan was born at Huntsville, Ala., on the 1st day of June, 1825. His father, Calvin C. Morgan, was a native of Virginia. In early manhood Mr. Morgan followed the tide of emigration flowing from Virginia to the West and began life in Alabama. In 1823 he married the daughter of John W. Hunt, of Lexington, Ky., one of the wealthiest and most successful men of the State, and one whose influence and efforts did much to develop the prosperity of that part of it in which he resided. Mr. Morgan is described by all who knew him as a gentleman whom it was impossible to know and not to respect and esteem. His character was at once firm and attractive, but he possessed neither the robust constitution nor the adventurous and impetuous spirit which characterized other members of his family. He was quiet and studious in his habits, and although fond of the society of his friends, shunned every kind of excitement. When failing health forced him to leave Alabama, he removed with his family to Kentucky and resided in Lexington for the remainder of his life. John H. Morgan's maternal grandfather, Mr. Hunt, came to Kentucky from New Jersey. His family which was of old and excellent English stock, settled originally at Newton, Long Island, of which place his ancestor, Ralph Hunt,

JOHN H. MORGAN

Lieutenant in the Mexican War

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was one of the founders. The General's mother, Mrs. Henrietta Hunt Morgan, was universally beloved. Exceptionally amiable and unselfish in disposition, she yet possessed very determined traits of character and positive convictions. Her son inherited from her those qualities which commanded the perfect devotion of his followers.

John H. Morgan was reared in Kentucky. When nineteen years of age he enlisted for the Mexican War and was elected first lieutenant of Captain Perry Beard's company of Colonel Humphrey Marshall's regiment of Kentucky cavalry. His brother Calvin and his uncle Alexander G. Morgan were members of the same company. His uncle was killed at Buena Vista, in which battle Colonel Marshall's regiment was hotly engaged. Soon after his return home he married Miss Bruce, of Lexington, a sweet and lovely lady, who, almost from the day of her wedding, was a confirmed and patient invalid and sufferer. Immediately after his marriage, he entered energetically into business; was industrious, enterprising and prosperous, and at the breaking out of the war, in 1861, he was conducting in Lexington two successful manufactories. Every speculation and business enterprise in which he engaged succeeded, and he had acquired a very handsome property. This he left, when he went South, to the mercy of his enemies, making no provision whatever for its protection, and apparently caring not at all what became of it.

The qualities in General Morgan which would have attracted most attention in private life were an exceeding gentleness of disposition and unbounded generosity. His kindness and goodness of heart were proverbial. His manner, even after he had become accustomed to command, was gentle and kind, and no doubt greatly contributed to acquire him the singular popularity which he enjoyed long before he had made his military reputation. The strong will and energy which he always displayed might not have elicited much notice had not the circumstances in which the war placed him developed and given them scope for exercise. But his affection for the members of his family and his

friends, the generosity which prompted him to consult their wishes at the expense of any sacrifice of his own, his sensitive regard for the feelings of others, even of those in whom he felt least interest, and his rare charity for the failings of the weak, made up a character which, even without an uncommon destiny, would have been illustrious.

His benevolence was so well known in Lexington that to "go to Captain Morgan" was the first thought of every one who wished to inaugurate a charitable enterprise, and his business house was a rendezvous for all the distressed and a sort of "intelligence office" for the poor seeking employment. His temper was cheerful and frequently gay; no man more relished pleasantry and mirth in the society of his friends, with whom his manner was free and even at times jovial. There was never a more sanguine man; with him to live was to hope and to dare. Yet while rarely feeling despondency and never despair, he did not deceive himself with false or impossible expectations. He was quick to perceive the real and the practical, and while enterprising in the extreme he was not in the least visionary. His nerve, his powers of discrimination, the readiness with which he could surrender schemes found to be impracticable, if by chance he became involved in them, and his energy and close attention to his affairs, made him very successful in business, and undoubtedly the same qualities, intensified by the demand that war made upon them, contributed greatly to his military success.

He could, with more accuracy than any one, divine the plans and wishes of an enemy. This was universally remarked, and he exhibited it, not only in correctly surmising the intentions of his own immediate opponents, but also in the opinions which he gave regarding the movements of the grand armies. He sought all the information which could, however remotely, affect his interests and designs with untiring avidity, and the novel and ingenious expedients he sometimes resorted to in order to obtain it would perhaps furnish materials for the most interesting chapter of his history.

He had another faculty which is very essential to military success; indispensably necessary, at any rate, to a cavalry commander who acts independently and at such distances from any base or support as he almost constantly did. I believe the English term it having "a good eye for a country." It is the faculty of rapidly acquiring a correct idea of the nature and peculiar features of any country in which military operations are to be conducted. He neglected nothing that a close study of maps and careful inquiry could furnish of this sort of knowledge, but after a brief investigation or experience, he generally had a better understanding of the subject than either map-makers or natives could give him.

However imperfect might be his acquaintance with a country, it was nearly impossible for a guide to deceive him. What he had once learned in this respect he never forgot. A road once traveled was always afterward familiar to him, with distances, localities and the adjacent country. Thus, always having in his mind a perfect idea of the region where he principally operated, he could move with as much facility and confidence (when there) without maps and guides as with them.

His favorite strategy on his important expeditions or "raids" was to place himself by long and swift marches—moving sometimes for days and nights without a halt except to feed the horses—in the very heart of the territory where were the objects of his enterprise. He relied upon this method to confuse if not to surprise his enemy, and prevent a concentration of his forces. He would then strike right and left. He rarely declined upon such expeditions to fight when advancing, for it was his theory that then a concentration of superior forces against him was more difficult, and that the vigor of his enemy was to a certain extent paralyzed by the celerity of his own movements and the mystery which involved them. But after commencing his retreat, he would use every effort and strategem to avoid battle, fearing that while fighting one enemy others might overtake him, and believing that at such times the morale of his own troops was somewhat impaired. No leader could make more skill-

ful use of detachments. He would throw them out to great distances, even when surrounded by superior and active forces, and yet rarely was one of them (commanded by a competent officer who obeyed instructions) overwhelmed or cut off. It very seldom happened that they failed to accomplish the purposes for which they were dispatched, or to rejoin the main body in time to assist in decisive action. He could widely separate and apparently scatter his forces and yet maintain such a disposition of them as to have all well in hand. When pushing into the enemy's lines he would send these detachments in every direction, until it was impossible to conjecture his real intentions—causing, generally, the shifting of troops from point to point as each was threatened, until the one he wished to attack was weakened, when he would strike at it like lightning.

He knew how to thoroughly confuse and deceive an enemy, and induce in him (as he desired) false confidence or undue caution; how to isolate and persuade or compel him to surrender without giving battle; and he could usually manage, although inferior to the aggregate of the hostile forces around him, to be stronger or as strong at the point and moment of encounter.

He seldom failed to discern and to take advantage of the ruling characteristics of those who approached him, and he could subsidize the knowledge and talents of other men with rare skill. He especially excelled in judging men collectively. He knew exactly how to appeal to the feelings of his men, to excite their enthusiasm, and stimulate them to dare any danger and endure any fatigue and hardship. But he sometimes committed the gravest errors in his estimation of individual character.

General Morgan had more of those personal qualities which make a man's friends devoted to him than any one I have ever known. He was himself very warm and constant in the friendships which he formed. It seemed impossible for him to do enough for those to whom he was attached, or to ever give them up. His manner, when he wished, prepossessed every one in his favor. He was generally more

courteous and attentive to his inferiors than to his equals and superiors. This may have proceeded in a great measure from his jealousy of dictation and impatience of restraint, but was the result also of warm and generous feeling. His greatest faults arose out of his kindness and easiness of disposition, which rendered it impossible for him to say or do unpleasant things, unless when under the influence of strong prejudice or resentment. This temperament made him a too lax disciplinarian, and caused him to be frequently imposed upon. He was exceedingly and unfeignedly modest. For a long time he sought, in every way, to avoid the applause and ovations which met him every where in the South, and he never learned to keep a bold countenance when receiving them.

His personal appearance and carriage were striking and graceful. His features were eminently handsome and adapted to the most pleasing expressions. His eyes were small, of a grayish blue color, and their glances keen and thoughtful. His figure on foot or on horseback was superb. He was exactly six feet in height, and although not at all corpulent, weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds. His form was perfect and the rarest combination of strength, activity, and grace. His constitution seemed impervious to the effects of privation and exposure, and it was scarcely possible to perceive that he suffered from fatigue or lack of sleep.

Men are not often born who can wield such an influence as he exerted, apparently without an effort; who can so win men's hearts and stir their blood. He will, at least, be remembered until the Western cavalrymen and their children have all died. The bold riders who live in the border-land, whose every acre he made historic, will leave many a story of his audacity and wily skill.

CHAPTER II.

Political Sentiment and Conditions in Kentucky in 1861—Why She Failed to Secede—Military Situation in the West—Confederate Occupation of Bowling Green—Organization and Equipment of Confederate Troops at that Date—Their Military Characteristics.

The position assumed by Kentucky at the inception of the great struggle, and her conduct throughout it, excited the surprise and, in no small degree, incurred the ill-will of both the contending parties. But while both North and South, at some time, doubted her good faith and complained of her action, such sentiment has been forgotten by the latter and became intensified into undisguised animosity upon the part of a large share of the population of the former section.

The reason is patent. It is the same which induced the Confederates to hope confidently for substantial assistance from Kentucky, if once enabled to obtain foothold upon her territory; and caused the Federals, on the other hand, to regard even the loudest and most zealous professors of loyalty as Secessionists in disguise, or at best Unionists only to save their property. It is the instinctive feeling that the people of Kentucky, on account of kindred blood, common interests and identity of ideas in all that relates to political rights and objects of political institutions, might be supposed likely to sympathize and act with the people of the South.

A number of causes and influences combined to prevent Kentucky from taking a decided and consistent stand with either of the combatants, and produced the vacillation which so notably characterized her councils and paralyzed her efforts in either direction. Her geographical situation, presenting a frontier of several hundreds of miles to an assailant coming from either the North or South, caused her people grave apprehension; especially as it was accounted an absolute certainty that her territory, if she sided with the

South, would be made the battleground and subjected to all the horrors and desolations of war. This feeling became stronger and more controlling because of the apparent incertitude of some of the Southern States, and their delay and seeming hesitation to enter the Confederacy. The political education of the Kentuckians, also, disposed them to enter upon such a contest with extreme reluctance. Originally a part of Virginia and chiefly settled by immigration from that State, her earlier population partook of the characteristics and were imbued with the sentiments which so strongly prevailed in the mother Commonwealth.

From Virginia the first generation of Kentucky statesmen derived the opinions which became the political creed of the people of the South, and were formulated in the famous resolutions of '98, giving shape and consistency to the doctrine of States' rights and popular expression to that construction of the relation of the several States to the General Government, under the Federal Constitution, so earnestly insisted on by the master minds of Virginia. The earlier population of Kentucky was peculiarly inclined to adopt and cherish such opinions by the promptings of that nature which seems common to all men descended from the stock of the "Old Dominion;" that craving for the largest individual independence, and disposition to assert and maintain in full measure every personal right, which has always made the Southern and Western States so jealous of alien interference with their local affairs. It was natural that a people animated by such a spirit should push their preference for self-government even to extremes; that they should esteem their most valued franchises safe only when entirely under their own custody and control; that they should insist that their peculiar institutions should be submitted only to domestic regulation, and that the personal liberty, valued above all other possessions, should be restrained only by laws enacted by legislators and executed by magistrates chosen among themselves, and identified with and appreciative of their interests. In short, they were strongly attached to

their State government, and were not inclined to regard as beneficent or even legitimate any interference with it upon the part of the General Government, whose power and influence they wished restricted to matters pertaining only to the "common defence and general welfare."

This decided and almost universal sentiment was first shaken and the opinions of the Kentuckians in this regard underwent a certain change about the time of and doubtless as a consequence of the Burr conspiracy; but the serious change in such political faith was wrought by Henry Clay. He taught his generation to love the "Union" not as an "agency" by means of which certain benefits were to be derived, but as an "end" to be adhered to no matter what results might follow. Mr. Clay sincerely believed that in the union of the States was to be found the surest guarantee of the safety, honor, and prosperity of them all, and he contemplated with horror any thought of its dissolution.

But notwithstanding this divergence of opinion between the people of Kentucky and their brethren in Virginia and the Southern States, the ties of blood and interest grew stronger: and, in the stormy period just antedating the Civil War a very general and positive sympathy with the Southern view of the questions in controversy was manifested. The troubles in Kansas and the agitation in Congress made the Democratic party in the State more determined and aggressive in this respect, and the John Brown affair exasperated her people, in common with those of every slave-holding community, and induced the organization of the State Guard. Created because of the belief that similar attempts would be repeated, and quite probably Kentucky would be a field of future operation, it is not to be wondered at that the State Guard should have expected an enemy only from the North, whence, alone, could come such aggressions, and that it should have conceived an antagonism to the Northern and a sympathy for the Southern cause. These sentiments were intensified by the tone of the Northern press and pulpit, and the commendation of such enter-

prises as the Harper's Ferry raid which were heard throughout the North.

The difficulty which was felt to be insuperable by all who advocated the secession of Kentucky was her isolated position. Not only, as has been already suggested, did the long hesitation of Virginia and Tennessee effectually abate the ardor and resolution of the Kentuckians who desired to see their State united with the Southern Confederacy, but, while it lasted, it was an insurmountable physical barrier in the way of such an undertaking. With these States antagonistic to the Southern movement, it would have been madness in Kentucky to have attempted to join it. When at length Virginia and Tennessee passed ordinances of secession, Kentucky had become infatuated with the idea of "neutrality." With the leaders of the Union party, this policy had already been determined upon as part of their system for the education of the people to loyalty. The Southern element, which was without organization or recognized leaders, regarded it as something much better than unconditional obedience to the orders and coercive policy of the Federal Government; and the large class of the timid and irresolute, the men who are by nature neutral in times of trouble and danger, accepted it joyfully, as such men always accept a compromise which promises to relieve them of immediate responsibility and the necessity of hazardous decision.

Disconnected from the views and purposes of those who consented to it, this "neutrality" will scarcely admit of serious discussion. Such a position is certainly little else than rebellion, and the principle or conditions which justified it will also justify secession. If a State has the legal or constitutional right to refuse compliance with the requisitions of the General Government, to disobey the laws enacted by Congress and set at defiance the proclamations of the National Executive, to decide for herself her proper policy in periods of war and insurrection and levy armed forces to prevent the occupation of her territory by the troops of the United States, then she has the right to withdraw from the Union when she chooses to do so and contract any alliance

in accordance with her wishes. If it be a revolutionary right, which she may justly exercise under certain conditions, the same conditions will justify any other phase or manner of revolution.

The practical result of such a position, had it been stubbornly maintained, would have been to involve Kentucky in more danger than she would have incurred by secession and admission into the Confederacy. A declaration of neutrality in such a contest was virtually equivalent to a declaration of war against both sides; at any rate it was a proclamation of opposition to the Federal Government, while discarding the friendship of the South, and seemed to at once invite assault from both. The Government of the United States, which was arming to coerce the States which had seceded, would certainly not permit its purpose to be frustrated by any such attitude on the part of Kentucky, and it was not at all likely that the States about to be attacked would respect a neutrality which they knew would prove no hindrance to their adversary. But few men reason clearly in periods of great excitement, or in situations of peril look steadfastly and intelligently at the dangers which surround them.

As has been said, a large class eagerly welcomed the idea that Kentucky should take no part in the great struggle impending, as a relief, however temporary, from a hazard which appalled them. Nine men out of ten will shrink from making up their minds upon a difficult and dangerous issue, and will yet accept gladly, from any one who has the nerve to urge it, a determination however paltry and inconclusive. A great many Union men, who would have earnestly opposed Kentucky's concurrence in the action of the seceding States, and yet as obstinately opposed the policy of coercion by the Government, thought that they saw in "neutrality" a solution of all the difficulties which embarrassed them. A few of the more sagacious and resolute of the Union leaders, who were not, perhaps, incommoded by a devotion to their State or "flag," but who realized that they could get into power only by crushing the Democratic party, and knew

that if Kentucky sided with the South, the Democratic element in the State would inevitably dominate, perceived in this policy of neutrality a means of holding Kentucky inactive until the Federal Government could prepare and pour into her territory an overwhelming force. They trusted, and as the sequel showed, with reason, that they could demoralize their opponents, having once reduced them to inaction.

On the other hand, the Kentuckians, who hoped that their State would become part of the Confederacy, but saw no immediate prospect of it, accepted neutrality as the best that could be done under the circumstances. They knew that if this neutrality should be respected, a vital portion of the Confederacy—a border of five hundred miles—would be protected from attack and invasion; that the forces of the Confederacy could be the more readily concentrated for the defense of the other and threatened lines, and that individual Kentuckians could flock to the Southern armies. They believed that, in such a contingency, Kentucky would furnish more men to the Confederacy than would enlist in the Federal service.

The result justified the hopes and calculations of the more astute of the Union leaders. A movement so essentially revolutionary as the attempt to protect a State, situated as was Kentucky, into the current of secession, depended for success upon unflagging enthusiasm and prompt, rapid, decisive action. Any convention or policy in the nature of a compromise impaired, and delay or relaxation of effort destroyed, its chances of success. The farce of "neutrality" was maintained, with apparent sincerity, until the unconditional Union men had procured arms for the Home Guard companies, which had been organized, and recruited in Kentucky for the Federal army. Then the mask was thrown off. Formal legislative notice was served that, while enlistments in the service of the United States would be permitted, severe punishment would be visited on "any person who shall," within the limits of the State, persuade or induce any one to enlist or take service in the army of the so-called Confeder-

ate States;" and by "an act to enlarge the powers of the military board of this State," the State Guard was disarmed and virtually disbanded. Thenceforth, and until the close of the war, Kentucky was completely in the grasp of the Federal power.

When General Albert Sidney Johnston came to the command of the great Western Department he found but a few thousand troops at his disposal to defend a territory of immense extent, and vulnerable at a hundred points.

At that time the Trans-Mississippi Confederate States were included in the same department with the States of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. Missouri on the western side of the Mississippi, and Kentucky on the eastern —respectively the northernmost of the Western and Middle slaveholding States—were debatable ground, and were already occupied, the former by both, the latter by one of the contending forces.

General Johnston assumed command about the latter part of August, or first of September, 1861, and at once commenced his vast labor with a vigor and wisdom which were neither appreciated by his countrymen nor were fruitful of happy results until after his glorious death. Missouri some months previously had become the theater of military operations. The people had partially responded to the proclamation of Governor Jackson, issued June 12, 1861, which called on them to resist the military authorities appointed in the State by President Lincoln.

Up to the date of General Johnston's taking command the chief difficulty in the way of action and decisive operations in the West (independently of the inferior number and miserable equipment of the troops) was the lack of uniformity and concert in the plans and operations of the various commanders. There was no one in supreme military control from whom the subordinate generals could receive definite instructions, and orders which they felt obliged to obey. While an immense extent of country was included in one department, and theoretically under one chief, yet practically every officer, no matter what was the strength or nature of

his command, who happened not to be troubled with a senior immediately at his elbow, planned and acted for himself and with a perfect indifference to the operations of every one else. The President and Secretary of War were too distant to do any good, if such interference ever does any good, and a ruling mind was needed at the theater of events. It is true that General Polk, whose headquarters were at Memphis, was senior to the others, he being a major-general, and all the rest but brigadiers, and he was ostensibly in chief command and directed to a certain extent the movements of all. But, whether it was that, in a period when nothing was fairly organized, his authority was not clearly defined, or that he felt some hesitation in vigorously exercising it, it is certain that each of the generals, who have been here mentioned, acted as if he knew himself to be, to all intents and purposes, in independent command.

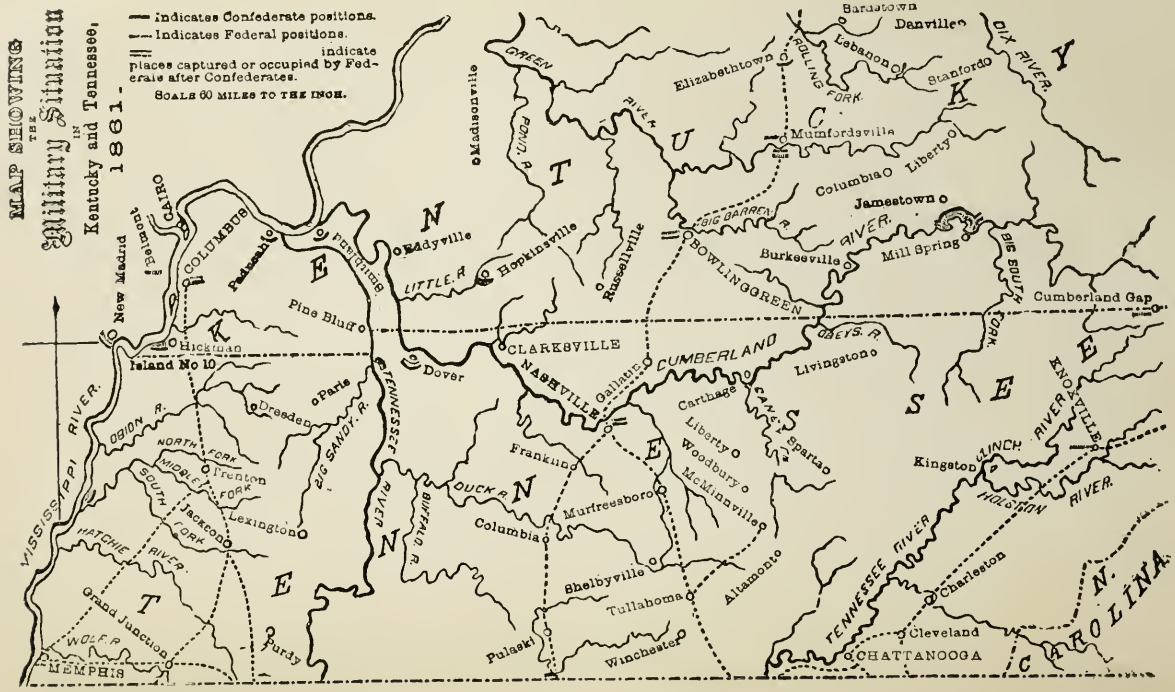
This evil was completely remedied by the appointment to the chief command in the West of General Johnston, and the prompt and decided measures which he instituted. General Johnston's whole life had been one of the most thorough military training, and no officer of his years in the old army of the United States had seen more service; but more than that, he was a soldier by instinct, and Nature had intended him for military command.

Almost immediately after his arrival at Nashville the troops which had collected at Camp Boone, the rendezvous of the Kentucky regiments, and the Tennessee troops which were available, were pushed into Kentucky. Kentucky's neutrality, for a time recognized provisionally, and so far as a discreet silence upon the subject amounted to recognition by the Federal Government, had already been exploded. The Government of the United States, having made the necessary preparations, was not disposed to abandon a line of invasion which led right to the vitals of the Confederacy, and promised a successful reduction of the rebellion in at least three of the seceded States, because of the partially rebellious attitude assumed by Kentucky.

Camp Dick Robinson had been organized and put into

successful operation in July. General Anderson took command at Louisville on the 20th of September. The other portions of the State were occupied, and definite lines were established by the opposing forces, nearly about the same time. General Johnston advanced as far as Green river, making it his line of defense for his center, while his right rested on the Cumberland and the rugged ranges of its hills. His line might be said to extend from Columbus through Hopkinsville, Munfordsville and Somerset to the Virginia border somewhere in the vicinity of Pound Gap. The Federal forces were pushed down, almost simultaneously with General Johnston's advance to Green river, to Elizabethtown, and in a few days afterward to Nolin creek. Their line may be described as running almost directly from Paducah in the west to Prestonburg in the east. This line gave them possession of the mouths of the Tennessee, Cumberland and Green rivers, of the Blue Grass region, and of a greater share of the central and eastern portions of the State.

A single glance at a map will show the importance of Bowling Green as a strategic point. It will be seen that it is admirably adapted for a base of operations, offensive or defensive, in such a campaign as General Johnston was about to inaugurate at the time of its occupation. Situated upon the bank of the Barren river, it has that river and the Green river to protect it against attack from the front. The Barren river empties into the Green some twenty miles from and northwest of Bowling Green, and the Green, flowing in a northwesterly direction, affords an admirable line of defense for many miles to the left. There are few fords and ferries of Green river after its junction with the Barren, and those which it has can be easily held. The danger of attack from the extreme left flank was guarded against, but, as the result showed, imperfectly, by Forts Henry and Donelson, constructed respectively upon the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers,—the one just upon, the other about ten miles from, the Kentucky and Tennessee border. As there was little danger to be apprehended in that direction, except


MAP SHEWING THE Military Situation IN Kentucky and Tennessee, 1861.
— Indicates Confederate positions.
— Indicates Federal positions.
indicate places captured or occupied by Federals after Confederates.
SCALE 60 MILES TO THE INCH.
Barnstown
Danville
Lebanon
Stanford
DIX RIVER.
ROLLING FORK.
GREEN RIVER.
Elizabethtown
Madisonville
Munfordsville
Columbia
Liberty
Jamestown
BIG BARREN R.
Burkesville
Mill Spring
BIG SOUTH FORK
Cumberland Gap
CAIRO
COLUMBUS
Fulton
New Madrid
Hickman
Island No 10
Pine Bluff
Eddyville
LITTLE R.
Hopkinsville
Russellville
BOWLINGGREEN
CLARKSVILLE
Dover
Paris
Dresden
OBION R.
NORTH FORK
MIDDLE FORK
SOUTH FORK
Trenton
Jackson
Lexington
BIG SANDY R.
TENNESSEE RIVER
NASHVILLE
Gallatin
CUMBERLAND
Carthage
Liberty
Woodbury
McMinnville
CANE
Spartan
Livingston
KNOXVILLE
Kingston
CLINCH RIVER
HOLSTON RIVER
Franklin
Murfreesboro
Columbia
DUCK R.
BUFFALO R.
Shelbyville
Tullahoma
Altamont
Winchester
Pulaski
Cleveland
CHATTANOOGA
Charleston
TENNESSEE RIVER
N. CAROLINA
HATCHIE RIVER
Grand Junction
WOLF R.
Purdy
MEMPHIS
MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

from forces brought up those rivers and established in the rear of Bowling Green, these forts, whose strength was overrated, were thought to sufficiently protect that flank.

In this advance into Kentucky, the Kentucky regiments under Buckner, about thirteen hundred strong in all, took the lead; the Second Kentucky Infantry, under Colonel Roger W. Hanson, to which were temporarily attached Byrne's battery of four pieces, and one company of Tennessee cavalry, was pushed on to Munfordsville on Green river. The rest of the Kentuckians and two or three thousand Tennesseeans (and some odds and ends) were stopped at Bowling Green.

All the cavalry which were available for that purpose were sent to scout the country between the Cumberland and Green rivers, and subsequently Forrest's regiment was stationed at Hopkinsville, watching the country in that vicinity. Shortly after he was sent there Forrest attacked and defeated at Sacramento, a little village not far from Hopkinsville, a regiment of Federal cavalry. This was the first cavalry fight in the west, and the Federals were completely routed.

Zollicoffer was sent to take position at Monticello, at or nearly about the same time of the advance to Bowling Green. Thus, it will be seen, that all the important points of the line were almost simultaneously occupied.

Columbus was occupied by General Polk on the 4th, some days earlier.

In establishing his base at Bowling Green General Johnston secured, as has been shown, a line well adapted to enable him to assume the offensive so soon as his army was sufficiently strong to do so with effect. The very fact of his moving into Kentucky at all was a pledge and guarantee to the people of his department, that, if sustained by them, he would keep the war out of their territory, and encouraged his army to hope for an active, dashing campaign. He placed himself where the more enterprising and determined of the Kentucky rebels could join him, and he spared no effort, no appeal, which could stimulate enlistment in his

army among the young men of Kentucky or of the States of his department.

The condition of the Confederate troops was far better, in many respects, at this time than at any subsequent period of the war. There were, then, facilities and means for providing them with necessaries and comforts which more latterly did not exist. Provisions were abundant everywhere, and were regularly supplied. The railroads, which were then all in good repair and well provided with rolling stock, afforded sure means of supplying the troops which were stationed in those parts of the country through which they ran. The numerous navigable streams also afforded facilities, and practically shortened the routes of supply.

In all cases, however, in which neither the railways nor the rivers could be used to supply them, troops were compelled to depend for subsistence, in a great measure, upon the country immediately about their cantonments, and as they exhausted the surplus provisions in different neighborhoods, they would shift their encampments. This was owing to the great lack of wheel transportation. It was very difficult to procure wagons, except by purchase or impressment from the citizens, and the latter were of course inferior. Much less inconvenience was subsequently experienced on this score, after they began to be manufactured in the Confederacy, and were captured in great numbers from the enemy. At this time many articles, such as sugar, coffee, etc., indispensable to the comfort and conducive to the health of troops in the field, were plentifully furnished; after the first year of the war they were known among us only by camp-fire traditions. The men rarely suffered, then, from the want of clothing, blankets, shoes, etc., even when the quartermasters could not furnish them, for they could obtain them from home, or purchase them, wherever they happened to be quartered, at reasonable prices. There was, perhaps, no regiment in the army which had not its full complement of tents; they were manufactured at Memphis and other points in numbers adequate to the wants of all the troops. Cooking utensils, also, could be had in abundance

—the marching commands suffered, not from the want of them, but from the lack of transportation for them. It is true that those which were furnished us were not of the kind and pattern which experience has prescribed as most fitting for military use, but they were capital substitutes for flat stones and forked twigs.

In the medical department there was almost total lack of the necessary material. The supply of medicines in the South at the outbreak of the war was barely sufficient for the wants of the population at that time. Some medicines were run through the blockade from the North, in small quantities, during the spring and summer of 1861. But the supply thus obtained by no means met the demand. The volunteers collected together in camps and crowded cantonments, subjected to a sudden change of diet and mode of living, sickened in great numbers. Diseases which had never before, or but in rare instances, proven dangerous, now assumed alarming types. The systems of the patients may have been relaxed and their vitality partially impaired during the early period of camp life, when they were just foregoing their old habits and were not yet hardened to the new, or it may be that when men are congregated in great numbers, certain diseases, by transmission from one to another, are cultivated into extraordinary malignancy—at any rate a large proportion of the inmates of every camp sickened and many died. At Bowling Green in the winter of 1861 and 1862, the mortality was dreadful; measles, typhoid fever, pneumonia and diseases of the bowels carried off a host of victims. Every sickness, however, seemed fatal at that time.

There was, consequently, a great and constantly increasing need of medicines; and, perhaps, some waste of them when they were collected in large quantities and shipped from point to point was unavoidable. But all these problems, all the difficulties of properly supplying the army, began to be solved and modified, as the genius of adaptation and substitution was developed among the troops themselves. If a man could not get a blanket he made an old car-

pet, cut to the proper size and lined on one side with a piece of strong cotton cloth, serve him instead. The soldier who lacked shoes bid defiance to the rough roads, or the weather, in a pair of ox-hide buskins, or with complicated wrappings of rags about his feet. I have known more than one orderly sergeant make out his morning report upon a shingle, and the surgeon who lacked a tourniquet used a twisted handkerchief. Of the most necessary military material, arms and ordnance stores, there was the greatest scarcity. Perhaps one-half of the entire western army (of all the troops in the department) were armed (at the time that General Johnston came) with shot-guns and squirrel rifles, and the majority of the other half with scarcely as serviceable flint-lock muskets.

The troops under General Bragg at Pensacola were perhaps better armed, but the rule held good with regard to the others. A few companies composed of young men from the cities, and of rich planters, were armed with fancy guns, Maynard rifles, etc., altogether unsuitable for the armament of infantry. In September of 1861 there were probably not one thousand Springfield and Enfield rifles in the army which General Johnston was trying to concentrate in Kentucky, and it was several months later before these unequaled weapons (the right arms for soldiers who mean to fight) could be supplied in numbers at all adequate to the need of them. In the advance to Bowling Green more than three hundred able-bodied men of the Second Kentucky and an equal if not greater number of the Third Kentucky were left in the rear because arms could not be gotten for them. In November one or two regiments of the Kentucky brigade were given the Belgian in place of the flint-lock musket, and in December flint-lock guns, altered to percussion locks, were given the other regiments of the brigade. Proper accoutrements were as scarce as guns. Cartridge-boxes, knapsacks, canteens, when they could be gotten at all, were very inferior. By great industry and effort a considerable quantity of ammunition had been prepared and worked up into cartridges, but there was such a scarcity of lead and

powder in the South and such inferior facilities for the manufacture of the latter, that apprehension was felt lest, when the supply on hand was exhausted, it could not be replaced.

There was scarcely a percussion cap to be had (in the early part of the war) in the department, with the exception of some that were manufactured by an enterprising citizen of Nashville, and zealous Confederate, Mr. S. D. Morgan, an uncle of the General. But while so few of the Confederate soldiers were efficiently armed, almost every man of them, presuming that the Yankees were to be whipped in rough and tumble style, had his bowie-knife and revolver. The Arkansas and Texas troops, especially, carried enormous knives, that might have made a Malay's blood run cold, but in the end those huge weapons did duty far oftener as cleavers than as bayonets. The organization of the troops first put in the field was, of course, to some extent, imperfect.

A good deal has been said about the evils of the system of electing officers, and much just censure has been passed upon it. It has been claimed that it gives rise to a laxity of discipline, and a disposition on the part of officers, who owe their positions to the suffrages of the men they command, to wink at irregularities and pardon gross neglect of duty.

This is undoubtedly true, in a great measure, and what is stranger, but equally as true, is the fact that troops which have been longest in the service, which know best what qualities are necessary to constitute a good officer, which appreciate perfectly the necessity of having good officers, not only to their efficiency and success in the field, but to their well-being at all times, seem least able to resist the temptation of electing some good-natured fellow, whom they will never respect, and will, perhaps, grow ashamed of, rather than men who will enforce their obedience, but promote alike their efficiency and their comfort. At all times they will look to and rely upon the good officer, but when they come to elect, the love of doing as they please, unchecked by the irksome restraints of discipline, is apt to make them vote for the man who will indulge them. But I believe that all those who ob-

served these matters carefully will agree that there was far less of this sort of feeling among the men who volunteered at the outbreak of the war than there was later.

The officers elected by the regiments first raised were, generally, about the best men that could have been selected. The men, at that time, in good faith, chose those they believed best qualified for the duties of command, and elected individuals who had manifested, or were thought to possess, courage, energy, and good sense. Of course some mistakes were made, and experience disclosed the fact, now well-established, that many men who figure respectably in times of peace are unfitted for military responsibility, and weaken in the ordeal of military life.

No opportunity had been afforded them for testing and discovering those qualified for positions of trust and importance—it was all a matter of experiment. Many injudicious selections were made, but it quite as often happened that the appointing system (as it was exercised at the beginning of the war) gave incompetent officers to the army. The graduates of West Point themselves, and even those officers who had served for years in the "Old Army," knew little or nothing of actual war.

While the regulations prescribed clear and excellent rules of organization, the strictest conformity was not always had to them, and it was sometimes difficult to strictly apply them. Companies sometimes overran the maximum in a way that rendered them as embarrassing to the regiments in which they were placed as they were painfully unwieldy to the unlearned captains and lieutenants who immediately commanded them.

When it was known that a very popular man was recruiting, the number of enlistments in his company was limited only by the number of able-bodied men in his district who were inclined to enlist. As each volunteer had the right to select his captain and company, and generally objected very decidedly to being transferred to any other, it was a delicate and difficult task to reduce these overgrown companies to proper proportions. Regiments frequently, on account of

the popularity of their colonels, or from other causes, swelled out of due bounds also. I knew one regiment which in the early part of September, 1861, had in it seventeen companies and numbered, when all answered to roll call, more than two thousand men.

The brigades were from three to seven or eight thousand strong, and all arms of the service were represented in them; they included regiments of infantry and cavalry and batteries of artillery. It was in a measure necessary that this organization should be adopted, from the fact that, for some months, each brigade commander was entrusted with supervision and defense of a large tract of territory, and it was impossible to dispense with either of the three arms. Divisions were not organized until late in the fall of 1861—the strength of the brigades was then, to some extent, equalized by the reduction of the larger ones; army corps were of still later creation.

A significant custom prevailed of denoting the companies of the first regiments which were raised, not by letter, but by some company denomination which they had borne in the militia organization, or had assumed as soon as mustered as an indispensable *nom-de-guerre*. They seemed to vie with each other in inventing titles of thrilling interest: "The Yellow Jackets," "The Dead Shots," "The Earthquakes," "The Chickasaha Desperadoes," "The Hell-roarers," are a few which made the newspapers of that day, in recording their movements, read like the pages of popular romance. So fondly did the professors of these appellations cling to them that it was found almost as difficult to compel their exchange for the proper designations as to effect far more harassing and laborious reforms. The spirit which prompted these particular organizations to adopt this method of distinguishing and identifying themselves remained to the last characteristic of the Southern troops. Regiments, especially in the cavalry service, were quite as often styled by the names of their commanders as by the numbers which they properly bore, and, if the commanders were popular, the former method was always the most agreeable.

In the latter part of the war, after every effort had been made to do away with this feeling, it was at length adjudged expedient to enjoin such a designation of brigades, by the names of their commanders, by order from the War Department. This peculiar affectation was but one form in which the temper of the Southern people was manifested—a temper which revolted against complete loss of individuality, and was prone to self-assertion. It is a temper which ought to be characteristic of a free and high-spirited people, which, while for prudential reasons it will consent to severe restraints, seeks to mark the fact that the restraint is self-imposed. Few will doubt, upon reflection, that this feeling could have been turned to better account in the Southern army; that to have allowed commands to win distinctive and honorable appellations by extraordinary bravery would have elevated the standard of *morale* as much as did promotion for personal gallantry and good conduct. The excellence of a command mentioned in general orders might be only partially known, but the fame conferred by the title of the "Stonewall Brigade" is universal.

For the first year there was, in the true sense of the word, no discipline in the Western army at all. The good sense and strong feeling of duty which pervaded the entire soldiery made them obedient, zealous, and tolerably patient. High courage and natural resolution made them fight well from the first, and long exposure to the storms of battle taught them coolness in the midst of danger, and the comparative indifference to it, which become habitual with the veteran, and which are usually confounded with the effects of discipline, although they frequently exist where discipline has never obtained. A spirit of emulation induced them to readily learn the drill and all the more ostentatious duties of the soldier. A fortitude which, until they were put to the test, they were not themselves aware of, enabled them to endure, without diminution of spirit, great hardship and privation. Pride and patriotism, in the midst of every suffering and temptation, kept them true and patient to the last.

No man who has intimately known the Southern soldiery

can escape the conviction, that, while capable of acquiring any degree of instruction, and, if the word may be used, *veteranship,* they can not be readily disciplined, if by discipline be meant the conversion by fear of punishment into unreasoning machines. The personal character, prowess and reputation of the commander affected more than anything else the *morale* and efficiency of each command.

It will be well for those who read Southern histories of the war to keep in mind that the writers mean, when they use the word "discipline," the pride which stimulated the soldiers to learn their duties rather than incur disgrace, and the subordination which proceeded from self-respect, and respect for an officer whom they thought worthy to command them.

CHAPTER III.

Morgan Leaves Home for the Army—Scouting and Skirmishing on Green River—Organization of "Morgan's Squadron"—Terry's Rangers—Retreat from Bowling Green—Evacuation of Nashville—Active and Exciting Service About L'Auvergne, Murfreesboro and Gallatin—Concentration of Army at Corinth for Battle.

In 1857 the company of volunteer militia called the "Lexton Rifles" was organized with John H. Morgan as captain; it subsequently, upon the organization of the State Guard, became incorporated in that body. It was composed of the finest and most spirited young men of Lexington, and soon won a high reputation for proficiency in drill and in all the duties taught in the camp of the State Guards, as well as for the intelligence and daring of its members.

From the hour of its organization the men of this company seemed to entertain the profoundest love and admiration for their captain, and the influence and control they accorded him was not too strongly expressed in the words of their motto, which, written in large letters, framed and hung up in their armory, caught the eye of every visitor and announced "Our laws the commands of our captain."

It was with the forty-five or fifty men of this company who unhesitatingly followed his fortune when he went to the Southern army, and a few other kindred spirits who immediately attached themselves to him, before he had won rank or fame, that Morgan began his career, and around them as a nucleus he gathered his gallant command. Although thoroughly Southern in sentiment and frank to the last degree in its expression, the members of the company, with one or two exceptions, made no effort to go South until Captain Morgan signified his readiness to lead them; in this, as in all else, they awaited his decision and directions. The extreme illness of his wife, who died in July, 1861, required, during

the early summer, his constant presence in Lexington, and he did not determine to act until after the troops, posted at Camp Dick Robinson, and the Home Guard organizations began to give unmistakable evidences of hostility to all persons not "loyal."

When the order was issued for the disarming of the State Guard Morgan determined to save his guns at all hazards. The State Guard was by this time virtually disbanded. Many of its officers of high rank, elected under the impression that they were Southern men, had declared for the other side and various other influences tended to cripple and demoralize it. An officer, then, of that body, who decided to resist the edict disarming his men and leaving them defenseless in the reach of armed and bitter political opponents could look for little backing from his comrades. His best chance was to make his way at once to the Confederate lines in Southern Kentucky. This Morgan resolved to do.

On Friday night, September 20, 1861, he confided to a few of his most reliable and trusted men his determination and plans, and taking the guns from the armory, loaded them into two wagons and started them out of Lexington on the Versailles road under a small guard. The men composing this guard left on such short notice that few of them had time to prepare and carry with them even necessary clothing; scarcely time to take leave of their families. They marched out of town with their cartridge-boxes belted on, their rifles on their shoulders loaded, and their bayonets fixed. A regiment of Federal troops was encamped that night at the fair ground, about a mile from town, and many of the officers and men were in town at the time the guns were removed. In order to deceive as to his movements and lull any suspicion that might exist of his design to move the guns, Captain Morgan caused twelve or fifteen men to parade and tramp heavily about the armory for an hour or two after the wagons had been loaded and started, and so created the impression that his company was engaged in drilling. The wagons were not stopped in the town, and only one soldier was encountered, who was made prisoner

by the escort, carried off some twenty miles, and then released.

The loyal citizens who had calculated upon witnessing the discomfiture of the "Rifles" and of all their backers were disappointed. Of course many taunts were flung at the fooled spies and disappointed patriots; and at length the angry discussions brought on a shooting affray between some of the "Rifles" and a part of the troops and Home Guards. The regiment stationed at the fair grounds was brought into town to quell this affair and two pieces of artillery were planted to sweep the principal streets, and from that date, for four years, Lexington was under military rule.

Captain Morgan, for whose arrest an order was immediately issued, communicated during the day with such of his men as desired to follow him, and at nightfall left Lexington with them and rejoined those who had gone before. He passed through Anderson county to Nelson and halted a few miles from Bardstown. Here he was joined by Captain John Cripps Wickliffe, subsequently lieutenant-colonel of the Ninth Kentucky Infantry and a very gallant officer. Captain Wickliffe had determined also to save his guns and take his company, or all that would follow him, to the Confederate army. The greater portion of his company, one of the finest in the State Guards, elected to go with him. Desirous, while about it, of doing a brisk business in guns he confiscated those of a neighboring Home Guard company, and brought them to Morgan's camp. They were immediately placed in the hands of the unarmed men, who, finding an organized force making for the Confederate lines, attached themselves to it. Many such men, anxious to go South, but afraid to go without a leader, came to this camp during the four or five days that it was maintained. On account of the kindness and liberality of the people who lived in that neighborhood, and who supplied its inmates with provisions of all kinds, this camp was entitled "Camp Charity."

By the common wish and consent, Morgan took command of all the forces, and when, on Saturday evening, September 28th, he resumed his march, he was at the head of some two

hundred men. He encountered no enemy. The Home Guards, who mustered strong in the region through which he passed, thought his force too formidable to attack and kept out of his path. After two days and nights hard marching he reached Green river on Monday evening, September 30th. He received an enthusiastic welcome from the Confederate troops stationed there, most of whom were Kentuckians and many of them knew him well. Colonel Roger W. Hanson, the officer in command, was himself from Lexington and was a warm personal friend of Morgan.

There were, at Green river, encamped on the Southern side of the stream at this date, the Second Kentucky Infantry (Hanson's own regiment), six or seven hundred strong, Byrne's Battery, and four companies of Tennessee cavalry. Colonel Thomas Hunt, an uncle of Captain Morgan, was also there with two companies of the regiment he was then organizing.

Of all the general officers which Kentucky gave to the Confederate service least justice had been done by fame to Roger Hanson, and it is strange that such should be the case. Not only was he well known, constantly talked of, greatly loved, and ardently admired by the Kentuckians, but his name was familiar in all parts of the army. It is true that his early death blighted the reputation he was rapidly winning, but it is hard for those who knew him to understand how such a man could have failed to attract more general and more lively interest.

He had little opportunity, during his military life, to show the stuff that was in him and to prove that he possessed other qualities befiting an officer beside courage and the strictest attention to the instruction, the comfort, and the discipline of his men. Notwithstanding he was a very strict disciplinarian—and Kentucky troops have little love of discipline—he was very popular with his men. They retaliated by nicknaming him "Bench-leg," or "Old Flintlock," and admired him all the more intensely the more frequently he showed them that they could never deceive him nor attempt it with

impunity. Once, thinking that the health of his regiment was getting too bad, and that many cases of illness reported as severe were but ruses to escape doing duty, he published an order that from that date "there should be but two sick men at the same time in each company." No one who ever saw Hanson can forget him. In stature he was a little under the medium height and powerfully but ungracefully built. His bulky and ungainly form indicated great but awkward strength. His shoulders were huge, round and stooping, and he sat on his horse in the attitude in which a sick man bends over the fire. His head was large and perfectly round. His complexion was fair and florid and his eyes gray and full of light. His strong and marked features, when he became excited, worked strangely and apparently without being moved by the same influences, and the alert movement of his head, at such moments, was in singular contrast with his otherwise heavy inactive manner. His face when he was calm and giving careful attention to anything said to him wore a look of exceeding sternness, enhanced by a peculiar twitch of the muscles of the mouth and eye. A wound received in a duel had shortened one leg and gave him a singular gait, something between a jerk and a roll. His voice was deep and guttural and his utterance rapid, decided, abrupt, like that of a man who meant all that he said and knew that it would produce an effect. No one could look him in the eye and fail to perceive that he was every inch a man—a strong, brave, manly nature looked out in every lineament of his face.

Captain Wickliffe attached his company to the regiment which Colonel Hunt was organizing. Of the stragglers who had come out with Captain Morgan some went one way and some another—only eight or ten remained with him. Although not yet in the Confederate service, he at once commenced the active and daring work which laid the foundation of his celebrity and brought him at once into general notice. The cavalry which had been stationed there previously to his coming had confined themselves to doing picket duty, and had never sought or been required to do

other service. This monotonous work, altogether devoid of excitement, did not accord with his nature, which demanded the stimulus of adventure; he, moreover, intuitively understood then, and declared the fact since so completely demonstrated, that cavalry can be employed to far better advantage if kept well out upon the front or flanks of the army to which it belonged and close upon the enemy than by exacting of it the sort of duty which can just as well be performed by infantry.

The Federal advance forces were then stationed at Elizabethtown, and were soon pushed to Nolin creek, distant about twenty-one or two miles from Munfordsville. Captain Morgan had at first not more than twenty mounted men of his own company, but with these and with volunteers from the other cavalry who were inspired by his example he made frequent "scouts," and watched and reported everything that transpired upon the front. These "excursions" were undertaken about four or five times in every week and would usually occupy twenty-four hours. The scouting party would set out at or a little before dark; before reaching the lines of the enemy some exciting chases would be had after the countrymen who were in Federal pay or sympathy, and who, always on the lookout for us, would start at breakneck speed for the camp of their friends pursued by our foremost riders. At first they tried to do this courier duty on horseback, but finding that we were better mounted than they were and that, when hard pressed and forced to take to the brush, their horses were abandoned forever, they betook themselves to a less expensive mode of conveying information. They were fleet of foot and knew the paths through the thickets and hills perfectly, and it was difficult to follow and impossible to catch them. We, also, had many friends among the country people living near the enemy's camp, and as we would prowl all night around and among the Federal pickets and outposts, seeking to entrap the unwary, many were the secret conferences which we held in the shade of the woods with faithful informants, who generally closed

their reports with emphatic adjurations that, "For the love of God," we would never breathe their names.

Once or twice Captain Morgan passed himself as a Federal officer, in close vicinity to their camps, but this ruse could not be repeated often with success. Once we were guided safely out of a very dangerous situation by an intensely "loyal" man who thought he was assisting some friends who had lost their way. When day returned the scouting party would take a position on the "line of retreat" at a convenient but safe distance from the enemy, rest and refresh men and horses, observe closely if there was any unusual movement in the hostile lines, and as the day declined and it became evident that all was likely to remain quite it would return to camp. After the first two or three weeks of this sort of service and its advantages had become apparent, an order was given to turn over to Captain Morgan some thirty "condemned" artillery horses. With a little care and nursing they were rendered tolerably fit for his purposes, and he was thus enabled to mount the better part of his company. I knew a scout to be performed, with most of the men riding these same rejected horses, of sixty-eight miles in twenty hours. Although these scouts and expeditions were not nearly so exciting as were subsequent ones, when the cavalry of both armies had become more accustomed to them and more enterprising, yet they were very pleasant episodes in the dull tedious life of the camp, and excellent preparation for really hard and hazardous service. Morgan himself derived great benefit from the experience they gave him, for he rarely if ever missed them. He always knew how to direct and how to estimate the scouting duty of his command, one of the most important, by the practical knowledge thus acquired. The fatigue and discomfort from want of sleep attending these expeditions to those who went constantly upon them was almost as great as that suffered in later and far more difficult service.

The first skirmish in which Morgan's company or any portion of it was engaged was a very insignificant and blood-

less one, and served only to illustrate the character of the apprehensions which are apt to assail raw troops.

It was upon the second or third scout that Captain Morgan had taken that we for the first time met the enemy. Contrary to the usual practice, the scouting party had started out early in the day; it consisted of some fifteen of Morgan's own company, twenty-five of the Tennessee cavalry, and ten or fifteen volunteers, about fifty in all. After proceeding some twelve miles in the direction of Nolin creek, the advance of our party suddenly discovered a body of Federal infantry moving down the road toward us. Their bayonets glistening and just perceptible above a little rise three or four hundred yards off notified the videttes of their vicinity. They did not see us and we immediately dismounted and posted ourselves in the thickets on both sides of the road, sending the horses to the rear under charge of eight or ten men. No plan of battle was adopted, although many were proposed—the various suggestions, however, that were thrown out in the inspiration of the moment are lost to history. I remember, however, that one man gave it as his decided opinion that we ought to charge them immediately on horseback, and he then rode rapidly back to Green river to report the situation to Colonel Hanson. Enjoining silence on the talkative, Captain Morgan went forward on foot to a house, about one hundred and forty or fifty yards in front of our position, and looked out from a window which commanded a full view of their approach upon the enemy. He saw a body of sixty or seventy, but this came so close upon him that he was compelled to leave the house before he could discover whether it was the advance of another and larger body or was unsupported. Fortunately he effected his retreat from the house and rejoined his party without discovery by the enemy. The latter continued to march on past the house toward our position, until, when within forty or fifty yards of us, something discovered us to them and they halted. Captain Morgan immediately stepped out into the road and fired at and shot the officer riding at the head of the column. Without returning the fire his men fell back to

the house before mentioned, situated on a long, low knoll, through which, to the left of the house as we faced, was a cut of the railroad. This afforded a pretty good position and one which we should have taken ourselves. Here they deployed and opened a volley upon us, which would have been very fatal if we had been in the tops of instead of behind the trees. Both sides then continued to load and fire rapidly. With us, every man ought to have behaved well, for each acted upon his own responsibility. Captain Morgan, with a few of the more enterprising, and one or two personal followers who always kept close to him, worked his way very nigh to the enemy and did the only shooting that was effective. We had neither drill nor any understanding among ourselves. The fight was much like a camp-meeting or an election row. After it had lasted about ten or twelve minutes an intelligent horseholder came up from the rear, breathless, and announced that the enemy was flanking us and that he had been largely reinforced. "The receipt of this important intelligence necessitated the withdrawal of the forces," and every man withdrew after his own fashion and in his own time. "Our loss" was one man slightly wounded and several shot through the clothes.

Captain Morgan continued actively engaged in this sort of service until the troops were withdrawn from Woodsonville, when he was also ordered to Bowling Green. There the men were sworn into the service and the company regularly organized and officers elected. John H. Morgan was of course elected captain; I was elected first lieutenant; James L. West second lieutenant; Van Buren Sellers, third, or, more properly, brevet second lieutenant. The strength of the company was then a little above the "minimum" required for organization, numbering sixty-seven privates.

Immediately after reaching Bowling Green excellent horses were purchased and turned over to the company by General Buckner's order, and saddles, bridles, tents, etc., were issued to it. It was already provided with the best guns and accoutrements, and when the fitting up at Bowling

Green was completed, no command in the Confederate service was better equipped in any respect.

At this period two other companies, one commanded by Captain Thomas Allen of Shelbyville, Kentucky, and the other by Captain James B. Bowles of Louisville, but principally recruited in the neighborhood of Glasgow, were assigned to Captain Morgan's command at the earnest request of their officers and men. Bowles's company was not full, and was consolidated with another fragment of a company commanded by Lieutenant Churchill—the latter becoming first lieutenant of the new organization.

The three companies composed "Morgan's Squadron," a popular misnomer, by which, however, the command came in a short time to be regularly designated. Morgan's company became A of this organization; Allen's, B; Bowles's, C. The squadron remained quietly in camp, at Bowling Green, for two or three weeks after its organization. This time was profitably spent in instructing the men in drill and teaching them something of discipline. The first expedition taken after this was to Grayson county, on the north side of Green river, to collect and bring to Bowling Green a large drove of cattle which had been purchased but could not be brought out without a guard.

The Home Guards held this county in strong force; they had long expected a Confederate inroad and had sternly determined to punish the invaders when they came. The Squadron reached the ferry at which it was directed to cross at night. We found the boats sunken but raised them, filled up the holes bored in their bottoms, bailed them out, and by 8 o'clock next morning we had one company across. The day was spent in crossing the cattle to the southern side of the river. On the following evening the entire Squadron was transferred to the north side of the river and passed the night agreeably in chasing the Home Guards, who did not make a hard fight but ran off some twenty or thirty miles to a neighboring county to "rally."

Shortly after his return to Bowling Green from this expedition, Captain Morgan was ordered to the front again and

reported to Brigadier-General Hindman, who commanded a brigade of infantry and a strong force of cavalry, in all three thousand or thirty-five hundred men, upon the extreme front of our line.

General Hindman's headquarters were at Bell's tavern, twenty-five miles from Bowling Green, and thirteen from Munfordsville, then occupied by the enemy, who had advanced to Green river, ten or fifteen days after we left there.

A few days before Morgan's arrival had occurred the fight in which Colonel Terry, of the Eighth Texas Cavalry (better known then as Terry's Rangers), was killed, and of which so many contradictory versions have prevailed.

General Hindman had received information that a strong body of the enemy had crossed the river, and desiring to ascertain if this movement was preliminary to an advance of the entire army, he moved forward with the greater part of his infantry, some artillery and Terry's regiment of calvary, to reconnoiter, and, perhaps, contest an advance if it were made. When he arrived at the ground upon which the fight commenced, about three miles from the river, he discovered the enemy and, supposing his force to be not stronger than his own, determined to engage him.

When first seen, the enemy was slowly advancing, unaware of Hindman's vicinity, and that the latter had screened the bulk of his force behind a large hill, upon the eastern side of the Bowling Green road, the summit of which he occupied with skirmishers, and posted his artillery some distance farther back, where it was partially concealed and could yet sweep the road and the ground over which the enemy was advancing.

Terry was instructed to skirmish in the enemy's front and draw him on until his flank should be exposed to the infantry that was masked behind the hill. It was the intention, then, to attack vigorously with all the infantry, throw a part of it in the enemy's rear, and between him and the river, while Terry charged him on the other flank. One part of Terry's regiment, under his own immediate command, was on the right of the road at a considerable dis-

tance from any support. Another, commanded by one of his captains, was posted nearer the infantry.

Hindman's plan to bring his whole force into action and cut off and capture a part of the enemy's was frustrated by the impatient ardor of Terry, who, after a very brief retreat before Willich's regiment of infantry, turned and charged it furiously. The regiment was deployed in skirmish order, and had barely time to "rally by fours," when Terry, of whose command they had, up to that moment, seen only a very few, came down on them. The Texans rode around the groups of four, shooting the men down with their revolvers and shotguns. Seeing his colonel engaged, the officer commanding the other portion of the regiment charged the enemy nighest him with similar success. Terry and six of his men were killed and perhaps twice that number wounded. All the witnesses on the Confederate side concurred in saying that fifteen or twenty of the Federals were killed, and as many more, at least, wounded.

Although almost constantly close upon the outposts of the enemy, sometimes in small detachments, and occasionally with every effective man, the Squadron had no engagement except the picket fights, which were of constant occurrence. The reason of this was that the Federals never came outside of their lines, except for very short distances, and then in bodies so strong that we dared not attack them.

One or two adventures of Captain Morgan at this period attracted a good deal of notice. One of them, the burning of Bacon creek bridge, took place before he reported to Hindman. This bridge had been destroyed at the time our forces fell back from Woodsonville. It was a small structure and easily replaced, but its reparation was necessary to the use of the road. The Federal army then lay encamped between Bacon and Nolin creeks, the advance about three miles from Bacon creek—the outposts were scarcely half a mile from the bridge. A few days' labor served to erect the wood work of the bridge, and it was ready to receive the iron rails, when Morgan a second time destroyed it under the very nose of the enemy. Shortly after Woodsonville had been in-

cluded within the picket lines of the enemy and occupied with troops, Captain Morgan with two men went at night to Rowlett's station, on the railroad, about two hundred yards from the picket line, and found the small building which was used as a depot in the possession of five or six stragglers, who were playing cards and making merry, and captured them. He set fire to the building, and when the troops had been called out by the bright light he sent in a message by one of his prisoners to the effect that in the following week he would come and burn them out of Woodsonville.

On the evening of the 20th or 21st of January Captain Morgan with five men left his camp at Bell's tavern, crossed the Green river at an unguarded ferry, and on the following day rode into Lebanon, some sixty miles from his point of departure. Several hundred troops were encamped near this place, and a great many stores were in the town and in a large building between the town and the nearest camp. The soldiers off or on duty were frequently passing to and fro through the town. Morgan destroyed the stores, and made all the stragglers prisoners; some of them he was obliged to release after taking their overcoats, with which he disguised his own men and was thus enabled to get quietly through some dangerous situations. He brought back with him nine prisoners, a large flag and several other trophies. Two companies of cavalry followed him closely, but he gained the river first, crossed and turned the boat adrift, just as his pursuers reached the bank. Next day he marched into Glasgow with his five men and nine prisoners in column, and the United States flag flying at the front. He frightened the citizens of the place and two or three straggling Confederates who were there. The flag and blue overcoats demoralized them.

When he reached his own camp the prisoners were quartered with different "messes," but were not placed under regular guard. The inmates of each tent in which prisoners were placed were held responsible for them. On this occasion it happened that some of the men (by means in which they were learned and adroit) had obtained several bottles

of wine—sparkling Catawba—and the prisoners were assured that this sort of wine was regularly issued to the Confederate cavalry by their commissaries. They approved the wine and the practice of including it in soldiers' rations, and five of them next morning begged, with tears in their eyes, to be received into the Confederate service. These adventures are not related because it is thought that they will excite any especial interest, but because they fairly represent the nature of the service in which Morgan was constantly engaged during the occupation of Southern Kentucky by the Confederate army, in the fall of 1861, and the greater part of the succeeding winter.

Although greatly inferior in dash and execution to the subsequent cavalry operations of the West, this service of Morgan's was much superior, in both, to any thing which had up to that time, been attempted by either side, and it served to educate Morgan's men and Morgan himself for the successful conduct of more daring and far more important enterprises.

A strong and mutual feeling of regard and friendship commenced (during the period that we served with General Hindman), between the Eighth Texas (Terry's Rangers), and the Squadron, which continued to the close of the war, growing warmer as Morgan's command grew in numbers, and, doubtless, it exists, now, in the hearts of the men who composed the two organizations. This feeling interfered in some degree with discipline, for most of the men of both were young and wild, and inclined, when they could evade the vigilance of camp guards, to rove nocturnally and extensively, and neither, when on picket, would arrest or stop their friends from the other command.

The gallant Rangers paid dearly for their proud record, and few of those who used to roam and fight so recklessly then, are, I fear, living now, to recall the events which we witnessed together. The Squadron remained with the forces under command of General Hindman until the evacuation of Bowling Green and the retreat from Kentucky. Then we left the scenes and the region with which we had

become so familiar with sad hearts. We had hoped that when the signal for departure was sounded it would be also the order to advance; that we would press on to recover the whole of Kentucky, and win victories that would give her to us forever, and the retreat seemed to us like a march to our graves. But a feeling of regret at leaving the country in which we had passed months of such pleasant and stirring service was natural, even without other reasons for it. Men are apt to become attached to the localities where they have led free and active lives, and to connect with them agreeable associations. This country had many such for us, and that part especially between Bell's tavern on the one side of Green river and Nolin on the other. For many miles to the right and left there was scarcely a foot of the ground which we had not traversed nor a thicket in which we had not hidden; from almost every hill we had watched the enemy, and at almost every turn in the road shot at him.

In the latter part of January, 1862, it became evident that General Johnston, with the inferior force at his disposal, could not hold his line in Kentucky. Crittenden, upon the right flank, had sustained a serious disaster at Mill Springs, near Somerset, and had been forced back across the Cumberland, which he had crossed to attack Thomas. In this battle General Zollicoffer was killed. Crittenden retreated first upon Monticello and subsequently to Gainesville, in Tennessee. He lost his artillery and trains, and his troops could be relied on to oppose no effective resistance—for the time—to the farther advance of the enemy. The superiority of the latter in numbers had been not more marked than their superiority in arms and equipment. The fatigue and privation endured by Crittenden's men upon their retreat had contributed greatly to impair their efficiency. The expeditions against Forts Henry and Donelson were vigorously pressed, and scarcely had full confirmation arrived of the defeat of Crittenden when we got the first rumors of the fall of Fort Henry. General Johnston had never been able to collect at all the points of defense in Kentucky, exclusive of Columbus, more than twenty-four thousand

men. In this force were included sixty-days' men and all the minor garrisons. He had at Bowling Green in January and the 1st of February about ten thousand.

Buell had organized, during the period that the two armies lay inactive and confronting each other, fifty or sixty thousand men, and they were, at the time when General Johnston commenced his retreat, concentrated, mobilized, and ready to fall upon him. Therefore, even before it became evident that Donelson must fall, before the capture of Nashville was imminent by an enemy moving from either flank, and before his line of retreat was endangered, but just so soon as Buell put his army in motion, General Johnston evacuated Bowling Green. Then began the campaign, in which more than in any other of the war, was displayed the profoundest strategy, the most heroic decision, the highest order of generalship.

General Johnston had long foreseen the storm of difficulties which now assailed him. His resources were scanty and the emergency was terrible, but he did not despair of fighting through it to victory. Upon one flank of his line he had sustained a crushing defeat; the forces protecting it had been driven off. Nashville might be taken by the victors. One of the forts protecting the great water lines which led right into the heart of his department, and away to the rear of his army, had been taken. If the other fell the fate of Nashville was sealed, but far worse, he would be inclosed at Bowling Green, should he remain there, between three armies, each much stronger than his own. If he lingered around Nashville he could not protect the city, but gave his enemy the opportunity of cutting him off completely from the only territory whence he could hope to obtain recruits, and of preventing his junction with the reinforcements which he had ordered to his assistance. He did not hesitate a moment.

Price and Van Dorn were ordered from Arkansas, Bragg was ordered from Pensacola, all the available troops at New Orleans and every point in the department where troops were stationed were called into the field, and the concentration of all at Corinth, in northern Mississippi, was arranged. Here

he would have every thing massed and in hand, and in his rear would be no danger nor indefensible line by which danger could menace him. His adversaries on the contrary would be separated from each other; rivers and all the perils of a hostile population would be between them and safety; if they were defeated or forced to turn and retreat energy and promptness would enable him to strike them heavy blows before they could unite; if every detail of his plan worked right he might hope to outnumber them at every collision.

This plan would require the evacuation of Columbus, even if the occupation of New Madrid did not; but there was no longer any use of holding Columbus after a retreat to Mississippi had been decided upon. Its garrison would help to swell the ranks of the army for the decisive battle;—and if that battle were won territory far north of Columbus would be recovered. Therefore, braving censure and remonstrance more general, energetic, and daring, than was ever encountered by any Confederate officer, before or since, General Johnston turned his back upon Kentucky and commenced the retreat which culminated in the battle of Shiloh. When the dangers from which this retreat extricated him, the favorable position in which it placed him for offensive operations, the exact calculation of the proper time to turn retreat into attack, and the electric rapidity and courage with which the latter was done are considered, is it claiming too much to say that no conception of the war was more magnificent?

The evacuation of Bowling Green was commenced on the 14th of February, and notwithstanding the discontent of the troops was accomplished in perfect order. On the day after it was all over, the enemy arrived upon the opposite bank of Barren river—the bridges had all, of course, been burned—and shelled the town, which he could not immediately enter.

The weather for the week following the evacuation was intensely cold, and the troops accustomed, for the most part, to comfortable quarters during the winter, and exposed for the first time to real hardships, suffered severely. Still, after the first murmuring was over, they were kept in high spirits

by the impression, assiduously cultivated by their officers, that they were marching to surprise and attack Thomas, who was supposed to have compromised himself by an imprudent pursuit of Crittenden.

The news from Donelson, where the fight was then raging was very favorable, and the successful defense of the fort for several days encouraged even General Johnston to hope that it would be held and the assailants completely beaten off.

As the army neared Nashville, some doubts of the truth of the program which the men had arranged in their imaginations began to intrude, and they began to believe that the retreat meant in good earnest the giving up of Kentucky—perhaps something more which they were unwilling to contemplate. While they were in this state of doubt and anxiety, like a thunder-clap came the news of the fall of Donelson—the news that seven thousand Confederates were prisoners in the hands of the enemy. General Johnston, himself, was thoroughly surprised by the suddenness of the disaster, for six hours before he received information of the surrender he had been dispatched that the enemy had been signally repulsed, and were drawing off, and until the intelligence came of the fate of the garrison he had learned of no new attack. The depression which this information produced was deepened by the gloom which hung over Nashville when the troops entered. It is impossible to describe the scene. Disasters were then new to us, and our people had been taught to believe them impossible. No subsequent reverse, although fraught with far more real calamity, ever created the shame, sorrow, and wild consternation which swept over the South with the news of the surrender of Donelson. And in Nashville, itself sure to fall next and speedily, an anguish and terror were felt and expressed, scarcely to be conceived by those who have not witnessed a similar scene. All the worst evils which follow in the train of war and subjugation seemed to be anticipated by the terrified people, and the feeling was quickly communicated to the troops, and grew with every hour until it assumed almost the proportions of a panic. The Tennessee troops were

naturally most influenced by the considerations which affected the citizens, but all shared the feeling. Some wept at the thought of abandoning the city to a fate which they esteemed as dreadful as utter destruction, and many, infuriated, loudly advocated burning it to the ground that the enemy might have nothing of it but its ashes.

During the first night after the army reached Nashville, when the excitement and fury were at the highest pitch, and officers and privates were alike influenced by it, it seemed as if the bonds of discipline would be cast off altogether. Crowds of soldiers were mingled with the citizens who thronged the streets all night, and yells, curses, shots rang on all sides. In some houses the women were pale and sobbing, and in others there was even merriment, as if in defiance of the worst. Very soon all those who had escaped from Donelson began to arrive.

Forrest had cut his way through the beleaguering lines and brought off his entire regiment. He reached Nashville on the day after it was entered by the army. It was impossible for the infantry men who escaped to make their way from the scene of disaster except in small detachments. They were necessarily scattered all over the country, and those who reached Nashville in time to accompany the army upon its farther march, came in as stragglers and without any organization. Neither men nor officers had an idea of how or when they were to do duty again. The arrival of these disbanded soldiers, among whom it was difficult to establish and enforce order, because no immediate disposition could be made of them, increased the confusion already prevailing. Rumors, too, of the near approach of the enemy were circulated, and were believed even by officers of high rank.

Buell's army, which was really not far south of Bowling Green, was reported to be within a few miles of the city, and the Federal gunboats, which had not yet reached Clarksville, were confidently declared to be within sight of Fort Zollicoffer, only seven miles below Nashville.

Upon the second day matters had arrived at such a state,

and the excitement and disorder were so extreme, that it became necessary to take other precautions to repress the license that was prevailing besides the establishment of guards and sentinels about the camps where the troops lay, and General Johnston ordered the establishment of a strong military police in Nashville. The First Missouri Infantry, one of the finest and best disciplined regiments in the service, was detailed for this duty, and Morgan's Squadron was sent to assist it. Our duty was to patrol the city and suburbs, and we were constantly engaged at it until the city was evacuated. General John B. Floyd, of Virginia, was appointed commandant of Nashville, and entrusted with the enforcement of discipline and with all the details of the evacuation. His task was one of no ordinary difficulty. It was hard, at such a time, to know how to begin the work. In such a chaos, with such passions ruling, it seemed folly to hope for the restoration of order. Those who remember the event will recall the feeling of despair which had seized upon the soldiery; the entire army seemed, for the time, hopeless of any retrieval of our fortunes, and every man was thoroughly reckless. Few excesses were committed; but, with such a temper prevailing, the worst consequences were to be apprehended, if the influence of the officers should be entirely lost and the minds of the men should be directed to mischief. General Floyd would have found the demoralization and license which had grown apace among the troops, and the terrors of the citizens, serious impediments to his efforts to remove the valuable stores which had been collected in Nashville, even if he had possessed abundant facilities for their removal. But of such facilities he was almost entirely destitute. The trains with the army were needed for transportation of supplies for immediate use. The scanty wheel transportation which belonged to captured and disorganized commands, and had been brought to the city, could scarcely be made available. When it could be discovered and laid hold of, the wagons and teams were usually found to be unserviceable. General Floyd's first care (after satisfying himself by active scouting that there was no truth in the reports

of the proximity of the enemy, and burning the bridge at Edgefield junction), was to make arrangements for saving as many of the supplies as was possible, giving the preference to ordnance stores. For this purpose he ordered an impressment of transportation in Nashville and the vicinity, making a clean sweep of every thing that ran on wheels. He issued orders that the citizens should be permitted to help themselves to the remaining stores, and a promiscuous scramble for clothing, blankets, meat, meal, and all sorts of quartermaster and commissary stores, commenced and lasted three days. Occasionally, a half-drunken, straggling soldier would walk into the midst of the snatchers, with gun on shoulder and pistol at his belt, and the citizens would stand back, jackal like, until he had helped himself. Crowds would stand upon the pavements underneath the tall buildings upon the Court House square, while out of their fourth and fifth story windows large bales of goods were pitched, which would have crushed any one upon whom they had fallen. Yet numbers would rush and fasten upon them while other bales were already in the air descending. Excitement and avarice seemed to stimulate the people to preternatural strength. I saw an old woman, whose appearance indicated the extremest decrepitude, staggering under a load of meat which I would have hardly thought a quartermaster's mule could carry. Twice during the first day of these scenes orders were received by a portion of Forrest's regiment, drawn up on the square, to stop the appropriation of stores by the citizens, and they accordingly charged the crowd (deaf to any less forcible reason) with drawn sabres; several men were wounded and trampled upon, but fortunately none were killed. Nothing could have been more admirable than the fortitude, patience, and good sense which General Floyd displayed in his arduous and unenviable task. He had, already, for ten days, endured great and uninterrupted excitement and fatigue; without respite or rest, he was called to this responsibility and duty. Those who have never witnessed nor been placed in such situations can not understand how they harass the mind and try the temper.

General Floyd soon found that he could (with no exertion) maintain perfect order, or rescue more than a fragment from the wreck, and he bent all his energies to the task of repressing serious disorders, preventing the worst outrages, and preserving all that was most absolutely required for the use of the army and that it was practical to remove.

At last the evacuation was completed, the army was gotten clear of Nashville, the last straggler driven out, all the stores which could not be carried off, nor distributed to the citizens, burned, and the capital of Tennessee (although we did not know it then) was abandoned finally to the enemy. Morgan's Squadron was the last to leave, as it was required to remain in the extreme rear of the army and pick up all the stragglers that evaded the rear guards of the infantry. Our scouts left behind, when we, in turn, departed, witnessed the arrival of the Federals and their occupation of the city.

The army was halted at Murfreesboro, thirty miles from Nashville, where it remained for nearly a week. Here it was joined by the remnant of Crittenden's forces. After a few days given to repose, reorganization and re-establishment of discipline, General Johnston resumed his retreat. He concluded it with a battle in which he himself was the assailant, and which, but for his death, would have advanced our banners to the Ohio. It was fruitless of apparent and immediate results, but it checked for more than a year the career of Federal conquest, infused fresh courage into the Southern people, and gave them breathing time to rally for further contest. His death upon the field prevented vast and triumphant results from following it then; the incompetency of his successors squandered glorious chances (months afterward) which this battle directly gave to the Confederacy.

When the line of march was taken up and the heads of the columns were still turned southward, the dissatisfaction of the troops broke out into fresh and frequent murmurs. Discipline, somewhat restored at Murfreesboro, had been too much relaxed by the scenes witnessed at Nashville to impose much restraint upon them. Unjust as it was, officers and

men concurred in laying the whole burden of blame upon General Johnston.

Crossing the Tennessee river at Decatur, Ala., and destroying the immense railroad bridge at that point, General Johnston pressed on down through the valley, through Courtland, Tuscumbia, and Iuka, to Corinth. This was for a short time, until he could concentrate for battle, the goal of his march. Here all the reinforcements at his command could reach him, coming from every direction. He only awaited their arrival to attack the enemy, which, flushed with the successes at Henry and Donelson, lay exposed to his blows, ignorant of his vicinity.

The force with which he crossed the Tennessee river was a little over twenty thousand men. It was composed of the troops which had held the lines in Kentucky—those which had been stationed at Bowling Green, all that was left of Crittenden's command, all that were left of the garrisons of Donelson and Henry. The garrisons of minor importance in Tennessee contributed, as the State was evacuated, to strengthen the army. He was very soon joined by the forces from Pensacola, about ten thousand strong and a splendid body of men. They were superior in arms, equipments, instruction, and dress to all of the western troops, and presented an imposing appearance and striking contrast to their weather-stained, dusty and travel-worn comrades. Nothing had ever occurred to them to impair their *morale;* they seemed animated by the stern spirit and discipline which characterized their commander, and a fit reserve with which to turn the tide of fortune. Beauregard brought with him some troops from New Orleans and other parts of Louisiana. General Polk came with the troops which had held Columbus. Several hurriedly raised and organized regiments came from the various States of the department. Price and Van Dorn, having between them fifteen thousand veterans, did not arrive in season to participate in the immediate movements which General Johnston had determined upon. A knowledge that the retreat had been brought to a close and that a battle was about to be fought in which we would

attack did more to inspirit the troops and restore to them soldierly feeling and bearing than any efforts in behalf of discipline. The spirit of the men who had come from Florida and other points not surrendered to the enemy had a favorable influence upon the remainder, whose pride was aroused by the comparison and example. The sudden and seemingly magical change from despondency to highest hope, from a sullen indifference to duty to the most cheerful alacrity and perfect subordination, showed how wonderfully susceptible was the material which composed our army to the hopes inspired by a daring policy. The same men who had dragged themselves reluctantly along, as if careless of reputation and forgetful of the cause they had to fight for, were now full of zeal, energy, and confidence. Those who had almost broken out into open mutiny now rendered the promptest obedience to every order. The denunciations they had uttered against General Johnston were silenced just so soon as they learned that he was about to lead them to instant battle, and his name was never mentioned except with becoming respect, and often with praise. In short, every trace of demoralization disappeared—courage, pride, and efficiency returned; and, from a condition not much better than that of an armed mob, the army became again disciplined, valiant, and reliable.

While the army was retreating through Tennessee, Morgan's Squadron remained in the neighborhood of Nashville until all the detachments which had been left in the rear to protect and ship off by rail the stores and supplies (which could be hastily collected) at Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, and other points, had gotten through with their work and departed after the army. Morgan encamped his command at La Vergne, a station upon the railroad about half way between Nashville and Murfreesboro. This little place became quite famous in the subsequent annals of the war.

Here, for the first time, we met the Fourth Ohio Cavalry—our acquaintance afterward became more intimate and lasted as long as that gallant regiment was in the field. The Fourth was encamped at the "Lunatic Asylum," eight miles

from Nashville, on the Murfreesboro pike, and seven miles from La Vergne. Our respective "bases" were consequently pretty close to each other. Our pickets used to stand in sight of theirs during the day, and in hearing distance at night. The videttes treated each other with respect and consideration, but the scouts were continually slipping around and through the woods and shooting some one. On one occasion an officer of the Fourth placed some men in ambush in a thicket upon the side of the road, and then with a small party rode down near to our pickets, fired, turned and galloped away again, hoping that some of us would be induced to follow and receive the fire of his ambuscade. The night was dark, and by an unaccountable mistake the men in ambush fired into their own friends as they passed.

One morning our pickets came rushing in with a party of the enemy in pursuit (no unusual occurrence), and as we stood to arms we noticed one of the pickets some distance in the rear of the others and almost in the clutches of the enemy, who were peppering away at him. It was private Sam Murrill, of Company C, (afterward chief of my couriers and a first-rate soldier to the end of the war,) his horse was slow and blown, and the foremost pursuer had gotten along side of him and presented his pistol at his head. Murrill, too quick for him, fired first, and as his enemy dropped dead from the saddle seized pistol and horse, and, although closely pushed, until the guns of his comrades drove back his daring pursuers, brought both in triumph into camp. These small affairs were of daily occurrence, but at last our opponents became more wary and circumspect and to obtain decided advantages we had to go into their lines. We noticed finally that they adopted a practice of withdrawing their pickets at night, from the points where they stood during the day, some miles to the rear. Captain Morgan after making this discovery, resolved to anticipate them at the place where they made their picket base at night. He remained with a few men demonstrating all day in sight of the outpost pickets, and just before nightfall made a circuit which carried him far to their rear, previously to their withdrawal. He

reached the place (where he learned that a party of twenty-five or thirty stood nightly), about the time that it was fairly dark.

It was a small house, in a yard some eighty or ninety feet square surrounded by a fence of cedar. He had with him nine men; of these he detailed five to hold the horses, and with the other four, all armed with shot guns loaded with buckshot, he lay down behind the low fence. The horses were sent back some distance into the bushes. Captain Morgan instructed his party to hold their fire until he gave the signal. It was his intention to permit the party, which was expected, to pass and then fire upon the rear, hoping thus to drive it down the road toward his own camp and, following rapidly, capture it. When it arrived, however, about twenty-five strong, the officer in command halted it before it reached the point where we lay, but at a distance of not more than thirty feet from us, so that we could distinctly hear every word which was uttered. The officer in command talked with his guide for some minutes, sending men to reconnoiter upon each side of the road in the meantime. At length the officer ordered his men to enter the little yard, and they came right up to the fence just upon the opposite side from our position. Captain Morgan shouted the word "Now," and each man arose and fired one barrel of his gun. The roar and the flash so near must have been terrible to men taken completely by surprise. The officer fell immediately, and his party, panic-stricken, fled toward their camp. Another volley was delivered upon them as they ran. A chain picket had been established between the point where this happened and the camp at the asylum; and we could hear shots fired at rapid intervals, for minutes, as the fleeing party passed the men on post. Several wounded men fell in the road after they had fled a short distance.

A short time before he left La Vergne, Captain Morgan selected fifteen men for an expedition to Nashville. Avoiding the high roads, he made his way through the woods to the Lebanon pike, which he struck only a mile from the city. The vicinity of the city favored rather than endangered him,

and he rode down into the streets without attracting hostile observation. A patrol of twenty or thirty cavalry were making the round of the streets, and he rode in the rear of this party. After reconnoitering for a short time, he determined on his plan of operations. He sent all but five or six of his men out into the thickets, a short distance from the city, and, with those whom he kept, he made his way, dismounted and leading the horses along the river bank, until he came near the reservoir about opposite to which, and a little out in the river, a steamboat was anchored. This boat was one which was in the employ of the Federal Government. It was Captain Morgan's desire to set her on fire and let her drift down into the midst of a number of other transports, which lay a few hundred yards below and were crowded with troops, hoping she might fire them also. Three gallant young fellows volunteered to do the work and boarded the boat in an old canoe, which was found, bottom upward, on the shore. They fired her, but could not cut her adrift, as she was made fast at stem and stern with chain cables, and thus the best part of the plan was frustrated. The work was done in full view and notice of the troops on the other transports, and the engineer and workmen, on board of the boat, were brought to the shore. The names of the young men, or rather boys, who did this, were Warfield, Garrett and Buckner—the latter was soon afterward killed at Shiloh. The canoe was so unmanageable that its crew came near falling into the hands of the enemy—but accident favored them at the most perilous moment. A long line of panel fence had drifted out into the river, one end still being attached to the bank. When their paddles failed them in the swift current they fortunately came in reach of this, and were enabled to pull in by it to the shore. As soon as the land was gained all remounted their horses, watched for a while the rising flames and the consternation of the fleet, and then, with three cheers for Morgan, rode rapidly to rejoin their comrades.

Cavalry was sent in pursuit but was left far behind. Captain Morgan went straight across the country to the Mur-

freesboro pike. As he gained it he encountered a small body of Federal cavalry, attacked and drove it into town. He lost only one man, but he was a capital soldier, true and gallant Peter Atherton, one of the bravest men I ever knew.

He got back to La Vergne about twelve at night. After the thorough and final evacuation of Murfreesboro Captain Morgan withdrew to that place with his command. He almost directly afterward sent the bulk of it to the Shelbyville and Nashville road, with instructions to encamp about twenty miles from Nashville, and picket and scout the adjacent country and all the neighboring roads. He retained with him at Murfreesboro about forty of his own men, and some fifty of Colonel Wirt Adams' regiment of cavalry under command of Lieutenant Colonel Wood of that regiment. This officer was exceedingly fond of the sort of service which Morgan was performing, and had been with him constantly for ten or twelve days. He preferred to remain with and report to him, although his superior in rank, rather than accompany his own regiment on the retreat of the army and see no active work.

A day or two after he had made this disposition of the command, Captain Morgan taking with him thirty-two of the men he had kept at Murfreesboro, penetrated by bridle paths and traces through the woods, to the immediate vicinity of the enemy's encampments at the Lunatic Asylum.

At this time, Mitchell's entire brigade was encamped there. Stationing his men in the thickets along the road, at various points, Captain Morgan went systematically to work to catch every thing that should come into sight. There was, of course, a great deal of passing to and from the headquarters of the commanding officers and between the various camps. No one anticipated danger there, and stragglers, couriers, escorts, and guards, went carelessly and unsuspectingly along, into the same bag. In the course of an hour or two eighty odd prisoners were taken. Colonel Wood went off with twenty-eight of them, and, by some oversight, sixty

were started to Murfreesboro, later, guarded by only ten men. A number of wagons had been also captured and burned. The teams were used to mount the prisoners. One staff officer was captured and sent off with the large batch of prisoners. Captain Morgan remained behind with one man, after he had sent off all the others. As the number of passengers fell off, he rode down the road with his companion, dressed like himself in a blue overcoat, to a point where a guard of ten men were stationed under a sergeant for some purpose. He placed himself between them and their guns, made his follower put his pistol to the head of the sergeant and began to rate them for neglect of duty. He represented himself as a Federal officer of high rank and reminded them sternly and reproachfully that such careless guard as they were then keeping had enabled Morgan to play all of his tricks. They had been careless and were overwhelmed with just shame and mortification at his rebuke. He at length ordered them all under arrest, and taking the sergeant's weapons from him and leaving the guns stacked, marched the whole party away. They were under the impression that they were going to Mitchell's headquarters, but he got them mounted and carried them to Murfreesboro. In the meantime the smoke from the wagons which were burned within half a mile of Mitchell's headquarters attracted attention and led to inquiry, and it was not long before what was going on was discovered. Troops were at once dispatched to put a stop to the mischief and beat off or follow the perpetrators. The Fourth Ohio got on the track of the party guarding the sixty prisoners, and, as its progress was necessarily slow, it was soon overtaken. Nothing could be done but release the prisoners and run for it, and the whole escort went off in rapid flight. One prisoner had, by a strange mistake, been allowed to retain a loaded gun. As one of the guard who had been in the extreme rear of the column dashed past this man, the latter fired and grazed his face. The other turned in his saddle, fired and shot his unexpected assailant dead. The pursuers had gotten close before they had been per-

ceived, and they pressed the chase vigorously. Over fences and gulches, through fields and thickets, as hard as their horses could go, fled the one party and followed the other for ten miles. One of our men was killed, two or three wounded, and as many captured. Thirty-eight prisoners were secured by Morgan, twenty-eight brought off by Wood, and ten captured and escorted by himself.

On the evening of the same day a party of eighteen men were dispatched from the camp on the Shelbyville road to push as close to Nashville as possible and learn the position of the Federal troops in that quarter. I was myself in command of the party, and had an accurate knowledge of the points at which guards and pickets had been previously stationed. On arriving in the vicinity of these points—around which, without creating an alarm, it was desirable to pass, in order to get near to the encampments and observe them closely—they were found unoccupied. The party moved some three miles farther down the road without coming upon an enemy, although a day or two before the picket posts had been thick in this quarter.

It was apparent that some plan for our benefit had caused this change, and unusual caution became necessary. I had hoped to find some officers quartered at the houses well in the rear of the reserve pickets, where they would believe themselves secure, and to capture them, but I now approached the houses, not with the expectation of making prisoners, but of getting information. None of the citizens in that neighborhood had ever seen any man in my party and they would tell nothing, but their alarm at seeing us and evident anxiety to get rid of us, showed plainly that they knew of the proximity of danger. At length, when in about six hundred yards of the cross-roads near "Flat Rock," four miles from Nashville, and where it was confidently reported by our informants that McCook's division was encamped, I halted and secreted men and horses in the thick brush on the right hand side of the road, and, with the guide, went for-

ward on foot about a quarter of a mile until I suddenly heard the challenge of a picket. I judged from the words I caught that it was the officer of the day making his rounds. Soon a negro came down the road toward us whom we caught and questioned. He answered very glibly, and evinced too little fear not to excite suspicion that he came out to be captured with a made-up tale. He said that there were ten men on picket at the cross-roads. As a large encampment was only a few hundred yards on the other side of this point his story did not seem credible. However, we had at last found an enemy.

Leaving five men to take care of the horses in the thicket where they were concealed, I carried the others through a wide meadow on the right of the road which we had traveled (the Shelbyville and Nashville pike) to the road which crossed it at "Flat Rock," striking the latter about two hundred yards from the point of intersection. I was convinced that the withdrawal of the pickets was part of a plan to entrap just such scouting parties as ours, and that a strong force was in ambush at the cross-roads. There was little hope of accomplishing the objects of the expedition, but the trap could, at least, be sprung, and there was a chance of surprising the ambuscade. My men were armed with shot-guns and pistols, the proper weapons for such an affair. I ordered them to follow me in single-file in the direction of the enemy, instructing them to hold their fire until we were challenged, and to then discharge their weapons, and, without stopping to reload, make their way back to the horses. The moon had just gone down as we began to move slowly down the road. We made little noise, and were soon convinced by a chorus of coughing which broke on our ears as we neared them that a pretty good crowd was before us. When we had almost reached the point where the roads cross, a sergeant, with five or six men at his back, sprang up, so near to us that I could have touched him by making another step, and ordered "halt" in a low voice, evidently taking us for friends. Our

answer was a shot and he fell dead. His comrades returned our fire, and at once a line of men rose from the fence corners on the opposite side of the road which we had just descended—we had passed them unseen in the darkness. Many of them must have been asleep until alarmed by the firing. The bulk of the force, however, was stationed upon the other road, and, as they sprang up at the sudden uproar, and aimed at the blaze of the guns, they endangered their own friends more than us. My men sank at once upon their knees, and the enemy firing wildly and high did not touch one of them. They pointed their shot-guns low, and every flash was followed by a groan, and, by the quick, vivid light we could see the men we hit writhing on the ground. The curses and commands of the officers, shouts of the combatants and yells of the wounded were mingled together. The breadth of the road, only, separated us, and the blaze from the guns met. When our weapons were emptied we sprang over the fence and ran at top speed for our horses. A chain picket which had been posted on the left of the Shelbyville road a short distance from it rushed forward and opened upon us, and the enemy we had just bidden farewell redoubled his fire. When we regained the horses we were nearly surrounded. Parties had come out from the woods behind us, as we passed down the road, and our retreat by the way we had come was blocked. Our signals to call in the laggards, as we prepared to leave, were answered from every direction by the enemy. But the woods befriended us, as they had often done before, and we escaped under its shelter. On that same night a similar adventure befell some Confederates (I think of Starne's command) on the Franklin pike, and some pickets were killed on the side of Nashville entirely opposite to that into which all of these roads (which have been mentioned) run. Of course every thing was attributed to Morgan, and the Federals were puzzled and uncertain whether to believe him really

ubiquitous, or the commander of two or three thousand men.

A day or two after these occurrences Morgan went with a flag of truce to Mitchell's encampment to endeavor to exchange some of his prisoners for his own men who had been captured. Colonel Wood, who was with him, was asked confidentially how many men Morgan had, and was told that the mischief he was doing could only be accounted for upon the supposition that he had control of a large force. Wood answered, also *in confidence,* that although he had co-operated with Morgan for two or three weeks he was entirely ignorant of the strength of his command. That he knew, only, that Morgan was controlling the motions of men whom he (Morgan) rarely saw; and that, although he himself was intimately cognizant of all that occurred under Morgan's immediate supervision, he was frequently astonished by hearing from the latter accounts of enterprises which had been accomplished by his orders in quarters very remote from where he was in person operating. Wood saw the impression which prevailed and shaped his answers to confirm it. In reality, there were not in the vicinity of Nashville, at that time, on all sides, more than three hundred Confederate soldiers. Of this number, Morgan could control only his own three companies and the fifty men with Wood, although the others, who were stragglers and furloughed men from the Texas Rangers, Starne's, McNairy's and other cavalry regiments, often joined him upon his expeditions.

We were thus constantly employed for nearly three weeks. It is not easy for one who has had no experience of the sort of service I have attempted to describe to understand its fascination. To sleep in the greenwood and awake to the ever-recurring scout and combat; to steal at midnight far within the enemy's lines, and, after stirring up some big encampment until it buzzed like an angry hive, hide in the deep shade of the neighboring forest and listen while the throbbing "long roll" makes the air

shake and the leaves quiver with its resonant thunder. Such amusements do not commend themselves to staid and respectable age, but are strangely attractive to adventurous youth.

The country around Nashville is admirably adapted to such service. It is one of the most fertile regions of Middle Tennessee, unsurpassed in productiveness. Yet teeming as it was with every crop the farmer raises, one who at the time of which I write, rode along the turnpikes which enter Nashville from every direction, might have thought that a comparatively small proportion of the soil was in cultivation. A dense growth of timber stretched, sometimes for miles, along the roads and extended back from them to a considerable distance. The cedar glades were extensive, but penetrated by numerous roads and paths. Springs and water courses were frequent. It was a beautiful country and the paradise of partisan cavalry.

Two or three days after the flag of truce expedition, Morgan undertook one in a quarter altogether different from that in which he had been recently employed. It was time that in accordance with his instructions he should rejoin the army, but he desired to leave an impression of his ubiquity that might be subsequently useful.

Upon the north side of the Cumberland, and about eight miles from it in a direct line, is the little town of Gallatin, in Sumner county, Tennessee. It is situated on the Louisville and Nashville road, about thirty miles from Nashville. This place was one of no military importance at that time, but was right upon the line of communication between Louisville and Nashville—the roads running from Kentucky, as well as the railroad, all passing through it—and the line of telegraph. It is about fifty miles from Murfreesboro, by the most direct route. Morgan resolved to hold this place for a day or two, and get the benefit of the "communication" himself. He left Murfreesboro about midday, passed through Lebanon that evening, and encamped for the night near that

place. Crossing the Cumberland next morning at Canoe branch ferry, he reached Gallatin about 10 o'clock. He found the town ungarrisoned, two or three clerks to take care of unimportant stores, and a telegraph operator, constituting all the force there was to oppose him. The citizens of this place were always strongly attached to the Confederate cause and devoted friends of Morgan and his command—for which they subsequently suffered no little—and they received him enthusiastically. Desiring the latest information from Nashville, Morgan, accompanied by Colonel Wood, went straight to the telegraph office, where they were kindly received by the operator, to whom they introduced themselves as Federal officers just from the interior of Kentucky. The operator immediately placed himself in communication with Nashville and got the last news for their benefit. The conversation then turned on Morgan. "The clerk of the lightning" said that he had not yet disturbed them at Gallatin, but that he might be expected any day: "However," he continued, "let him come. I, for one, am ready for him." He told the story of Morgan's coming to Mitchell's lines with the flag of truce (which, it seems, had raised great excitement) and declared that he ought to have been shot then and there. "Had I been there," said he, fiercely, and brandishing his revolver, "the scoundrel would have never left alive."

"Give me that pistol," Morgan said quietly; and, taking it, much to the fellow's surprise. "I am Morgan."

An engine and a few cars, found standing at the depot, were taken possession of—the cars were immediately burned. Morgan got on the engine with two or three companions and ran some miles up the railroad to visit two or three points of interest. He desired especially to ascertain if the tunnel could readily be destroyed, but found that it would be a work of more time than he had to spare. While he was absent, several Federal officers and soldiers came into the town and were made prisoners. When he returned, the engine was run off the track, over

a steep bank, and destroyed. On the next morning he sent the bulk of his command across the river again, with instructions to remain near and guard the ferry. He, himself, with ten or fifteen men, remained at Gallatin two days longer with the hope of catching some of the trains.

Immediately after his return to Murfreesboro, he set out to rejoin the army, and met at Shelbyville that portion of his command which had been encamped on the Shelbyville and Nashville road, and which, in obedience to his orders, had also repaired to the former place.

Here he remained for two or three days and then marched on in the track of the army. While at Shelbyville, the first and only causeless stampede of our pickets and false alarm to the camps which occurred during our Squadron organization took place. Ten or fifteen men were posted on picket some eight miles from the town toward Nashville near a small bridge, at the southern end of which the extreme outpost vidette stood. From tales told by the citizens, these pickets had conceived the idea that the enemy contemplated an attack to surprise and capture them, and (perhaps for the very reason that they had so often played the same game themselves) they became very nervous about it. Late in the night, two men came down the road from toward Nashville in a buggy, and drove rapidly upon the bridge without heeding the vidette's challenge. He, taking them to be the enemy, fired both barrels of his gun and fled to alarm the other videttes and his comrades at the base. The whole party became so alarmed by his representation of the immense number and headlong advance of the enemy, that, without stopping to fight or reconnoiter, they all came in a hand-gallop to camp. The officer in charge sent the vidette who had given the alarm, in advance, to report to me. I immediately got the command under arms and then questioned him. He stated that the enemy's cavalry came on, at the charge, in column of fours; that they paid no attention to his challenge, and that when he fired they dashed at him, making the air ring with their yells and

curses. He said that "the road seemed perfectly blue for more than half a mile," so great was their number.

It was a moonless night, and a slight rain was falling, making the darkness intense. I asked him if he might not have been deceived and if he was not scared. "No, sir," said he, "not a bit, but I was somewhat *arrytated*."

Leaving Shelbyville, we marched through Fayetteville to Huntsville; everywhere along the route the people flocked to see Morgan, and his progress was one continual ovation. When we reached Huntsville, the most beautiful town in Alabama, we were received with the kindness and hospitality which characterize that generous, warm-hearted population. Huntsville, the birthplace of Morgan, greeted him like a mother indeed.

Crossing the Tennessee river at Decatur and marching just in the track of the army, we reached Byrnesville, a few miles from Corinth, on the 3d of April, and found there the division of General Breckenridge, to which we were attached. The whole army was then astir and preparing to march to attack the enemy, who lay at Pittsburg Landing, on the southern bank of the Tennessee some twenty miles from Corinth.

Morgan's services were much talked of, and he was complimented by General Johnston in terms that were very grateful to him. He was given the commission of colonel, to take effect from the 4th of April, and he received (what he valued much more highly) an assurance, or what he construed to be such, that he would be permitted to act independently again and follow his favorite service with a stronger force and upon a larger scale.

CHAPTER IV.

Battle of Shiloh—Death of Albert Sidney Johnston—Morgan made Colonel—Expedition into Tennessee—Success at Pulaski Followed by Defeat at Lebanon—"Black Bess"—Dash on Cave City.

On the 3rd of April, the army, leaving its cantonments around Corinth, commenced its advance and the heads of the columns were directed toward Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee river, where, unconscious of the gathering storm, lay the Federal host under General Grant which had conquered at Donelson. Flushed with that victory and insolent with triumph, the enemy rested for the long march of invasion which he believed would lead him (unchecked, even if opposed) to easy, speedy, and decisive conquest. No thought of danger to himself disturbed these pleasant anticipations. The suggestion that an attack from the Confederate forces at Corinth was imminent would have been dismissed as the idlest and weakest of apprehensions.

The different corps moved from their respective positions, on the railroads which enter Corinth, by the most direct roads to the point indicated for their concentration.

General Johnston had declared some weeks previously, with prophetic judgment, that upon that very spot "the great battle of the Southwest would be fought."

Breckenridge's division, to which Morgan's Squadron was now attached, moved from Byrnesville. The roads were narrow and miry, and were not improved by a heavy rain which fell during the march and by the passage of successive trains of wagons and batteries of artillery. The march was slow and toilsome. The infantry labored along with mud-clogged feet, casting sour looks and candid curses at the cavalry and couriers who bespattered

them. The artillery often stuck fast, and the struggling horses failed to move the pieces, until the cannoneers applied themselves and pushed and strained at the heavy wheels.

On the 5th, about three or four in the afternoon, everything was concentrated upon the ground where General Johnston proposed to establish his line, and the disposition of the forces, in accordance with the plan of battle, was at once commenced. On account of some accident, or mistake, this concentration was effected one day later than had been contemplated, causing a corresponding delay in the attack. It has frequently been asserted that this was occasioned by the failure of General Polk's corps to arrive at the appointed time.

General Polk's report demonstrates the injustice of this statement, and it is probable that the condition of the roads was the sole cause of the delay. A want of promptness upon the part of General Polk no doubt would have produced a suspension of the attack. A corps so strong and efficient could have been ill-spared from an army, already inferior in numbers to the antagonist it was about to assail, and the absence of the brave old Bishop from the field would have been, of itself, a serious loss. This delay was the cause of grave apprehensions to many of the Confederate generals, and was really unfortunate.

It was known that Buell was marching rapidly to the support of Grant, and General Johnston wished to crush the latter before their junction was effected.

General Beauregard was of the opinion that the attack, having been so long delayed, ought to be abandoned altogether; that it would now be extremely hazardous; and that the safety of the army would be compromised if it did not retire promptly to Corinth.

General Johnston listened courteously to every argument, but was moved by none to relinquish his plan. His resolution to fight, after placing his army in front of the enemy, was fixed. He believed, "the offensive once assumed, ought

to be maintained at all hazards." He trusted that vigor and audacity would enable him to accomplish victory on the first day, before the fresh troops came, and his designs were too profoundly considered, his gallant faith in his soldiers too earnest, for his purpose to be shaken. In answer to an anxious inquiry from his aide, Colonel William Preston, he said, quietly, "I would fight them were they a million."

The ground selected for battle was that inclosed between Owl and Lick creeks, which run nearly parallel with each other, and empty into the Tennessee river. The flanks of the two armies rested upon these little streams, and the front of each was just the distance, at their respective positions, between the two creeks. The Confederate front was, consequently, a little more than three miles long. The distance between the creeks widens somewhat, as they approach the river, and the Federal army had more ground upon which to deploy. The position which the enemy occupied next morning was three or four miles from the river, and his advance camp was perhaps a mile southward of Shiloh Church. He had, as yet, established no line; the attack next morning took him completely by surprise, and he formed after the fight had commenced.

General Johnston's effective strength, including all the forces available for that battle, was about forty thousand men. That of the enemy was, perhaps, forty-five thousand. The advantages of attack and surprise would, General Johnston thought, more than counterbalance his numerical inferiority. If Buell brought reinforcements to his opponents, by forced marches, in advance of his army, he would feel their effect only in a stronger line and more stubborn resistance upon the front; his flanks would be safe in any event. The array of his forces evinced a resolution to break through and crush, at any cost, whatever should confront him in the narrow space where the whole conflict would be crowded.

The troops were bivouacked that night upon the ground which it was intended that they should occupy in line of battle. No disposition which could be made that evening was

delayed; every precaution was taken to guard against a further procrastination of the attack. The men lay down to sleep in the order in which they were to rush upon the enemy.

General Hardee had command of the first line, General Bragg of the second, and General Polk of the third. General Hardee's line extended from the one creek to the other, and as his corps (fully deployed) could not properly occupy the entire distance, he was reinforced by a fine brigade under Brigadier-General Gladden. To Hardee was given the honor of commencing the battle, and he was ordered to push his whole line rapidly forward at early dawn. General Bragg's line was formed similarly to General Hardee's, and about a quarter of a mile in its rear. Bragg was ordered to advance simultaneously with Hardee, and to support him when he needed assistance. Then, at the distance of eight hundred yards, came General Polk's corps, not deployed but formed in column of brigades. General Breckinridge's division (over six thousand strong) constituted the reserve, and was close in the rear of Polk's corps. The cavalry was promiscuously disposed; indeed, no one in authority seemed to think it could win the battle. Morgan's Squadron was formed with the Kentucky troops, and occupied the extreme left of Breckinridge's division. This disposition of the forces and the energetic conduct of the Confederate commanders explain the striking features of the battle, which have been so often remarked—the *methodical* success of the Confederates, upon the first day, the certainty with which they won their way forward against the most determined resistance; the "clock-like" regularity of their advance, the desperate struggle, the Federal retreat, repeated again and again through the day. An army moving to attack (an enemy, surprised and unprepared), in three lines supported by a reserve, and with its flanks perfectly protected, ought to have delivered crushing and continuous blows. Such a formation, directed with consummate skill and the finest nerve in a commander, of troops who believed that to fight would be to win, promised an onset well nigh irresistible.

The afternoon wore away and no sign in the enemy's camps indicated that he had discovered our presence. The night fell, and the stern preparations for the morrow having been all completed, the army sank to rest. The forest was soon almost as still as before it had been tenanted by the hosts of war. But, before the day broke, the army was astir; the bugles sounded the reveille on all sides, and the long lines began to form. About 5 o'clock the first shot rang on the front—another and another succeeding, as our skirmishers pressed on, until the musketry grew into the crackling, labored sound which precedes the roar of real battle. The troops seemed excited to frenzy by the sound. It was the first fight in which a majority of them had ever been engaged, and they had, as yet, seen and suffered nothing to abate the ardor with which the high-spirited young fellows panted for battle. Every one who witnessed that scene—the marshaling of the Confederate army for attack upon the morning of the 6th of April—must remember, more distinctly than anything else, the glowing enthusiasm of the men, their buoyancy and spirited impatience to close with the enemy. As each regiment formed upon the ground where it had bivouacked, the voice of its commander might be heard as he spoke high words of encouragement to his men, and it would ring clearer as he appealed to their regimental pride and bade them think of the fame they might win. When the lines began to advance, the wild cheers which arose made the woods stir as if with the rush of a mighty wind. Nowhere was there any thought of fear; everywhere were the evidences of impetuous and determined valor.

For some distance the woods were open and clear of undergrowth, and the troops passed through, preserving their array with little difficulty; but as the point where the fight between the pickets had commenced was neared the timber became dwarfed into scrubby brush, and at some places dense thickets impeded the advance. The ground, too, grew rugged and difficult of passage in unbroken line. Frequent halts to reform and dress the ranks became necessary, and

at such times General Johnston's magnificent battle order was read to the regiments, and its manly, heroic language was listened to with the feeling it was intended to evoke. The gray, clear morning was, ere long, enlivened with a radiant sunrise. As the great light burst in full splendor above the horizon, sending brilliancy over the scene, many a man thought of the Great Conqueror's augury and pointed in exultation and hope to the "Sun of Shiloh." Breckinridge's division went into the fight last, and, of course, saw or heard a great deal of it before becoming actively engaged. Not far off, on the left center, the fight soon grew earnest, as Hardee dashed resolutely on; the uneasy, broken rattle of the skirmishers gave way to the sustained volleys of the lines and the artillery joined in the clamor, while away on the right the voice of the strife swelled hoarser and angrier, like the growl of some wounded monster—furious at bay. Hardee's line carried all before it. At first it met not even the semblance of a check. Following close and eager upon the fleeing pickets, it burst upon the startled inmates as they emerged from their tents, giving them no time to form, driving them in rapid panic, bayoneting the dilatory. On through the camp swept, together, pursuers and pursued. But now the alarm was thoroughly given, the "long roll" and the bugle were calling the Federals to arms; all through their thick encampments they were hastily forming.

As Hardee, close upon the haunches of the foe he had first started, broke into another camp, a long line of steel and flame met him, staggering, and, for a little while, stopping his advance. But his gallant corps was still too fresh for an enemy not yet recovered from the enervating effects of surprise to hold it back long. For a while it writhed and surged before the stern barrier suddenly erected in its front, and then, gathering itself, dashed irresistibly forward. The enemy was beaten back, but the hardy Western men who filled his ranks (although raw and for the first time under fire) could not be forced to positive flight. They had formed, and at this stage of the battle they could not be routed. They had little discipline, but plenty of staunch

courage. Soon they turned for another stand and the Confederates were, at once, upon them. Again they gave way but strewed the path of their stubborn retreat with many a corpse in gray as well as in blue. At half past 7 the first lines began to give signs of exhaustion, and its march over the rough ground while struggling with the enemy had thinned and impaired it. It was time for Bragg's corps to come to the relief, and that superb line now moved up in serried strength. The first sign of slackening upon the part of the Confederates seemed to add vigor to the enemy's resistance. But bravely as they fought, they never recovered from the stun of the surprise. Their half of the battle was out of joint at the beginning and it was never gotten right during that day. They were making desperate efforts to retrieve their lost ground when Bragg's disciplined tornado burst upon them. The shock was met gallantly but in vain. Another bloody grapple was followed by another retreat of the Federals, and again our line moved on.

Those who were in that battle will remember these successive contests, followed by short periods of apparent inaction, going on all the day. To use the illustration of one well acquainted with its plan and incidents: "It went on like the regular stroke of some tremendous machine." There would be a rapid charge and fierce fight—the wild yell would announce a Confederate success—then would ensue a comparative lull, broken again in a few minutes, and the charge, struggle, and horrible din would recommence.

About half past 10 Polk's corps prepared to take part in the fight. He had previously, by order personally given by General Johnston (who was all the time in the front), sent one brigade to reinforce General Bragg's right where the second line had been most hotly engaged. He had also sent, by order of General Beauregard, one brigade to the left. The fight at this time was joined all along the line and urged with greater fury than at any period of the day. Almost immediately after parting with these two brigades, General Polk became engaged with the remainder of his corps. The enemy had, now, disposed his entire force for resistance—

the men fought as if determined not to accept defeat—and their stern, tenacious leader was not the man to relinquish hope, although his lines had been repeatedly broken and the ground was piled with his slain. The corps of Hardee, Bragg, and Polk were now striving abreast or mingled with each other.

In reading the reports of the Confederate generals, frequent allusion will be found to regiments and brigades fighting without "head or orders." One commander would sometimes direct the movements of troops belonging to another. At this phase of the struggle the narrative should dwell more upon "the biographies of the regiments than the history of the battle." But the wise arrangement of the lines and the instructions given subordinate commanders insured harmonious action and the desired result.

Each brigade commander was ordered (when he became disengaged), to seek and attack the nearest enemy, to press the flank of every stubborn hostile force which his neighbors could not move, and at all hazards to press forward. General Johnston seemed to have adopted the spirit of the motto, "When figthing in the dark, strike out straight." He more than once assumed command of brigades which knew not what to do and led them to where they could fight with effect. Our successes were not won without costly sacrifices, and the carnage was lavish upon both sides.

While this was going on in front Morgan's Squadron moved along with Breckinridge's division, and we listened to the hideous noise and thought how much larger the affair was than the skirmishes on Green river and around Nashville. We soon learned to distinguish when the fight was sharp and hotly contested and when our lines were triumphantly advancing, and we wondered if those before us would finish the business before we got in.

We had not marched far before we saw bloody indications of the fierce work that had been done upon the ground over which we were passing. The dead and the wounded were thick in the first camp and, thence, onward. Some of the corpses of men killed by artillery showed ghastly mutilation.

In getting up our glowing anticipation of the day's program we had left these items out of the account, and we mournfully recognized the fact than many who seek military distinction will obtain it posthumously, if they get it at all. The actual sight of a corpse immensely chills an abstract love of glory. The impression soon wears off, however, and the dead are very little noticed. Toward 10 or 11 o'clock we wandered away from the infantry to which we had been attached, and getting no orders or instructions, devoted ourselves to an examination of the many interesting scenes of the field which we viewed with keen relish. The camps whence the enemy had been driven attracted especial and admiring attention. There was a profusion of all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of military life. How we wondered that an army could have ever permitted itself to be driven away from them.

While we were curiously inspecting the second or third encampment and had gotten closer than at any time previously to the scene of the fighting, a single incident interrupted, for a moment, the pleasure of the investigation. Some of the enemy's shells were bursting over our heads, and as we were practically ignorant of artillery, we were at first puzzled to know what they were. In the general thunder of the fight no special reports could be heard to lead to a solution of the particular phenomena. Suddenly a short yell of mingled indignation and amazement announced that one of the party had some practical information on the subject. He had been struck by a fragment on the shoulder, inflicting a severe gash and bruise. Not knowing how the missile had reached him, he seemed to think himself a very ill-treated man.

Just as Breckinridge's division was going into action, about 12 M., we came upon the left of it, where the Kentucky troops were formed. The bullets were beginning to fly thick about us. Simultaneously the Squadron and the regiment nearest to us struck up the favorite song of the Kentuckians, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer." The effect was animating beyond all description.

About this time, while the right and left of the Confederate line was still pressing on, the left center met with a serious check before a strong position which the enemy held tenaciously. The Federal troops at this point were posted upon an eminence, covered with underbrush, and in front of which was a ravine. Eighteen or twenty pieces of artillery, strongly supported, were planted on this hill, and were playing furiously. For perhaps an hour Hardee's efforts to advance were foiled. The position was taken, I believe, only after it had been enfiladed. Our Squadron approached this point while the advance was thus checked and General Hardee sent an aide to learn "what cavalry that was?" When told that it was Morgan's he expressed pleasure and said that he would send it "to take that battery." This was a truly gratifying compliment, but we received it with sobriety; and as we formed for the charge, which we were told would soon be ordered, indulged in no extravagant expressions of joy. I am even inclined to believe that we were not so sanguine of the result as General Hardee seemed to be. The General sat on his horse near Shoup's gallant battery, which was replying, but ineffectually, to the vicious rain of canister and shell which poured from the hill. He seemed indifferent to the hot fire, but very anxious to take those guns.

We had never seen anything like that before. We had occasionally been fired upon by a single piece of artillery, when we had closely approached the enemy's encampments on Green river; and we used to think that hardly fair. Now the blaze and "volleyed thunder" of the guns on that hill seemed to our excited imaginations like the output of a volcano in active operation. An hour or two previously, a young fellow, belonging to some Confederate battery which had been disabled, had asked permission to serve with us for the rest of the day. He was riding an artillery horse and had picked up a rifle and a cartridge box on the field, so I put him in the ranks. While we were expecting the order to charge, my eye happened to fall on this youngster, and it occurred to me that I might get from him valuable informa-

tion germane to the business on hand. I therefore took him aside, and remarked: "You say you have served in the artillery for a year and you ought to know a good deal about it. Now, General Hardee is going to order us to charge that Yankee battery yonder, and I want you to post me about the way to charge a battery."

"Why, good Lord, Lieutenant!" he exclaimed with much emphasis. "I wouldn't do it, if I was you. Why your blamed little cavalry won't be deuce high agin' them guns."

I became angry, because I was not feeling hopeful or comfortable, and his prediction "mingled strangely with my fears."

"Haven't I told you," I said, "that General Hardee will order us to take those guns? Now, don't express any opinion, but answer my question, 'What's the best way to charge a battery?'"

He looked me squarely in the eye for a few seconds, and then said very earnestly: "Lieutenant, to tell you the God's truth, thar' ain't no *good way* to charge a battery."

The order to charge was not given: I will confess, greatly to our relief. At the first slackening of the fire some of our infantry regiments dashed forward successfully; but the enemy quitted the position because they were about to be surrounded. Several of the guns were taken.

The right was now checked, meeting the fiercest resistance. The left and center bore rapidly forward.

It seems to have been the Confederate plan of battle to press strongest on the right and drive the enemy down the river, "leaving the left open for him to escape," as General Bragg put it. But it was already apparent that he was being hemmed in and forced, from all sides, toward Pittsburg Landing.

After concluding not to have him charge the battery, General Hardee ordered Colonel Morgan to proceed rapidly to the extreme left and "charge the first enemy he saw." The left of our line was then moving so briskly forward that, having to go by a narrow bridle path, we did not reach the point indicated—the extreme left—until nearly 2 o'clock

in the afternoon, or about that time. Just as we then approached our line, we saw a body of men dressed in blue uniforms, performing some strange evolutions. While they were clad much like the enemy, there were troops, evidently Confederate, nearby, which did not seem disturbed by their presence. Colonel Morgan ordered a platoon of Company A to dismount and fire on them if satisfied that they were Federals. We drew near and had a good view of them. A little man, flourishing a very big saber, was directing their movements with off-hand eloquence. We did not fire because, although not understanding what he said, we thought from the volubility of the speaker and the imprecatory sound of the language that it was French and that the party were Louisianians. This surmise was correct. They were members of Colonel Mouton's fine regiment, the Eighteenth Louisiana Infantry. Their uniform cost them dearly before the day was over. In addition to the loss received from the enemy, they were fired upon by Confederate regiments mistaking them for Federals. It is related that the Louisianians finally retaliated, giving for doing so the sound military reason: "We fire at anybody what fire at us—God d—m!"

Shortly after this, we saw this regiment, the Eighteenth Louisiana, and a part of the Kentucky infantry brigade charge across a wide field on the extreme left of our line. A strong force of the enemy was formed in the middle of this field (where one of the camps had been established). The Confederates rushed so closely upon this line that it seemed as if the bayonets must cross before it gave way. The volume of musketry in this charge was tremendous. When the Federals retreated they still preserved their array and went off in excellent order. They frequently faced about to fire on their pursuers, who poured continuous volleys into them; and thus fighting the combatants entered the woods beyond.

When our line had dashed across the field its left flank was exposed to attack from any hostile force which might approach from that direction. Our Squadron and another body of cavalry, which I understood to be a part of the

Eighth Texas, had been trying to get to the left of the infantry. Soon after we had succeeded in doing so, an opportunity to actively participate in the battle occurred. As we were pressing across the field some Federal skirmishers appeared in the edge of the woods on its left. They were not more than eighty or a hundred yards distant; and at first directed their attention more particularly to a Confederate battery, which was also crossing the field in the rear of our infantry, and were greatly annoying the cannoneers. Colonel Morgan at once ordered the charge and the Squadron dashed at full gallop into the woods. The skirmishers ran back, but as we forced our way in a crowded mass through the thickets, we came suddenly on the regiment to which they belonged. Fortunately for us, in scrambling through the brush it had lost its compact formation and its line was ragged. We got close to them before the Federals fired; they delivered one volley, the blaze seemed to almost leap into our faces and the roar was like thunder. The next moment we rode right through the line, the men using their shot-guns and revolvers effectively. We lost four men killed,—Lieutenant James West and Privates Samuel Buckner and James Ghiselin of Company A, and Private Archie Moody, of Company C,—all gallant men and good soldiers. Several others were wounded. Twelve of the enemy were killed and wounded, and a few made prisoners. The affair was over in a minute and the Federals retreated. I was told at the time that the Texans also charged on our right. I remember that some riderless horses, certainly not our own, galloped back over the ground where I lay with the other wounded men of the Squadron; and I supposed that these horses belonged to the Texans' killed or wounded.

Our infantry had pressed on beyond this point and there was no Confederate force near except this cavalry. It was impossible to conjecture how strong the enemy was just here, but Colonel Morgan, fearing that he might come in force sufficient to endanger this flank, disposed of his command on foot to make all possible resistance in such an event. Our skirmishers, thrown forward, could not find

him and the receding din of the battle seemed to promise perfect safety against all such dangers.

About half-past 1 or 2 o'clock occurred the great calamity which rendered unavailing all of the sacrifices and successes of the day. General Johnston was killed. He had exposed himself with almost culpable recklessness. From the commencement of the fight he had been in the van—cheering the struggling men—adding fresh spirit to the charge—stimulating to new energy the battalions that were checked. His clothing had been torn by balls, which were unheeded.

Once he had ridden along the rear of a brave Arkansas regiment which had just recoiled from a terrible fire. "Where now," he said, striking some of the men encouragingly upon the shoulder, "are the Arkansas boys who boasted that they would fight with their bowie knives? You have a nobler weapon in your grasp—will you dare to use it?" He spoke to men who could not hear such words in vain; they rushed forward and won the position.

Statham's magnificent brigade had at length faltered. General Johnston, bare-headed and with his hand elevated, rode out in front of the brigade and called on it to follow. His dress, majestic presence, imposing gesture and large bay horse, made him a conspicuous mark. A ball pierced his leg, severing the artery. He paid no notice to the wound, but continued to follow the troops, who, incited by his example, had charged successfully. Suddenly he grew faint and reeled in his saddle. His staff came to his assistance, but too late. They bore him into a ravine for shelter, and in a few moments he died.

Shortly after this great disaster the lines were pressed forward rapidly again at all points. Our troops were still instinct with the spirit of the lost leader. His genius had prepared effects, accomplished after he was gone. The left had swept far around; the center, where the latest check had been felt, was a little behind; the right driving everything before it, when, by hard fighting the resistance opposed to it at noon had been overcome, was approaching the river.

Now the word was passed through the army, "Let every

order be forward." In the last determined stand which the enemy made, Major General Prentice and two thousand of his division were captured. His troops stood until the advancing Confederates closed in on two sides and escape had become impossible. Our army was now near the river and a victory absolutely complete and decisive was just within its grasp. The fighting had been hard and our success blood-bought but brilliant. For many miles (through his encampments, piled up with rich spoils) we had driven the enemy. His brave resistance had at length been completely broken, and after immense losses he seemed ready to yield. It is an indisputable fact that for an hour at least before the Confederate advance was checked by order of the commanding general, it was meeting with no sort of check from the enemy. The Northern writers, who shortly after the battle described it, one and all depicted a scene of utter confusion and consternation as prevailing in the Federal army crowded upon the bank of the river. Scarcely a semblance of resistance (according to these writers) was maintained; while thousands (all discipline and confidence gone) were prepared to surrender. Hundreds, unable to force their way upon the boats, plunged into the river and were drowned.

The head of Buell's column commenced to arrive late in the afternoon, and the troops were crossed as rapidly as they came up. Nelson's division crossed first. The leading brigade was compelled to force its way through the mass of fugitives. On that afternoon the second chance which the Confederacy had to win the war was thrown away.

All night long the huge pieces upon the gunboats thundered at intervals, with a roar which seemed like that of a bursting firmament. They had been opened during the afternoon, but, on account of the great elevation necessary to enable them to shoot over the bluffs, the shells had gone high in the air. These huge missiles came screaming louder than a steam whistle, striking off the tops of trees and filling the air with dense clouds of smoke when they burst, but doing no damage.

During the night little was done to reorganize the Con-

federate soldiery. Only Bragg's corps maintained its discipline. Thousands of stragglers (from the other corps) roamed over the field to plunder and riot. The Federal generals strained every nerve to repair their disaster. The fugitives were collected and placed again in the ranks. The boats plied steadily, bringing over Buell's fresh and undiscouraged forces, and at 6 o'clock next morning the victors were in their turn assailed by an army larger than the one they had confronted on the day before and half of which was fresh and unwearied. General Beauregard disposed his tired troops to receive this storm,—and although his line was thin,—weakened (from the superb array of the day before) by the dead and wounded and those who had straggled from their colors,—it could not be driven.

General Beauregard in his report of the battle says:

"On his right and center the enemy was repulsed in every effort he made with his heavy columns in that quarter of the field. On the left our line was weakest, and here the enemy drove on line after line of fresh troops with unremitting fury."

Our troops stood firm, but General Beauregard feared that they must eventually break and at 12 M. (all of his scanty reserves having been put in) he ordered a withdrawal of the line.

After a repulse of a desperate attack the troops began to retire and accomplished the movement without trouble. General Beauregard says:

"The lines of troops established to cover this movement had been disposed on a favorable ridge, commanding the ground of Shiloh Church. From this position our artillery played upon the woods beyond, but upon no visible enemy, and without reply. Soon satisfied that no serious pursuit was, or would be, attempted, this last line was withdrawn, and never did troops leave a battlefield in better order."

General Breckinridge (whose heroic conduct on both days had almost repaid the Kentuckians—in their pride in it—for the loss of the battle) was left as rear guard, just in front of the intersection of the Pittsburg and Hamburg roads—upon the ground occupied by the army upon Sat-

urday night. On the next day he was withdrawn three miles to Mickey's, and remained there undisturbed for five or six days. Our cavalry occupied the ground several miles further to the north. Morgan's Squadron and other cavalry commands were posted for more than a week upon a portion of the field won from the enemy on the first day, during which time only two or three trifling skirmishes occurred.

The army marched to Corinth on the 7th and 8th.

It is a point conceded now, on all sides, that had the Confederate army pursued its success on the evening of the first day, the army under General Grant would have been annihilated, and Buell never could have crossed the river. Had General Johnston survived, the battle would have been pressed vigorously to that consummation. Then what would have been the situation? The army, remaining upon the banks of the Tennessee for a few days, would have been reorganized and recovered from the exhausting effects of the battle. The slightly wounded returning to the ranks would have made the muster-roll full thirty thousand effectives.

Price and Van Dorn coming with about fifteen thousand and the levies from all quarters, which were hastening to Corinth, would have given General Johnston nearly sixty thousand infantry. Buell, unable to cross the river or to use it for obtaining supplies, his communications with Nashville in constant danger, and hourly interrupted by the five or six thousand cavalry which General Johnston could have thrown upon them, would have been suspended without the ability to obtain foothold or prop anywhere. If nothing else could have made him retreat, a menace to Nashville, from the troops in East Tennessee, would have served the purpose. Then General Johnston could have crossed the river and the cavalry have been pushed on to operate between Nashville and Louisville. General Buell would not have halted to fight. With the odds against him, to do *that* (in the heart of a hostile population and far from support) would have

been too hazardous. But retreat would have been almost as disastrous as defeat and, closely pressed, would have resulted in the partial disintegration of his army. Military men, who understand the situation and the topography of the country will concur in the opinion that General Buell could not have halted with safety at Nashville, nor, indeed, until he had reached Munfordsville.

But the battle of Shiloh was, after all, a Confederate success. The army of invasion was crippled and reduced to a cautious offensive little better than inactivity. The Federal arms were stayed and blunted, and the Southern people, reanimated, prepared for fresh and vigorous resistance.

When relieved from duty on the field of Shiloh, Colonel Morgan sought and obtained permission to dash into Tennessee with a force adequate to important results. While the army lay in the entrenchments around Corinth, which the Federal forces under Halleck were tediously approaching, he wished to pounce upon the rich prizes in their rear. He assembled the troops with which he was about to make the contemplated expedition at Byrnesville, on or about the 23d of April.

His own command, Companies A, B and C, respectively commanded by Lieutenants Sellers, Chadburn and Churchill, had been augmented by a fourth company, or rather nucleus of a company, some twenty-five strong, commanded by Captain Brown—a gallant officer. Detachments from Colonel Wirt Adams' regiment and McNairy's battalion had, also been assigned him. These were commanded by his friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, and Captain Harris. The entire force at his disposal numbered three hundred and twenty-five effectives. Colonel Morgan was detained at Byrnesville for several days, having his horses shod, arms put in order, rations cooked, and other necessary arrangements for the expedition perfected. When all was ready, the command commenced its march on the 26th. Extra ammunition

and rations were carried on pack mules—one being allowed to each section, or four to a company.

Passing through Iuka, that day, the command encamped six miles from the Tennessee river, and reaching it early next morning immediately commenced to cross. The river was high, and there was nothing with which to effect the crossing but one boat—a small horse-ferry, capable of holding ten or twelve. Efforts were made (unsuccessfully) to cross a portion of the command at other points. Two days and nights of hard work were occupied in getting every thing across. One of the men who was actively engaged in the work describes an apprehension which rendered it more disagreeable. "We had," he says, "the gun-boat fever very badly, at that time, and expected every minute to see one come in sight, for they were patroling the river for some miles above this point."

Leaving the river on the morning of the 30th, Colonel Morgan reached Lawrenceburg, in Lawrence county, Tennessee, on that afternoon and encamped for the night. It was a fertile country. Rations and forage in abundance were procured, and a good deal more whisky than was good for the men. Early on the next morning the march was resumed, and about 10 A. M. (not far from Pulaski) Colonel Morgan learned that four hundred Federal troops had just passed through on the road to Columbia. They were principally convalescents, employed in putting up a line of telegraph from Columbia to Huntsville, Ala., and other "light work." Colonel Morgan determined to relieve them. The command was pressed on to the town in a gallop. Moving on rapidly, Colonel Morgan overtook the enemy a short distance beyond the town and at once attacked. Learning his approach, the Federals had hastily thrown up some slight breastworks in a field on the side of the road (in which a part of them were posted); others occupied a wood on the left of the road. Colonel Morgan formed his command, and—the ground permitting—charged on horseback, carrying the entire line. Many prisoners were captured, the remnant

of the Federal force rallied after retreating about a mile, leaving the wagons. They were flanked by Company A and surrendered.

At this juncture, a body of cavalry appeared, approaching from the direction of Columbia. Not knowing their strength, Colonel Morgan engaged them with skirmishers. Finding them not strong, he ordered Captain Brown to charge them, who routed and drove them six or seven miles. They were about fifty strong. Colonel Morgan's loss in this affair was slight. A few, only, of the enemy were killed. The prisoners (nearly four hundred), were taken back to Pulaski. The citizens were enthusiastic in their reception of Colonel Morgan and his soldiers—the men were wild with excitement and the women were in tears. Colonel Morgan's celebrated mare, "Black Bess," came in for her share of admiration and attention. The ladies crowded around to caress and feed her with dainties (for which she had a weakness) and her glossy tresses were in great request. It is recorded that upon this occasion, for the first and only time in his life, Colonel Morgan opposed the wishes of his lady friends. Fearing that Bess would be completely shorn, he "tore her away" and sent her to the stable. Guards and pickets were posted and the command encamped.

On the 3rd the column reached Harrington, fifteen miles from Shelbyville. Many bales of cotton were burned on that day. General Beauregard (in accordance with the instructions of the War Department) had issued orders that all cotton likely to fall into the enemy's hands should be burned. The command remained at Harrington during the night. Over one store the stars and stripes were floating resplendent. The men were so much pleased with this evidence of patriotism that they would patronize no other store in the place. Reaching the vicinity of Murfreesboro on the night of the 4th, Colonel Morgan drove in all the pickets (next morning) and made a circuit about the town, striking the Nashville and

Murfreesboro pike, about five miles from Stone river. The advance guard captured a few of the enemy's videttes on this road.

Some cotton was burned and the telegraph wires were cut, after a dispatch had been sent to Nashville to the effect that Morgan had captured Shelbyville and Murfreesboro wanted reinforcements. Colonel Morgan (anticipating brilliant feats in that line in the future) carried a telegraph operator (provided with a pocket instrument) upon this expedition. That night (at dark) the column reached Lebanon in Wilson county. The entire command was quartered in the town. Companies A, B and C (of the Squadron) were placed at the college. The horses were tied in the large yard and the men occupied the building. The detachments under Colonel Wood, Captain Harris and Captain Brown were quartered at the livery stables. Colonel Morgan's headquarters were at the hotel. Colonel Wood, who had been left in the vicinity of Murfreesboro with a small party to observe if the enemy followed, came in some hours after nightfall, and reported that all was quiet.

It was Colonel Morgan's intention to have moved at an early hour next morning and to have crossed the Cumberland river at Canoe branch ferry, about ten miles from Lebanon. Orders were issued that the men should saddle their horses at 4 o'clock and that the command should form immediately afterward. The night was rainy and bleak. The enemy, a brigade of cavalry under General Dumont, advancing upon the Murfreesboro road, came to the picket stands a little before daybreak.

The pickets were all at a house. This criminal neglect of duty was disastrous. Before the videttes discovered the consequences of their bad conduct at least one whole regiment had passed. Then one of them, named Pleasant Whitlow, a brave and (always before) excellent soldier, declared that he would retrieve his fault or die. He was mounted upon a fleet mare, and dashed at full speed along the road, passing the Federal column unstopped. He

reached the hotel where Colonel Morgan was quartered just as the foremost Federal approached it. As Whitlow called loudly to alarm the Colonel, the enemy fired and killed him. The men at the college had just commenced to saddle when the enemy approached. They hurriedly formed. Company C, which was quartered in the part of the grounds nearest where the enemy entered the town, was attacked and driven pell-mell through the others before it was fairly aligned. The three companies became mingled together and fell back into the town and upon the road across which Company A (extricating itself from the others) formed, under charge of its cool and gallant orderly sergeant, Zelah Bowyer.

Colonel Morgan soon came up and his presence reinspirited the men. He desired to join the other detachments but the enemy occupied the intervening space. A strong column was approaching Company A. Colonel Morgan ordered the men to dismount, reserve their fire, and drive it back when they did open. When the enemy was close the order to fire was given. A good many men and horses fell and the column recoiled. Several Federal officers in the confusion of this fight rode into the ranks of Colonel Morgan's command. Colonel Woolford was made a prisoner in this way. General Dumont, commanding the entire force, was very nearly made prisoner.

A chaplain, who made this mistake, asked, upon becoming undeceived, that he might be permitted to rejoin his command, "to pray for his men." "The h—ll you say," responded a member of Company A; "Don't you think Morgan's men need praying for as well as Woolford's?"

The detachments in the center of the town were completely surrounded. Colonel Morgan made his way, with about a hundred men, to the Rome and Carthage road, upon which he commenced his retreat at a steady gait. Suddenly his rear was attacked. The enemy dashed upon it, sabering the men. In the excitement Colonel Morgan's mare broke the curb of her bridle and he was unable to restrain her, or reform his men. Two or three

taking hold of the reins strove to hold her in, but uselessly. She went like a tornado. No effort was made, then, at concerted resistance; a few men turned and fought and then resumed their flight. A horse falling near the center of the column caused many others to fall and added—if any thing could add—to the wild, confused, rattling hurricane of flight. Colonel Morgan instructed the men (by courier, for Black Bess would not let him go in person) to take to the woods when their horses gave out. Many escaped in this way. The enemy (Kentucky regiments) were mounted on fine horses, comparatively fresh, which enabled them to press the pursuit so vigorously.

One man gives a graphic account of his part in the race. "I was riding," he says, "a horse captured from General Dumont and kept up with the colonel until my horse threw his shoes, which put me in the rear. The men had all passed me with the exception of Ben Drake. When Ben went by, he said, 'Tom, Dumont will get his horse.' I said, 'Yes, catch me a horse, Ben.' About a mile from that point I found Bole Roberts' horse, with the saddle under his belly and the stirrups broken off. As I did not have time to change saddles, I fixed Bole's saddle, led the horse to the fence, jumped on, used the spurs and soon passed Ben again, whose horse was now played out. I overtook Colonel Morgan, passed him, and found another horse with a saddle on. I stopped and changed saddles. When we got to Rome, thirteen miles from Lebanon, I traded horses again, and stayed in the rear with Colonel Morgan, who had gotten Black Bess, pulled up. A short distance from Rome the Yanks came within about one hundred yards of us and told us to stop. I told them 'to go to ——.' The colonel then told me to ride forward and make the men push on, as fast as possible. I was the first to reach the ferry, twenty-one miles from Lebanon. The boat was luckily on our side of the river. We got into it, as quickly as possible, and left our horses on the

shore. We wanted the colonel to take Black Bess, but he said no, if time was allowed he would send for all."

"Black Bess" was, I think, the most beautiful and one of the finest specimens of horse flesh I ever saw. Scant fifteen hands in height, her strong back, broad tilted loins and muscular thighs enabled her to carry Morgan's one hundred and eighty-five pounds as if he were a feather weight. Her coat was jet black and as glossy as satin. I never saw such a head. It was as dainty and as finely modeled as a lady's. Wide between the eyes, it tapered to a muzzle small enough to drink from a goblet and was beautifully set upon a symmetrical and capacious throttle. Her neck was straight and unusually well proportioned, her girth deep and shoulders thin and sloping but indicative of strength. Short in the saddle space, but lengthy from brisket to whirlbone, with arched back rib and wide flank, her entire form was eloquent of speed and endurance. Her legs were clean with firm dry muscle and tendons like steel wires; and her hoofs small, round, and hard as flint. From her Canadian sire Drennon, one of the greatest saddle stallions of Kentucky, she inherited nimble action and the staunchest constitution, and her thoroughbred dam dowered her wth speed, courage, intelligence, and grace.

Some fifteen men crossed in the ferry-boat. Sergeant Tom Quirk sprang into a canoe and paddled back to bring the mare over. When about half way across the enemy arrived on the shore to which he was returning and fired upon him, riddling the canoe with balls. He escaped uninjured.

Efforts were made to obtain Colonel Morgan a horse. A fine one was selected, but the owner, an old woman, stood in the door-way with an ax and prevented all attempts "to trade." In vain was it represented to her that she should certainly be paid; she declared that "unless she were first shot the horse should not be taken," and the "assessors" were compelled to beat a retreat. When Colonel Morgan halted that night he had scarcely

twenty men with him, and shed tears as he speculated upon the probable fate of the rest. The men of the detachments which were surrounded in Lebanon were nearly all made prisoners. Colonel Wood held out for hours, until the enemy threatened to burn the town if he did not surrender. Among the killed was Captain Brown. The enemy's loss was greater than ours.

On the 6th, Colonel Morgan reached Sparta, Tennessee, and remained there until the 9th. In those three days a good many of his men came in. This inspirited and decided him to assume the offensive. Shoeing the horses and equipping the men as he best could (under the circumstances) he left Sparta on the 9th with nearly one hundred and fifty men—for the most part badly armed. He directed his march toward the territory of his former service, the country about Bowling Green. He hoped to find points of importance slenderly guarded and the garrisons careless, under the impression that his severe defeat—four days previously—had finished him. His forces were miscellaneous. He had not quite fifty of his own men, but Captains Bledsoe and Hamilton (commanding companies which operated exclusively in that district) joined him, and Champe Ferguson reported as guide with four or five men. The men of Hamilton's and Bledsoe's companies were either new recruits or had never been subjected to any sort of discipline. Hamilton's ferry, sixty miles from Sparta, was reached that night, and the command, crossing the river, encamped on the northern bank.

Colonel Morgan had no difficulty in traveling expeditiously, for every inch of the ground for many miles beyond the river was well known to his Tennessee guides, and when their knowledge failed he had reached a country familiar to many of his own men. Marching by roads unfrequently traversed and bridle paths, he would have kept his motions perfectly secret but for a system of communicating intelligence adopted about this time by the Home Guards of Southern Kentucky. Conch shells and

horns were blown all along his route, by these fellows, the sound of which, transmitted a long distance, traveled faster than his column.

On the next day, reaching the vicinity of Glasgow, the command was halted, and John Hines, a clever, daring scout and native of the place, was sent to Bowling Green to ascertain the strength of the garrison and condition of affairs there.

Colonel Morgan desired to capture the town and burn the stores.

Hines returned in a few hours with the information that five hundred troops were in the town and it was determined not to attack. Colonel Morgan immediately determined to strike the Louisville and Nashville railroad between Bowling Green and the river, and attack and capture, at all hazards, the first train which passed. He was not likely to encounter one with many troops upon it, and the Bowling Green garrison would not come out to fight him. Traveling all night he passed through Glasgow and early next day reached Cave City, twelve miles distant—the point elected at which to make his venture. Going in advance, himself, with five men, he had the good luck to discover a long train approaching and immediately took measures to stop it. It seemed to be loaded with troops, who turned out, upon capture, to be employees on the road. His entire command soon arrived. Forty freight cars and a fine engine were captured in this train and destroyed.

Colonel Morgan was especially hopeful that he would be able to catch the train conveying his men captured at Lebanon to prison, but they had been sent off by the river.

In a short time the passenger train from Louisville was heard coming. A cow-gap was filled with upright beams to stop the train and a party was detailed to lie in ambush, some distance up the road, and throw obstructions on the road as soon as the train had passed to prevent its return. Some women notified the conductor of his danger, but

instead of backing he pressed on more rapidly. Suddenly becoming aware of the blockade in front, he checked his train and tried to return, but there was already a barrier behind him. Some Federal officers were on the train, among them Majors Coffee and Helveti of Woolford's regiment.

"Major Coffee," said an eye witness, "came out upon the platform and opened upon us with a battery of Colt's pistols. Ben Bigstaff dismounted and took a shot at him with his minnie rifle; the bullet struck within an inch of the Major's head and silenced his battery." A great many women were upon the train who were naturally much frightened. Colonel Morgan exerted himself to reassure them. The greatest surprise was manifested by the passengers when they learned that it was Morgan who had captured them. It was generally believed that he had been killed and his command utterly destroyed.

One officer captured was accompanied by his wife. The lady approached Colonel Morgan, weeping, and implored him to spare her husband. "My dear Madam," he replied, bowing debonairly, and with the arch smile which none who knew him can forget, "I did not know that you had a husband." "Yes, sir," she said, "I have. Here he is. Don't kill him." "He is no longer my prisoner," said the Colonel, "he is yours," and he released the officer unconditionally, bidding him console his wife. About eight thousand dollars in greenbacks—Government funds—were captured. The train was not burned, but Colonel Morgan begged the ladies to "accept it as a small token," etc.

After all was over the men sat down to a fine dinner prepared at the Cave City Hotel for the passengers.

Colonel Morgan now directed his march toward the Cumberland again. He had retaliated, in some degree, for the injury he had received, and could meet his comrades in the South fresh from a success instead of a disaster. The column marched steadily and encamped at 12 o'clock at night, fifteen miles from Glasgow. An in-

cident happened at this place well illustrative of Colonel Morgan's kindness and of the manner in which he could do things which would have been undignified in other officers and destructive of their authority. It was customary for each officer of rank to have his horses attended to by his negro, and the men were rarely required to perform such duties. Colonel Morgan's groom, however, had been captured. "When we dismounted," said the man who related to me the story, "Colonel Morgan gave his horse to Ben Drake, requesting him to unsaddle and feed him. As Ben had ridden twelve hours longer than the rest of us, he thought this very unkind, to say the least, in the Colonel. He, however, paid no attention to Ben's sour looks as the latter took the horse and obeyed the order. When Ben returned to the house, Colonel Morgan had reserved a place by the fire for him to sleep in. The next morning Ben was awakened by the Colonel, who told him to get up and eat his breakfast, as the command was ready to move. "Why did you not have me roused sooner, Colonel?" asked Ben, "my horse has not been fed." "I wished you to sleep longer," answered the Colonel, "and fed, curried and saddled your horse, myself." Would any other colonel in the army have done the same for a "poor private?"

Major Coffee was paroled on condition that he would exert himself to procure his own exchange for Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, and that he would report again as prisoner if he failed.

Passing through Burkesville on county-court day, capturing a few Federals and making many horse trades, the command passed on to a ford of the Cumberland, twelve miles from the little town, and crossed. Sparta was reached on the next day, where the Tennessee companies were left, and Colonel Morgan marched on toward Chattanooga, which place he reachd by easy marches. Some twenty or thirty more refugees and survivors of the "Lebanon races" joined him here. Leaving these men at Chattanooga to recruit and refit as well as was possible

there, he immediately set out for Corinth to see what could be effected in the way of obtaining guns and the necessary equipment for his men, and to obtain permission to make another expedition into Kentucky that he might recruit his regiment. About the middle of May two fine companies of Texas cavalry, commanded by Captains R. M. Gano and Jno. Huffman, both native Kentuckians, arrived at Corinth, and requested to be assigned to Morgan, that they might see service in Kentucky. Their application was granted, and they at once marched for Chattanooga.

I had been severely wounded at Shiloh and left behind when the command started upon the expedition just described. Upon my return to Corinth, I collected some thirty men of the Squadron (who for various reasons had not accompanied Colonel Morgan into Tennessee), and marched with Captain Gano to Chattanooga. We marched through a country where the people were friendly and hospitable and had no difficulty in supplying the men and horses. We had a few skirmishes with Federal troops posted along the Tennessee river, in one of which Captain Gano took some prisoners, and burned a good deal of cotton, collected by the Federals for transportation to Huntsville. The last two days of our march showed us the grandest and most beautiful scenery. We traversed the ridgy summit of the mountain range which runs just along the southern bank of the Tennessee and connects with the group of bold mountains around Chattanooga. At one point the view is exceedingly striking. From the immense height we occupied we could see a vast and varied expanse of country. In our front and to the right the mountains rose like blue domes piled closely together. A tremendous gulf—the bottom of which eyesight could not fathom—spread between the range (where we were) and their hazy, azure sides. Directly before us "Lookout," giant chief of all—loomed high toward heaven.

Sheer down, hundreds of feet beneath us, flowed the

Tennessee. I could almost believe that my horse could leap from the top of the precipice to the opposite bank of the river. On the other side the land was low and nearly level. The green fields ran back from the river's brink in a gentle imperceptible ascent, until, miles away, the eye lost them in the horizon. The noisy cavalrymen were hushed by the scene and the grand silence was not disturbed.

CHAPTER V.

Reorganization at Chattanooga—First Raid into Kentucky—Fight at Tompkinsville—Capture of Lebanon—In the Heart of the "Blue Grass"—Strategic Use of the Telegraph—Fight at Cynthiana—Return to Tennessee—Dash into Middle Tennessee and Service in the Vicinity of Nashville—Capture of Boone's Regiment—Constant Skirmishing, Many Prisoners Taken and Paroled—Destruction of the Railroad—Sharp Combats at Gallatin and Cairo.

At Chattanooga we found and were welcomed by Colonel Morgan and our gallant comrades, and never did brothers meet after separation and danger with more hearty joy. For the first time, we learned who had been lost, and as we talked it over, the pleasure and congratulation, so natural at our reunion, gave way to sadness as we named the dead and counted up the captives. Although much reduced in numbers, the Squadron was unbroken in spirit and courage; the men who had safely gone through the dangers of the late expedition were more eager than ever for another, and burned to wipe out any stain that might dim their reputation and to avenge their comrades. They had completely recovered from the fatigue of the raid, and their first thought (when they welcomed the accession to the command that we brought) was of instant march to Kentucky.

Gano and his Texans were greeted with enthusiasm, and were delighted with the choice they had made of a leader and brothers-in-arms. The work of reorganization was immediately commenced. The three companies of the Squadron, much depleted, were filled nearly to the maximum by recruits who came in rapidly, and became of course the first three companies of the regiment which was now formed.

Some three hundred men of the First Kentucky Infantry (which had been just disbanded in Virginia, their term of service having expired) came to Chattanooga to

join Morgan. A good many of them went into the old companies, and the remainder formed companies under officers known to them in their original regimental organization. Captain Jacob Cassel became captain of Company A. Captain Thomas Allen resigned (on account of extreme ill health), the captaincy of Company B, and his brother, John Allen (once colonel in Nicaraugua under Walker) succeeded him. Captain Bowles remained in command of Company C. John B. Castleman who had just come out of Kentucky (fighting as he came) with a number of recruits, was made captain of Company D. John B. Hutchinson, formerly lieutenant in the First Kentucky Infantry, was made captain of Company E. Captain Thomas B. Webber, who had served at Pensacola under General Bragg, during the past year, brought with him from Mississippi a company of most gallant soldiers, many of them his former comrades. This company was admitted into the regiment as Company F. Captain McFarland, of Alabama, brought with him a few men, and was promised that so soon as his company was recruited to the proper standard it should take its place in the regiment as Company G.

Thus it will be seen that Morgan's old regiment was composed of the men of his old Squadron, of veterans from Virginia, and men (from nearly all the Southern States) who had, with few exceptions, seen service. These six companies, and the fragment of the seventh, numbered in all not quite four hundred men. The field and staff, were immediately organized. I became lieutenant-colonel; G. W. Morgan, formerly of the Third Tennessee Infantry, was major. Gordon E. Niles, once editor of a New York paper and a private of Company A, was appointed adjutant. He was a gallant soldier, and died, not long afterward, a soldier's death. Captain Thomas Allen, formerly of Company B, was appointed surgeon. Doctor Edelin, the assistant surgeon, performed for many months the duties of both offices on account of the illness of the former. D. H. Llewellyn

and Hiram Reese, both members of the old Squadron, were appointed, respectively, quartermaster and commissary.

While we were at Chattanooga, General Mitchell came to the other side of the river and shelled the town. The commandant of the place, General Leadbeter, had two or three guns in battery, and replied, when the gunners, who were the most independent fellows I ever saw, chose to work the guns. The defense of the place was left entirely to the individual efforts of those who chose to defend it; nothing prevented its capture but the fact that the enemy could not cross the river. Very little loss was sustained and the damage done the town by the shells was immaterial. We tried to keep our men in camp, but some joined in the fight; one only was hurt. He volunteered to assist n working one of the guns and had part of his tongue shot off by a rifleman upon the opposite bank. About 5 P. M. the enemy seemed to be withdrawing. The artillery was still playing on both sides and the enemy occupied the heights where their battery was planted, but the infantry and sharpshooters had disappeared from the low land just opposite the city. Colonel Morgan (desirous to ascertain certainly if they had gone) crossed the river in a canoe. I was unwilling to see him go alone, and, after trying in vain to dissuade him, very regretfully accompanied him. Several shells flew over the canoe and one burst just above it, some of the fragments falling in it. We landed just opposite the wharf and stole cautiously through a straggling thicket to the position which the enemy had occupied. We stood upon the very ground which they had held only a short time before, and as nothing could be seen of them we concluded that they had drawn off entirely.

As we returned we met Jack Wilson (the trustiest soldier that ever shouldered a rifle) who had paddled us over, on his way to look for us; unable to endure the suspense he had left the canoe over which he had been posted as guard.

After a week or ten days sojourn at Chattanooga, we set out for Knoxville. The better part of the men were mounted, and those who were not had *great hopes*. When we reached Knoxville, the Second Kentucky (as our regiment was designated in the rolls of the War Department) and the Texas squadron were encamped in close vicinity, and for two or three weeks both were drilled strictly twice a day and mightily distressed by guard-mounting and dress-parades. These dress-parades presented a graceful and pleasing spectacle on account of the variegated appearance of the ranks.

The men were all comfortably clad, but their clothing was uniform, only, in its variety. Strange as it may seem to the unexperienced, dress has a good deal to do with the spirit of soldiers. The morale of troops depends, in a great measure, upon pride, and personal appearance has something to do with pride. How awful, for instance, must it be to a sensitive young fellow, accustomed at home to wear good clothes and appear confidently before the ladies, when he is marching through a town and the girls come out to wave their handkerchiefs, to feel that the rear of his pantaloons has given way in complete disorder. The cavalryman, in such cases, finds protection in his saddle, but the soldier on foot is defenseless: and thus the very recognition, which, if he has a stout pair of breeches would be his dearest recompense for all his toils, becomes his most terrible affliction. Many a time have I seen a gallant infantryman, who would have faced a battery double-shotted with grape and canister with comparative indifference, groan and turn pale in this fearful ordeal. It was a touching sight to see them seek to dispose their knapsacks in such manner that they should serve as shelter.

The ideas which the experience of the past eight months had suggested, regarding the peculiar tactics best adapted to the service and the kind of fighting we had to do, were now put into practical shape. A specific drill, different in almost every respect from every other em-

ployed for cavalry, was adopted. It was based upon a drill taught in the old army for Indian fighting, called "Maury's skirmish tactics for cavalry." But as that drill contemplated the employment of but a very few men and ours had to provide for the evolutions of regiments and eventually brigades, the latter was necessarily much more comprehensive. The formation of the company, the method of counting off in sets and of dismounting and deploying to the front, flanks, or rear, for battle, was the same as in Maury's tactics; but a great many movements necessary to the change of front, as the kind of ground or other circumstances required it to be made in various ways, to the formations from column into line and from line into column, the methods of taking ground to the front or rear, in establishing or changing line; the various methods of providing, as circumstances might require, for the employment of all or only part of a regiment or brigade, or for the employment of supports and reserves, all these evolutions had to be added. It would be uninteresting to all but the practical military reader, and unnecessary, as well, to enter into a minute explanation of these matters.

If the reader will imagine a regiment drawn up in single rank, the flank companies skirmishing, sometimes on horseback, and then thrown out as skirmishers on foot and so deployed as to cover the whole front of the regiment; the rest of the men dismounted (one out of each set of four remaining to hold horses*) and deployed as circumstances required and the command indicated, to the front of, on either flank, or to the rear of the line of horses—the files two yards apart—and then imagine this line moved forward at a double-quick or oftener a half run, he will have an idea of Morgan's style of fighting.

Exactly the same evolutions were applicable for horseback, or foot fighting, but the latter method was much oftener practiced—we were, in fact, not cavalry but

*When it became necessary to strengthen the fighting line, one man was required to hold eight horses.

mounted riflemen. A small body of mounted men was usually kept in reserve to act on the flanks, cover a retreat, or press a victory, but otherwise we fought very little on horseback except on scouting expeditions. Our men were all admirable riders, trained from childhood to manage the wildest horses with perfect ease; but the nature of the ground on which we generally fought, covered with dense woods or crossed by high fences, and the impossibility of devoting sufficient time to the training of the horses, rendered the employment of large bodies of mounted men to any good purpose very difficult. It was very easy to charge down a road in column of fours, but very hard to charge across the country in extended line and keep any sort of formation. Then we never used sabers, and long guns were not exactly the weapons for cavalry evolutions. We found the method of fighting on foot more effective; we could maneuver with more certainty and sustain less and inflict more loss. "The long flexible line curving forward at each extremity," as an excellent writer described it, was very hard to break; if forced back at one point a withering fire from every other would be poured in on the assailant. It admitted, too, of such facility of maneuvering; and by simply facing to the right or left and double-quicking in the same direction, every man could be quickly concentrated at any point where it was desirable to mass.

It must be remembered that Morgan very rarely fought with the army; he had to make his command a self-sustaining one. If repulsed he could not fall back and reform behind the infantry. He had to fight infantry, cavalry, artillery; take towns when every house was a garrison and attack fortifications with nothing to depend on but his own immediate command. He was obliged, therefore, to adopt a method which enabled him to do a great deal in a short time and to keep his men always in hand whether successful or repulsed. With his support from forty to five hundred miles distant an officer had better learn to rely on himself.

The ease and rapidity with which this simple drill was learned and the expedition with which it enabled all movements to be accomplished chiefly recommended it to Morgan. I have seen his division, when numbering over three thousand men and stretched out in column, put into line of battle in thirty minutes.

The weapon which was always preferred by the officers and men of the command was the rifle known as the "medium Enfield." The short Enfield was very convenient to carry, but was deficient both in length of range and accuracy. The long Enfield, without any exception the best of all rifles, was unwieldy either to carry or to use, as sometimes became necessary, on horseback. The Springfield rifle, nearly equal to the long Enfield, was liable to the same objections although in a less degree.

It was impossible, however, to obtain, when we were organizing at Knoxville, the exact description of guns we wished. One company was armed with the long Enfield, another had the medium, and Company A got the short Enfield. Company C was furnished with Mississippi rifles and Company B retained the shotguns which they had used for nearly a year. Company E was provided with a gun, called from the stamp upon the barrel, the "Tower gun;" it was of English make and was a sort of Enfield carbine. Its barrel was rather short and bore immense; it carried a ball larger than the Belgian. Its range and accuracy were first-rate.

It was some months before each company of the regiment was armed with the same or similar guns. Nearly every man had a pistol and some two. Shortly afterward, when they were captured in sufficient numbers, each man was provided with a pair. The pistol preferred and usually worn by the men was the army Colt furnished to the Federal cavalry regiments. This patent is far the best and most effective of any I have ever seen.

At this time two small howitzers* were sent from Rich-

*These pieces were sometimes styled "Mountain" howitzers. They were really short, light twelve pound howitzers.

mond for Morgan's use. It is unnecessary to describe a piece so well known, but it may be as well to say that no gun is so well adapted in all respects to the wants of cavalry as these little guns. With a large command, it is always well enough to have two or four pieces of longer range and yet of light draft, such as the three-inch Parrot; but if I were required to dispense with one or the other I would choose to retain the former. They can be drawn (with a good supply of ammunition in the limbers), by two horses over any kind of road. They can go over ravines, up hills, through thickets, almost anywhere, in short, that a horseman can go. They throw shell with accuracy eight hundred yards, quite as far as there is any necessity for generally in cavalry fighting; they throw canister and grape two and three hundred yards, as effectively as a twelve pounder; they can be carried by hand right along with the line and as close to the enemy as the line goes, and they make a great deal more noise than one would suppose from their size and appearance. If the carriages are well made, they can stand very hard service, and they are easily repaired, if injured. These little guns were attached to the Second Kentucky and the men of that regiment became much attached to them. They called them familiarly and affectionately the "Bull Pups," and cheered them whenever they were taken into a fight. They remained with us, doing excellent service, until just before the Ohio raid; and, then, when General Bragg's ordnance officer arbitrarily took them away it came near raising a mutiny in the regiment.

Just before Morgan left Knoxville on the expedition known as "the first Kentucky raid," he was joined by a gentleman "from abroad," whose history had been a curious and extraordinary series of exciting adventures and who now came to see something of our war. This was Lieutenant-Colonel George St. Leger Greenfel, of the English service, and of all the very remarkable characters who have figured (outside of popular novels) in this age he will receive the suffrages of our Western cavalrymen

for pre-eminence in devil-may-care eccentricity. He had commenced life by running away from his father, because the latter would not permit him to enter the army, and in doing so he showed the good sense that he really possessed, for the army was the proper place for him. He served five years in some French regiment in Algeria, and then quitting the service lived for a number of years in Tangiers, where he did a little business on the side of the Moors when the French bombarded the place. He served four years with Abd-El-Kader, of whom he always spoke in the highest terms. Having exhausted life in Africa, he looked elsewhere for excitement, and passed many years of his subsequent life in great happiness and contentment, amid the pleasant scenes of the Crimean war, the Sepoy rebellion, and Garibaldi's South American service.

When the war broke out over here, he came of course, and taking a fancy to Morgan from what he had heard of him came to join him. He was very fond of discussing military matters but did not like to talk about himself, and although I talked with him daily, it was months before he told anything of his history. He was a thorough and very accomplished soldier—and may have encountered something in early life that he feared, but if so it had ceased to exist.

He became Morgan's adjutant general and was of great assistance to him, but sometimes gave trouble by his impracticable temper; he persisted, among other things, in making out all papers in the style he had learned in the English service, the regulations and orders of the War Department "to the contrary notwithstanding."

He was always in a good temper when matters were active—I never saw him hilarious but once and that was the day after the battle of Hartsville; he had just thrashed his landlord and doubled up a brother Englishman, in a "set-to" about a mule, and was contemplating an expedition on the morrow with General Morgan to Nashville. He was the only gentleman I ever knew who liked to fight

with his fists, and was always cheerful and contented when he could shoot and be shot at.

After he left Morgan he was made chief inspector of cavalry, and became the terror of the entire "front." He would have been invaluable as commander of a brigade of cavalry, composed of men who (unlike our volunteers) appreciated the "military necessity" of occasionally having an officer knock them in the head. If permitted to form, discipline and drill such a brigade of regular cavalry after his own fashion, he would have made gaps in many lines of battle, or have gotten his "blackguards well peppered" in trying.

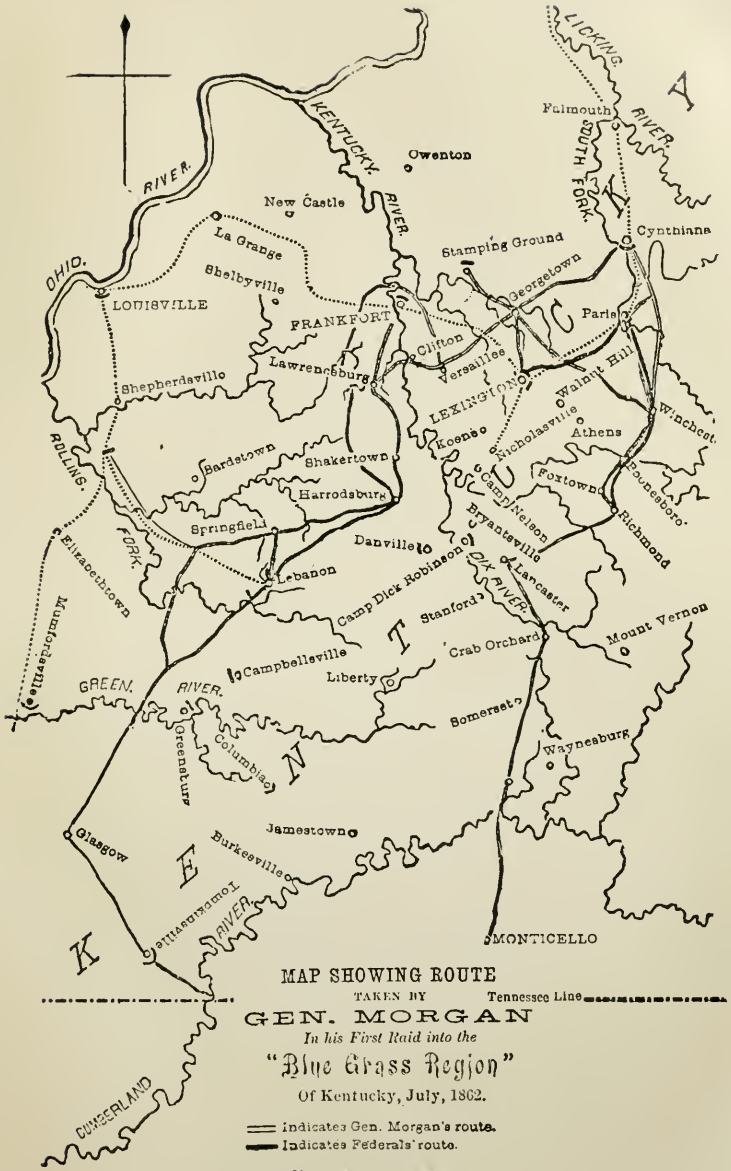
Some time in the latter part of June, Colonel Hunt, of Georgia, arrived at Knoxville with a "Partisan Ranger" regiment between three and four hundred strong, to accompany Morgan upon his contemplated raid.

When the entire force of able-bodied and mounted men was estimated, it was found eight hundred and seventy-six strong—Hunt's regiment numbering about three hundred and fifty; mine, the Second Kentucky, about three hundred and seventy, and Gano's squadron making up the balance.

Fifty or sixty men, from all the commands, were left at Knoxville for lack of horses. Perhaps two hundred men of this force, with which Morgan commenced the expediton, were unarmed, and a much larger number were badly mounted and provided with the most indifferent saddles and equipments.

The command set out from Knoxville on the morning of the 4th of July, 1862, and took the road to Sparta, a little place on the confines of the rugged mountainous country which separates Middle Tennessee from the rich valley of East Tennessee in which Knoxville is situated. Sparta is one hundred and four miles from Knoxville. We reached it after tolerably hard marching, for the road was terribly rough, on the evening of the third day and encamped five miles beyond it on the road to Livingston.

While traversing the region between Knoxville and



MAP SHOWING ROUTE

TAKEN BY

Tennessee Line

GEN. MORGAN

In his First Raid into the

"Blue Grass Region"

Of Kentucky, July, 1862.

Indicates Gen. Morgan's route.

Indicates Federals' route.

SCALE 30 MILES TO THE INCH.

Sparta we were repeatedly fired upon by bushwhackers, but had only one man killed by them—a Texan of Gano's squadron. We made many unsuccessful attempts to capture them, but they always chose the most inaccessible points to fire from and we could never get at them.

At Sparta Champe Ferguson reported as a guide and I, for the first time, saw him, although I had often heard of him before. He had the reputation of never giving quarter, and, no doubt, deserved it (when upon his own private expeditions), although when with Morgan he attempted no interference with prisoners. This redoubted personage was a native of Clinton county, Kentucky, and was a fair specimen of the kind of characters which the wild mountain country produces. He was a man of strong sense, although totally uneducated, and of the intense will and energy which, in men of his stamp and mode of life have such a tendency to develop into ferocity when they are in the least injured or opposed. He was grateful for kindness, and instinctively attached to friends and vindictive against his enemies. He was known as a desperate man before the war, and ill-treatment of his wife and daughter by some soldiers and Home Guards enlisted in his own neighborhood made him relentless in his hatred of all Union men; he killed all the parties concerned in the outrage upon his family, and, becoming then an outlaw, kept up that style of warfare. It is probable that, at the close of the war, he did not himself know how many men he had killed. He had a brother of the same character as himself, in the Union army, and they sought each other persistently, mutually bent on fratricide. Champe became more widely known than any of them, but the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee were filled with such men, who murdered every prisoner that they took; and they took part, as their politics inclined them, with either side. For a long time Ferguson hunted, or was hunted by, a man of his own order and nearly as notorious on the other side, namely, "Tinker Dave Beattie."

On the evening of the 7th, we encamped in the vicinity

of Livingston. Leaving early next morning, by midday we reached the Cumberland river at the ford near the small village of Selina. Here Colonel Morgan received positive information of the strength and position of the enemy at Tompkinsville, eighteen miles from Selina. He had learned at Knoxville that a Federal garrison was at this place and had determined to attack it. One battalion of the Ninth Pennsylvania under command of Major Jordan, about three hundred and fifty strong, constituted the entire force. It was Morgan's object to surprise and capture the whole of it. He accordingly sent forward scouts to watch and report everything going on at their camp, while he halted the bulk of the command until nightfall. The men employed the interval of rest in attention to their horses and in bathing in the river. At 11 o'clock the march was resumed; the road was rough and incumbered at some points with fallen timber, so that the column made slow progress. When within four or five miles of Tompkinsville, Gano's squadron and Hamilton's company of Tennessee Partisan Rangers, which had joined us the evening before, were sent by a road which led to the right to get in the rear of the enemy and upon his line of retreat toward Glasgow. The rest of the command reached Tompkinsville at 5 o'clock. It was consequently broad daylight and the enemy had information of our approach in time to form to receive us. Colonel Hunt was formed upon the left and my regiment upon the right, with the howitzers in the center. It was altogether unnecessary to form any reserve, and as our numbers were so superior our only care was to "lap around" far enough on the flanks to encircle the game.

The enemy were posted on a thickly wooded hill, to reach which we had to cross open fields. They fired, therefore, three or four volleys while we were closing on them. The Second Kentucky did not fire until within about sixty yards and one volley was then enough. The fight did not last more than ten minutes. The enemy lost about twenty killed and twenty or thirty wounded.

Thirty prisoners, only, were taken on the ground, but Gano and Hamilton intercepted and captured a good many more, including the commander, Major Jordan. Our force was too much superior in strength for them to have made much resistance, as we outnumbered them more than two to one.

Our loss was only in wounded; we had none killed. But a severe loss was sustained in Colonel Hunt, whose leg was shattered and it was necessary to leave him; he died in a few days of the wound. Three of the Texans also were wounded in their chase after the fugitives. The tents, stores and camp equipage were destroyed. A wagon train of twenty wagons and fifty mules was captured and a number of cavalry horses. Abundant supplies of coffee, sugar, etc., etc., were found in the camp.

Leaving Tompkinsville at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, after paroling the prisoners, we reached Glasgow about 1 o'clock that night. This town was unoccupied by any garrison and its people were very friendly to us. Company C of the old Squadron had been principally recruited here. The command rested at Glasgow until 9 A. M. next day; during the time the ladies busied themselves in preparing breakfast for us, and before we left every man had taken in a three days' supply. A straggler captured at Glasgow gave us some "grape-vine" intelligence which annoyed us no little. He stated that McClellan had taken Richmond. When we left Knoxville the battle of the seven days was going on, and we had, of course, heard nothing after we started. A halt of two or three hours was made at Bear Wallow to enable Ellsworth (popularly known as "Lightning"), the telegraphic operator on Colonel Morgan's staff, to tap the line between Louisville and Nashville and obtain the necessary information regarding the position of the Federal forces in Kentucky. Connecting his own instrument and wire with the line, Ellsworth began to take off the dispatches. Finding the news come slow, he entered into a conversation with Louisville and obtained much of what was wanted. He in return

communicated such information as Colonel Morgan desired to have the enemy act upon. One statement, made at haphazard and with no other knowledge to support it, except that Forrest was in Middle Tennessee, was singularly verified. Morgan caused Ellsworth to telegraph that Forrest had taken Murfreesboro and had captured the entire garrison. Forrest did exactly what was attributed to him on that or the next day. A heavy storm coming on caused them, after several fruitless efforts to continue, to desist telegraphing.

The column was put in motion again immediately upon Colonel Morgan's return, and marching all night got within fifteen miles of Lebanon by 11 A. M. next morning. Here Company B was detached, to push rapidly to the railroad between Lebanon and Lebanon Junction, and ordered to destroy it, so that troops might not be thrown into Lebanon in time to oppose us. The march was not resumed until 3 or 4 in the afternoon, so that when we reached Rolling Fork river, six miles from Lebanon, it was dark. Colonel Morgan, who was riding with his staff in front of the advance guard, was fired upon as he entered the small covered bridge across the stream by a party of the enemy stationed at the other end of it. His hat was shot from his head, but neither he nor any of his staff were touched. One of the howitzers was immediately run up and a shell was thrown into the bridge. A platoon of the leading company was dismounted and carried at a double quick to clear it. When they reached it, the enemy, alarmed by the shell, which had killed one man, had retreated. The bottom of the bridge was found to have been torn up and a short time was spent in repairing it.

As soon as the bridge was repaired the column crossed and pressed on to Lebanon. Within a mile of the town skirmishing commenced with the force which held it. Two companies (E and C of the Second Kentucky) were thrown out on foot and advanced at a brisk pace driving the enemy before them. Two or three of the enemy were killed; our loss was nothing. The town was surrendered

by its commandant about 10 o'clock; some two hundred prisoners were taken.

Pickets were immediately posted on every road, and the whole command encamped in such a manner that it could be immediately established in line. It was necessary to remain at Lebanon until the large quantity of stores of all kinds which were there were disposed of, and, as we were now in the midst of enemies, no precaution could be omitted. Captain Allen, who, as has been mentioned, was detached with Company B of the Second Kentucky to prevent the train from bringing reinforcements to Lebanon, struck the railroad at New Hope Church and had just commenced to destroy it when a train came with a large number of troops on board for Lebanon. He attacked it, and a skirmish of a few minutes resulted in the train going back. The night was very dark and little loss, if any, was inflicted on either side.

On the next day an examination of the stores showed an abundance of every description. A sufficient number of excellent guns were gotten to arm every man efficiently, and some thousands were destroyed. A large building was found to be filled with cartridges and fixed ammunition. An abundant supply of ammunition for small arms was thus obtained, and a fresh supply of ammunition was also gotten for the howitzers. There was also a stone magazine not far from the depot which was full of powder. The powder was taken out and thrown into the stream near by.

Very large supplies of provisions were found—meat, flour, sugar, coffee, etc.,—which were turned over to the citizens, and when they had helped themselves the remainder was burned. A great deal of clothing had been collected here, and the men were enabled to provide themselves with everything which they needed in the way of underclothing. While at Lebanon copies of a flaming proclamation, written and published at Glasgow, were circulated.

After the destruction of the stores had been completed

and Ellsworth had closed his business at the telegraph office, the command was again put in motion. It left the town about 2 P. M., on the Springfield road. Before leaving Knoxville Colonel Morgan, appreciating the necessity of having an advance guard which could be thoroughly relied on, and disinclined to trust to details changed every day for that duty, had organized a body of twenty-five men, selected with great care from the entire force under his command, to constitute a continuous advance guard for the expedition. So well did this body perform the service assigned it that the men composing it, with some additions to make up the tale as others were taken out, were permanently detailed for that duty, and it became an honor eagerly sought and a reward for gallantry and good conduct second only to promotion to be enrolled in "the advance." The noncommissioned officers were chosen with the same care, and First Lieutenant Charles W. Rogers, of Company E, formerly of the First Kentucky Infantry, was appointed to command it. This officer possessed in an eminent degree the cool judgment, perfect fearlessness, command of men and shrewdness of perception requisite for such an office.

This guard habitually marched at a distance of four hundred yards in front of the column; three videttes were posted at intervals of one hundred yards between it and the column. Their duties were to transmit information and orders between the column and the guard, and to regulate the gait of the former so that it would not press too close on the latter, and, also, to prevent any straggling between the two. Six videttes were thrown out in front of the guard—four at intervals of fifty yards, and with another interval of the same distance from the fourth of these two rode together in the extreme front. These two were consequently at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards in front of the body of the guard. At first these videttes were regularly relieved, but it was afterward judged best to keep the same men always on the same duty. The advance videttes were required to exam-

ine carefully on all sides and report to the officer of the guard the slightest indication which seemed suspicious. When they came to by-roads or cross-roads one or both, as the case might require, immediately galloped some two or three hundred yards down them, and remained until relieved by men sent for that purpose from the head of the column, when they returned to their posts.

As soon as they notified the officer of the guard by calling to the videttes next behind them that they were about to leave their posts, he took measures to supply their places. The two videttes next to them in the chain galloped to the front, the other two, also moved up respectively fifty yards, and two men were sent from the guard to fill the places of the last.

When the videttes regularly in advance returned, the original disposition was resumed. If an enemy was encountered, men were dispatched from the guard to the assistance of the videttes, or the latter fell back on the guard, as circumstances dictated. If the enemy was too strong to be driven by the advance, the latter endeavored to hold him in check (and was reinforced if necessary) until the command could be formed for attack or defense. Scouting parties were of course thrown out on the front and flanks, as well as to the rear, but as these parties were often miles away in search of information, it was necessary to always have a vigilant advance guard with the column.

Passing through Springfield without a halt, the column marched in the direction of Harrodsburg. On the next morning about 9 o'clock we entered Harrodsburg, another stronghold of our friends, and were warmly welcomed.

It was Sunday, and a large concourse of people were in town. We found that the ladies, in anticipation of our coming, had prepared the most inviting rations, and the men after attending to their horses and supplying them with forage, a "superabundance of which" to use the old forage-master's expression was stacked close by, fell to themselves, and most of them were eating, with short in-

tervals employed in sleeping, until the hour of departure. Harrodsburg is twenty-eight miles from Lexington, the headquarters then of the Federal forces of that region. Gano, with his squadron, was detached at Harrodsburg to go around Lexington and burn the bridges on the Kentucky Central Railroad, in order to prevent troops from being thrown into Lexington from Cincinnati. Captain Allen was sent to destroy the bridges over Benson and other small streams on the Louisville and Lexington railroad, to prevent the transmission of troops by that road, and also to induce the impression that the command was making for Louisville. About dark the column moved from Harrodsburg on the Frankfort pike. It was Morgan's wish to induce the belief that he intended to attack Frankfort but to suddenly turn to the right and make for Lexington, capture that place if he could, and if he could not, at least enjoy the fine country in its vicinity.

At 1 P. M. that night we encamped at Lawrenceburg, the county seat of Anderson county, twenty-miles from Harrodsburg and about fifteen from Frankfort. A scouting party was sent immediately on in the direction of Frankfort, with instructions to drive in the pickets after daybreak and to rejoin us at Versailles. The command had now marched three hundred and odd miles in eight days, but the men, despite the fatigue usually resulting from night marching, were comparatively fresh and in the most exultant spirits. So far everything had gone well; although encompassed by superior forces, celerity of movement and skillful selection of route had enabled us to elude them. A good many little affairs had occurred with the Home Guards, which I have not mentioned, but they had been expected and the damage from them was trifling. Leaving Lawrenceburg next morning at daybreak, the column took the road to Versailles, but was compelled to halt at Shryock's ferry, seven miles from Versailles. On account of the ferry boat having been sunk, it was necessary to raise and repair it, so that the howitzers might be crossed. This delay prevented us

from reaching Versailles before night fell. It was now deemed good policy to march more slowly, obtain perfectly accurate information, and increase the confusion already prevailing by threatening all points of importance. This policy was not a hazardous one, under the circumstances, for although the forces surrounding the point where we now were were each superior to our own, yet by getting between them and preventing their concentration, and industriously creating the impression to which the people were at any rate disposed that our force was four or five thousand strong, Morgan had demoralized them and they were afraid to come out and meet him. The ease with which he had, hitherto, pressed right on, without a momentary check, confirmed the belief that he was very strong.

The command remained encamped at Versailles during the night. Scouts were sent in every direction, and upon their return next day reported that a very general consternation prevailed, as well as uncertainty regarding our movements. The Home Guards and little detachments of troops were running, on the one side for Lexington, and on the other for Frankfort. Leaving Versailles next day about 10 A. M., the column moved toward Georgetown.

Before leaving Versailles, the scouting parties which had been dispatched to Frankfort rejoined the command. Frankfort was by this time relieved of all fear of immediate attack, and Colonel Morgan became apprehensive that the troops there might be marched out after him, or that communication might be opened with Lexington which might lead to a simultaneous attack upon him by the forces of the two points. He hoped that the detachment under Captain Allen, returning, after the destruction of the bridge between Frankfort and Louisville, and necessarily marching close to the former (in doing so), would produce the impression there, that an attack was again imminent. We reached Midway (about 12 M.), a little town on the railroad and equidistant from Lexington and

Frankfort. What took place at Midway is best described in Ellsworth's language. He says:

"At this place I surprised the operator, who was quietly sitting on the platform in front of his office, enjoying himself hugely. Little did he suspect that the much-dreaded Morgan was in his vicinity. I demanded of him to call Lexington and inquire the time of day, which he did. This I did for the purpose of getting his style of handling the 'key' in writing dispatches. My first impression of his style, from noting the paper in the instrument, was confirmed. He was, to use a telegraphic term, a 'plug' operator. I adopted his style of telegraphing, and commenced operations. In this office I found a signal book, which proved very useful. It contained the calls of all the offices. Dispatch after dispatch was going to and from Lexington, Georgetown, Paris and Frankfort, all containing something in reference to Morgan. On commencing operations, I discovered that there were two wires on the line along this railroad. One was what we termed a 'through wire,' running direct from Lexington to Frankfort and not entering any of the way offices. I found that all military messages were sent over that line. As it did not enter Midway office, I ordered it to be cut, thus forcing Lexington on to the wire that did run through the office. I tested the line and found, by applying the ground wire, it made no difference with the circuit; and, as Lexington was headquarters, I cut Frankfort off. Midway was called, I answered, and received the following:

'LEXINGTON, *July 15, 1862.*

'To J. W. Woolums, operator, Midway:

'Will there be any danger in coming to Midway? Is every thing right? 'TAYLOR, *Conductor.'*

"I inquired of my prisoner (the operator) if he knew a man by the name of Taylor. He said Taylor was the conductor. I immediately gave Taylor the following reply:

'MIDWAY, *July 15, 1862.*

'To Taylor, Lexington:

'All right; come on. No sign of any rebels here.

'WOOLUMS.'

"The operator in Cincinnati then called Frankfort. I answered and received about a dozen unimportant dispatches. He had no sooner finished than Lexington called Frankfort. Again I answered, and received the following message:

'LEXINGTON, *July 15, 1862.*

'To General Finnell, Frankfort:

'I wish to move the forces at Frankfort, on the line of the Lexington railroad, immediately, and have the cars follow and take them up as soon as possible. Further orders will await them at Midway. I will, in three or four hours, move forward on the Georgetown pike; will have most of my men mounted. Morgan left Versailles this morning with eight hundred and fifty men, on the Midway road, moving in the direction of Georgetown.

'BRIGADIER-GENERAL WARD.'

"This being our position and intention exactly, it was thought proper to throw General Ward on some other track. So, in the course of half an hour, I manufactured and sent the following dispatch, which was approved by General Morgan:

'MIDWAY, *July 15, 1862.*

'To Brigadier-General Ward, Lexington:

'Morgan, with upward of one thousand men, came within a mile of here, and took the old Frankfort road, marching, we suppose, for Frankfort. This is reliable.

'WOOLUMS, *Operator.*'

"In about ten minutes Lexington again called Frankfort, when I received the following:

'LEXINGTON, *July 15, 1862.*

'To General Finnell, Frankfort:

'Morgan, with more than one thousand men, came within a mile of here, and took the old Frankfort road. This dispatch received from Midway, and is reliable. The regiment from Frankfort had better be recalled. 'BRIGADIER-GENERAL WARD.'

"I receipted for this message, and again manufactured a message to confirm the information General Ward received from Midway, and not knowing the tariff from Frankfort to Lexington, I could not send a formal message; so, appearing greatly agitated, I waited until the circuit was occupied and broke in, telling them to wait a minute, and commenced calling Lexington. He answered with as much gusto as I called him. I telegraphed as follows:

'Frankfort to Lexington:

'Tell General Ward our pickets are just driven in. Great excitement. Pickets say the force of enemy must be two thousand.

'OPERATOR.'

"It was now 2 P. M., and General Morgan wished to be off for Georgetown. I ran a secret ground connection and opened the circuit on the Lexington end. This was to leave the impression that the Frankfort operator was skedaddling, or that Morgan's men had destroyed the telegraph."

The command reached Georgetown just at sundown. A small force of Home Guards had mustered there to oppose us. Morgan sent them word to surrender, and they should not be hurt. The leader of this band is said to have made his men a speech of singular eloquence and stirring effect. If he was reported correctly, he told them that "Morgan, the marauder and murderer—the accursed of the Union men of Kentucky," was coming upon them. That, in "his track everywhere prevailed terror and desolation. In his rear, the smoke of burning towns was ascend-

ing, the blood of martyred patriots was streaming, the wails of widowed women and orphan children were resounding. In his front, Home Guards and soldiers were flying." That "Tom Long reported him just outside of town, with ten or twelve thousand men, armed with long beards and butcher knives;" and the orator thought that they "had better scatter and take care of themselves." They accordingly "scattered" at full speed.

Several prisoners (Southern sympathizers) were confined in the court house; among them, a man whom many Kentuckians have a lively recollection of—poor Will Webb. He, upon seeing the Home Guards flee, thrust his body half out of a window, and pointing to the stars and stripes still flying, apostrophized the fugitives in terms that ought to have made a sutler fight. "Are you going to desert your flag?" he said. "Remain, and perform the pleasing duty of dying under its glorious folds, and afford us the agreeable spectacle that you will thus present." This touching appeal was of no avail.

The geographical situation of Georgetown with relation to the towns of that portion of Kentucky—especially those occupied by Federal troops—made it an excellent point for Colonel Morgan's purposes. He was in a central position here, nearly equidistant from all points of importance, and could observe and checkmate movements made from any of them. Georgetown is twelve miles from Lexington and eighteen from Frankfort, the two points from which he had chiefly to anticipate attack. Although not directly between these two places, Georgetown is so nearly on a line with each, that its possession enabled him to prevent communication of any kind between the troops occupying them.

As the command greatly needed rest, Colonel Morgan remained here (where he felt more secure, for the reasons I have mentioned) during two days. He was not entirely idle, however, during that time. He sent Captain Hamilton, with one company, to disperse a Home Guard organization at Stamping Ground, thirteen miles

from Georgetown. Hamilton accomplished his mission, and burned the tents and destroyed the guns. Detachments were kept constantly at or near Midway to prevent any communication by the railroad between Lexington and Frankfort. Captain Castleman was sent to destroy the bridges on the Kentucky Central Railroad between Lexington and Paris, which he did; and also held in check a force of the enemy five times as strong as his own, and prevented it from reaching Cynthiana in time to take part in the fight there the next day. For other than strategic reasons Georgetown was an admirable selection as a resting point. The large majority of the people throughout this region were strongly Southern in sentiment and sympathy, and their native inclination to hospitality was much enhanced by the knowledge that they were feeding their friends. There was a drawback in the apprehension of a visit from provost guards to investigate the circumstances of this profuse and practical sympathy with armed rebels. But they hit upon an expedient which they thought would obviate unpleasant afterclaps. They *would give nothing of their own free will and accord;* but forced us to "impress" everything that we needed. Many a time have I seen an old farmer unlock all the closets and presses in his house—press the keys of his meat-house into the hands of the commissary, point out to the quartermaster where forage could be obtained, muster his negroes to cook and make themselves generally useful, protesting all the time that he was acting under the cruelest compulsion; and then stand by, rubbing his hands and chuckling to think how well he had reconciled the indulgence of his private sympathies with his public repute for loyalty. The old ladies, however, were serious obstacles to the establishment of these decorous records. They wished not only to give but to talk freely, and the more the husband wisely preached "policy" and an astute prudence the more certainly were his cobwebs of caution torn into shreds by the trenchant tongue of his wife.

A good many recruits had been obtained at various

points in the State, and at Georgetown a full company was raised, of which W. C. P. Breckinridge, a young lawyer of Lexington, was elected captain. He had just run the blockade established around the latter town.

While lying at Georgetown the command was encamped in line of battle, day and night, and scouting parties were sent three or four times a day toward Lexington, which were instructed to clear the road of the enemy's pickets and reconnoitering parties. While here Gano and Allen rejoined the column, having accomplished their respective missions.

Gano (in making a detour around Lexington) had driven in the pickets on every road, creating a fearful confusion in the place among its gallant defenders, and causing the order that all rebel sympathizers seen on the streets should be shot to be emphatically reiterated. As Gano had approached Georgetown, after leaving Lexington and on his way to burn the bridges below Paris, an assemblage of a strange character occurred. He had formerly lived near Georgetown and knew nearly every man in the county. He stopped at the house of an intimate personal friend who was also a notorious "sympathizer," who lived four or five miles from Georgetown, and "forced" him to feed his men and horses. While there, two or three of the Southern citizens of Scott, among them Stoddard Johnston (afterward lieutenant-colonel on General Breckinridge's staff) came to the house and were immediately and with great solemnity placed under arrest.

Shortly afterward the assistant provost marshal of Georgetown came out to protect the house and grounds from any disorder that the troops might be inclined to indulge in, thinking (in his simplicity) when he heard that troops were quartered there they must be "Union." The owner of the house of course interceded for him, and Gano pleased wih the motive which had actuated him, promised to detain him only until he himself moved again.

In a short time another arrival was announced. The most determined and uncompromising Union man in

Georgetown came galloping up the road to the house, and asked in a loud and authoritative tone for the commander of the detachment. Gano walked forth and greeted him. "Why, how are you, Dick," said the newcomer. "I didn't know that you were in the Union army; I've got something for you to do, old fellow." Gano assured him that he was delighted to hear it. "Where is the commander of these men?" continued the "dauntless patriot." "I am their commander," said Gano. "Well, then, here's an order for you," said the bearer of dispatches, handing him a communication from the Home Guard headquarters in Georgetown. Gano read it. "Oliver," he then said, slowly and very impressively, "I should be truly sorry to see you injured; we were schoolmates and I remember our early friendship." Oliver's jaw fell and his intelligent eye grew glassy with apprehension, but his feelings would not permit him to speak. "Oliver," continued Gano after a pause (and keeping his countenance remarkably) "isn't it possible you may be mistaken in these troops? To which army do you think they belong?" "Why," gasped Oliver; "ain't they Union?" "Union!" echoed Gano with a groan of horror, "don't let them hear you say so; I mightn't be able to control them. They are Morgan's Texas Rangers." He then led the half-fainting Oliver, who under the influence of this last speech had became "even as a little child," to the house and placed him with the other prisoners.

Saddest and most inconsolable of these were the sympathizers who had come purposely to be captured. When the hour drew near for Gano's departure, he held a brief conference with the "secesh" and then paroled the whole batch, including his host, binding them not to divulge anything which they had seen or heard. All were impressed with the solemn nature of this obligation, but the melancholy gravity of Johnston (who had suggested it) was even awful.

Colonel Morgan, finding how strongly Lexington was

garrisoned, gave up all thought of attacking it, but it was high time that he made his arrangements to return to Dixie. He determined to make a dash at Cynthiana, the county seat of Harrison county, situated on the Kentucky Central Railroad, thirty-two miles from Lexington and about twenty-two by turnpike from Georgetown. By moving in this direction and striking a blow at this point, he hoped to induce the impression that he was aiming at Cincinnati, and at the same time thoroughly bewilder the officer in command at Lexington regarding his real intentions. When he reached Cynthiana he would be master of three or four routes, by either of which he could leave Kentucky, completely eluding his pursuers, and he did not doubt that he could defeat whatever force might be collected there.

He left Georgetown on the morning of the 18th, having first dispatched parts of two companies to drive all scouts and detachments of every kind into Lexington. While moving rapidly with the bulk of his command toward Cynthiana, these detachments protected his march and prevented it from being discovered too soon. Cynthiana was occupied by three or four hundred men of Metcalfe's regiment of cavalry and about the same number of Home Guards, all under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Landrum, of Metcalfe's regiment. There was but one piece of artillery in the town, a brass twelve-pound howitzer. We struck the pickets a mile or two from the town, and the advance guard chased them in, capturing three or four. General Morgan had previously determined upon his dispositions for the attack, well knowing the country, and they were made immediately after the alarm to the pickets. Between us and the town was the Licking river, crossed at the Georgetown pike on which we were marching by a narrow, covered bridge. Just by the side of the bridge there was a ford about waist deep. Nowhere else, in the then stage of water, was the river fordable in that immediate vicinity. But above and below about a mile, respectively, from the bridge were fords, and to these

were sent, Gano above, and the Georgians below, with instructions to cross and attack the town upon the respective quarters by which they approached it. The Second Kentucky was ordered to attack upon the road by which we had advanced.

The enemy held all the houses upon the opposite bank of the river, which runs close to the town, and opened a smart fire of musketry upon the regiment as it advanced. Companies A and B were deployed upon the right of the road, E and F upon the left, and C was held in reserve, mounted; the advance guard had been sent with Gano. The recruits, most of whom were unarmed, were of course, kept in the rear. The howitzers were planted near the road about three hundred and fifty yards from the bridge, and were opened at once upon the house occupied by the enemy.

The enemy's single piece of artillery swept the bridge and road, and commanded the position where the howitzers were stationed. Companies E and F advanced to the river's edge and poured such a fire across the narrow stream that they compelled the troops exposed to it to throw down their guns and surrender. They were then made to swim the river in order to join their captors. In the meantime, Company A, after having been repulsed two or three times in attempting to rush across the bridge, plunged into the river, and holding their guns and ammunition above their heads, crossed at the ford above mentioned and effected a lodgment on the other side, but suffered smart loss. For awhile those first over were compelled to take shelter behind a long warehouse near the bridge, and even when the entire company had gotten over and assistance been sent it, it seemed that the enemy, who concentrated to oppose us here and redoubled his fire, would drive all back. The adjacent houses and yards were filled with sharpshooters, who poured in telling volleys as the men sought to close with them.

The lines were at this point not more than forty yards

apart, and most of our loss was sustained here and by Company A.

The howitzers were brought up and posted on the corner, but the close fire drove the gunners away. One gunner named Talbot loaded and fired his piece two or three times by himself, while the balls were striking it. He was afterward made a lieutenant. The team of one of the pieces, smarting with wounds, ran away with the limber and carried it into the midst of the enemy. This check did not last more than three or four minutes. Company C charged across the bridge and up the principal street, on horseback, losing three or four men only and distracting the enemy's attention. Company B got a position on the other bank where they could shoot right into the party which was holding Company A in check. The latter made a determined rush, at the head of which were Sergeants Drake and Quirk and Private James Moore, of Louisiana, a little fellow not yet sixteen years old, who fell with two severe wounds, but recovered to make one of the most gallant officers of our command. In this dash, Sergeant Quirk, out of ammunition and seeing his friend Drake in imminent peril, knocked down his assailant with a stone. The enemy then gave way; the other companies were, in the meantime, brought up to press them.

Gano came in on the one side and the Georgians on the other, each driving all opponents before them. The Texans, Georgians and Kentuckians arrived simultaneously at the piece of artillery, which the enemy had kept busily employed all the time. It was immediately taken, each claiming its capture.

The enemy immediately evacuated the town and retreated eastwardly, but were closely pressed and the better part captured. Greenfell headed a charge upon the depot, in which some of them took refuge. He received eleven bullets through his horse, person and clothes, but was only slightly wounded. A curious little scarlet skull cap, which he used to wear, was perforated. It fitted so tight upon his head that I previously thought a ball could not have gone through it without blowing his brains out.

Colonel Landrum was chased eight or ten miles. Little Billy Peyton, a mere boy (Colonel Morgan's orderly), but perfectly fearless, followed him closely and exhausted two pistols without hitting him. The Colonel was riding a superb horse, which attracted attention to but saved him. The enemy's loss was about ninety in killed and wounded; ours was about forty. Four hundred and twenty prisoners were taken.

It would be an unfair description of this fight if mention were omitted of the gallant conduct of the recruits. Although enlisted only a day or two before, they behaved like veterans. Plenty of fine guns, with ammunition, were captured; also a large quantity of stores and two or three hundred horses.

Cynthiana, like Georgetown and Versailles, was full of our devoted friends, and we felt satisfied that the wounded we were obliged to leave behind us would be well taken care of. Two men who subsequently died of their wounds, Privates George Arnold and Beverley Clarke, behaved with such conspicuous gallantry and were always so noted for good conduct that their loss caused universal regret. Arnold was a member of the advance guard, and volunteered to accompany Company C in the charge through the town. He fell with an arm and a thigh broken. Clarke undertook to carry an order through the enemy's line to Gano, who was in their rear, and fell pierced through the body with five balls. The best men were among the killed. Private William Craig, of Company A, first to cross the river, was killed as he mounted the bank. All of the other officers having been wounded, the command of Company A devolved upon the third lieutenant, S. D. Morgan.

Leaving Cynthiana at 1 or 2 P. M., the command marched for Paris. About five miles from that place we encountered a deputation of citizens, coming out to surrender the town. We reached Paris about sundown and rested there during the night.

I have omitted to mention that at Georgetown Lieutenant Niles was appointed by Colonel Morgan upon his staff, and P. H. Thorpe, formerly captain in the First Kentucky Infantry, was made adjutant in his stead. I mention these appointments as if they were regular and valid, because they were all so in the end.

R. A. Alston, formerly a member of a South Carolina regiment of cavalry, but a member and private at the time of Company A, Second Kentucky, had been selected at Knoxville by Colonel Morgan to perform the duties of adjutant-general. He was permitted to recruit a company during the raid in order that he might obtain the rank of captain. He got his commission, and was continued upon staff duty, although Greenfell immediately after the conclusion of this raid became adjutant-general.

The next morning after our arrival at Paris, a large force came down the Lexington road and about 8 A. M. gave us strong reasons for resuming our march. This force, about twenty-five hundred or three thousand men, was commanded by General Green Clay Smith. Our scouts had notified us of its approach the previous night, and as the command was encamped on the Winchester road, the one which we wished to take, there was no danger of it cutting us off. It came on very slowly and there was at no time any determined effort made to engage us. If a dash had been made at us when we prepared to leave we could have been compelled to fight, for although the prisoners had all been paroled we were very much incumbered with carriages containing wounded men, brought off from Cynthiana and other points.

Morgan always made it a point to carry off every wounded man who could be safely moved; in this way he prevented much of the demoralization attending the fear the men felt of falling, when wounded, into the hands of the enemy.

The command reached Winchester about 12 M. and remained there until 4 P. M., when the march was taken up again and we crossed the Kentucky river just before dark.

Marching on, we reached Richmond at 4 the next morning. Here we met with another very kind reception, and were joined by a company of recruits under Captain Jennings. It was admitted into the Second Kentucky as Company K. Leaving Richmond at 4 P. M. that day we marched toward Crab Orchard, and reached that place about daybreak next morning.

It had, at first, been Colonel Morgan's intention to make a stand at Richmond, as the whole population seemed inclined to join him, but his real strength was now known to the enemy, and they were collecting to attack him in such numbers that he concluded that it was too hazardous. He would have had to fight three battles at least, against superior forces, and to have won all before he would have been safe.

General Smith was following him, Woolford was collecting forces to the southward to intercept him, and troops were coming from Louisville and other points to push after him. In the march from Paris to Crab Orchard a good many wagons and a large number of rifles were captured, and all—wagons and guns—that were not needed were burned. The horses captured with the twelve-pounder at Cynthiana gave out and died before we reached the Kentucky river.

Leaving Crab Orchard at 11 A. M., the command moved toward Somerset and reached that place about sundown. The telegraph was again taken possession of, and Colonel Morgan instructed Ellsworth to countermand all of General Boyle's orders for pursuit. At Crab Orchard and Somerset one hundred and thirty government wagons were captured and burned. At Somerset a great many stores of all kinds, blankets, shoes, etc., were found. Several wagons were loaded with as much as could be conveniently carried away and the rest were destroyed. Arms and ammunition for small arms and artillery, were also found in abundance and were destroyed.

From Somerset the column marched to Stagall's ferry on the Cumberland river and crossed there. We reached

Monticello, twenty-one miles from the river, that night, but all danger was over when we had gotten safely across the river. The next day we proceeded leisurely toward Livingston, having a little excitement with the bushwhackers but suffering no loss.

For several days after leaving Somerset, and indeed after reaching Livingston, we suffered greatly for want of rations, as this country was almost bare of provisions. Colonel Morgan's objects in making this raid, viz: to obtain recruits and horses, to thoroughly equip and arm his men, to reconnoiter for the grand invasion in the fall and to teach the enemy that we could reciprocate the compliment of invasion, were pretty well accomplished. Enough of spare horses and more than enough of extra guns, saddles, etc., were brought out to supply all the men who had been left behind. A great many prisoners were taken of whom I have made no mention. But the results of the expedition are best summed up in the words of Colonel Morgan's report:

"I left Knoxville on the 4th day of this month, with about nine hundred men, and returned to Livingston on the 28th inst. with nearly twelve hundred, having been absent just twenty-four days, during which time I have traveled over a thousand miles, captured seventeen towns, destroyed all the Government supplies and arms in them, dispersed about fifteen hundred Home Guards and paroled nearly twelve hundred regular troops. I lost in killed, wounded and missing of the number that I carried into Kentucky about ninety."

One practice was habitually pursued, on this raid, that may be remembered by some of our friends in the State for whose benefit it was done. Great pains were always taken to capture the most bitter Union man in each town and neighborhood—the one who was most inclined to bear down on Southern men—especially if he were provost marshal. He would be kept sometimes a day or two, and thoroughly frightened. Colonel Morgan, who derived infinite amusement from such scenes, would gravely assure each one, when brought into his presence, that one of the chief objects of the raid was to catch him. It was a curious sight to see the mixed terror and vanity this

declaration would generally excite; even in the agonies of anticipated death the prisoner would be sensibly touched by the compliment. After awhile, however, a compromise would be effected; the prisoner would be released upon the implied condition that he was in the future to exert himself to protect Southern people. It was thought better to turn all the captured provost marshals loose and let them resume their functions than to carry them off and let new men be appointed with whom no understanding could be had.

Ellsworth wound up his operations at Somerset with complimentary dispatches from Colonel Morgan to General Jerry Boyle, Prentice, and others, and concluded with the following general order on his own part to the Kentucky telegraphic operators:

"HEADQUARTERS, TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT OF KENTUCKY,
CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

"General Order No. 1.

"When an operator is positively informed that the enemy is marching on his station, he will immediately proceed to destroy the telegraphic instruments and all material in his charge. Such instances of carelessness, as were exhibited on the part of the operators at Lebanon, Midway, and Georgetown, will be severely dealt with. By order of

G. A. ELLSWORTH,
General Military Supt. Confederate States Telegraphic Dept."

At Livingston Colonel Morgan left the Second Kentucky and proceeded to Knoxville, taking with him the Georgians, Gano's squadron, and the howitzers—which needed some repairs. After remaining at Livingston three days, I marched the regiment to Sparta, where more abundant supplies could be obtained and facilities for shoeing horses could be had.

While at Livingston, the men suffered extremely with hunger and one man declared his wish to quit a service in which he was subjected to such privations. He was deprived of his horse, arms and equipments, and "blown out" of the regiment; that is, upon dress parade, he was marched down the front of the regiment (after his offense and the nature of the punishment had been read by

the adjutant), with the bugler blowing the "Skedaddle" behind him amid the hisses of the men who were thoroughly disgusted with him; he was then driven away from the camp.

As soon as the Second Kentucky was placed in camp at Sparta a much stricter system was adopted than had ever prevailed before. Camp guards were regularly posted in order to keep the men in camp; and as staying in camp closely was something they particularly disliked, the guard had to be doubled, until finally nearly one-half of the regiment had to be put on to watch the rest. Guard-mounting, dress-parades and drills (company and regimental, on foot and on horseback), were had daily, much to the edification and improvement of the recruits, who rapidly acquired instruction, and quite as much to the disgust of the old hands who thought that they "knew it all." In one respect, however, they were all equally assiduous and diligent, which was in the care of their horses and attention to their arms and accoutrements—no man had ever to be reproved or punished for neglect of these duties. The regiment now numbered about seven hundred men, nearly all of the recruits obtained in Kentucky having joined it.

It was then in the flush of hope and confidence, composed of the best material Kentucky could afford, and looked forward to a career of certain success and glory. The officers were with scarcely an exception very young men; almost every one of them had won his promotion by energy and gallantry, and all aspired to yet further preferment. The men were of just such stuff as the officers, and all relied upon, in their turn, winning promotion.

While the regiment was at Sparta, Colonel John Scott also came with his own fine regiment, the First Louisiana, and a portion of our old friends, the Eighth Texas. Colonel Scott was one of the most active, efficient, and daring cavalry officers in the Western Confederate army. He had performed very successful and brilliant service during

the spring, in North Alabama, and had lately served with Forrest in the latter's dashing operations in Middle Tennessee. While we were all at Sparta together Buell's army began to concentrate and a large part of it under Nelson came to McMinnville.

McMinnville is twenty-eight miles from Sparta, and a force of infantry, preceded by two or three hundred cavalry, came one day to the bridge over Calf Killer creek, on the McMinnville road, within five miles of Sparta. Colonel Scott sent Major Harrison (afterward brigadier-general) of the Eighth Texas, with two or three companies of the First Louisiana and as many of the Eighth Texas, to drive them back. Harrison fell on them in his usual style, and they went back immediately. One or two of them were killed and a few prisoners were taken.

I sent Lieutenant Manly, of my regiment, about this time, to ascertain the disposition of Buell's forces. He reported, in a few days, that there were three thousand and six hundred men at Nashville, a great many of them convalescents; four thousand at Columbia; three thousand at Pulaski; three thousand at Shelbyville; at McMinnville twelve thousand under General Nelson. At points on the Tennessee river, in Alabama, about two thousand.*

Generals Bragg and Smith were then preparing for the invasion of Kentucky. Bragg lay at Chattanooga with about thirty thousand men. We confidently expected that he would dash across the river, while Buell's army was thus scattered, break through it, take Nashville and pick up the fragments at his leisure. He gave Buell a little time and the latter concentrated with a quickness that seemed magical, protected Nashville and was ready for the race into Kentucky. Buell's own friends have censured him severely, but that one exhibition of energy and skill satisfied his enemies (that is, the Confederates) of his calibre and we welcomed his removal with gratifi-

*He made no estimate of the number of troops at other than these points.

cation. Manly also reported that rolling stock was being collected, from all the roads, at Nashville and that wagon trains were being gotten together at convenient points. This indicated pretty clearly that a concentration was contemplated for some purpose.

After remaining a few days at Sparta, Colonel Scott received orders to report with his command to General Kirby Smith, whose headquarters were at Knoxville. Shortly afterward, Colonel Morgan reached Sparta, bringing with him Gano's squadron and Company G. Gano's two companies numbered now, however, only one hundred and ten effectives; he had left a good many sick at Knoxville who did not rejoin us for some time. The howitzers, to our great regret, were left behind.

A day or two after Colonel Morgan's arrival, we set out to surprise the Federal garrison at Gallatin, distant about seventy or eighty miles. Morgan had received instructions to break the railroad between Louisville and Nashville in order to retard Buell's retreat to Louisville as greatly as possible, also to engage the Federal cavalry and prevent them from paying attention to what was going on in other quarters. Gallatin seemed to him an excellent point at which to commence operations with all these views.

On the way, he was joined by Captain Joseph Desha (formerly of the First Kentucky Infantry) with twenty or thirty men. Captain Desha's small detachment was received into the Second Kentucky and he was promised recruits enough to make him a full company. He soon got them and his company was duly lettered L of the regiment.

Crossing the Cumberland at Sand Shoals ford, three miles from Carthage, on the day after we left Sparta, we reached Dixon Springs, twenty-eight miles from Gallatin, about 2 or 3 P. M., and, as our coming had been announced by couriers sent on in advance, we found that the friendly and hospitable citizens had provided abundant supplies for men and horses. It was a convincing proof

of the unanimity of sentiment in that region that while hundreds knew of our march and destination not one was found to carry the information to the enemy. Just before dark the march was resumed and we reached Hartsville, sixteen miles from Gallatin, about 11 o'clock at night. Pressing on through Hartsville without halting, the column turned off from the turnpike a few miles from Gallatin, entirely avoiding the pickets, which were captured by scouts sent after we had gained their rear.

As we entered Gallatin, Captain Desha was sent forward with a small party to capture Colonel Boone, the Federal commander, who, as we had learned, was in the habit of sleeping in town. Desha reached the house where he was quartered and found him dressed and just about to start to camp. It was now about daybreak. Colonel Morgan immediately saw Boone and represented to him that he had better write to the officer in command at the camp, advising him to surrender in order to spare the "effusion of blood," etc. This Boone consented to do, and his letter was at once dispatched to the camp under flag of truce. It had the desired effect, and the garrison fell into our hands without firing a shot. Two companies had been sent off for some purpose and escaped capture. About two hundred prisoners were taken, including a good many officers. As these troops were infantry, no horses were captured with them, but during the forenoon a train arrived with some eighty very fine ones, *en route* for Nashville. Two or three hundred excellent Springfield rifles were captured, with which all the inferior guns were replaced. Some valuable stores were also captured and wagoned off to Hartsville. The prisoners were paroled and sent off northward during that and the following day. The Government freight train seized numbered nineteen cars laden with forage for the cavalry at Nashville. Efforts were made to decoy the train from Nashville, but unsuccessfully.

When Ellsworth "took the chair" at Gallatin, he first, in accordance with Colonel Morgan's instructions, tele-

graphed in Colonel Boone's name to the commandant at Bowling Green to send him reinforcements, as he expected to be attacked. But this generous plan to capture and parole soldiers, who wished to go home and see their friends, miscarried. Then he turned his attention to Nashville. The operator there was suspicious and put a good many questions, all of which were successfully answered.

At length the train he wished sent was started, but when it got within six miles of Gallatin a negro signaled it and gave the alarm. A railroad bridge between Gallatin and Nashville was then destroyed and the fine tunnel, six miles above, was rendered impassable for months. The roof of the tunnel was of a peculiar rock which was liable at all times to disintegrate and tumble down; to remedy this huge beams, supported by strong uprights, had been stretched horizontally across the tunnel and a sort of scaffolding had been built upon these beams. A good deal of wood work was consequently put up. Some freight cars were run into the tunnel and set on fire and this wood work was ignited. The fire smouldered on, after it had ceased to burn fiercely, for a long time and it was weeks before any repairs could be attempted on account of the intense heat and the huge masses of rock which were constantly falling. This tunnel is eight hundred feet long.

In the "History of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad during the war," the superintendent, Mr. Albert Fink, whose energy to repair was equal to Morgan's to destroy, says of the year commencing July 1, 1862, and ending July 1, 1863, "the road has been operated for its entire length only seven months and twelve days." He says, moreover, "All the bridges and trestlework on the main stem and branches, with the exception of the bridge over Barren river and four small bridges, were destroyed and rebuilt during the year; some of the structures were destroyed twice, and some three times. In addition to this, most of the water stations, several depots, and a

large number of cars were burnt, a number of engines badly damaged, and a tunnel in Tennessee nearly filled up for a distance of eight hundred feet."

This shows a great activity to destroy but wonderful patience and industry to repair. It was by this road that the Federal army in Tennessee got its supplies and reinforcements almost altogether during the greater part of the year. In the same report the writer goes on to say: "General Morgan took possession of the Louisville and Nashville road at Gallatin, in August, 1862, and this, with other causes, forced General Buell's retreat to Louisville."

Lieutenant Manly and a few men were left at Gallatin to burn the amphitheatre at the fair-grounds, where Boone's regiment had been quartered. The command left Gallatin about 12 o'clock that night—the 12th of August—and returned to Hartsville, where it remained until the 19th. During that time men and horses were entirely rested. We were encamped in a lovely woodland covered with grass like green velvet and watered by a broad, limpid stream. The citizens provided us with forage and abundant rations of every description.

On the 13th of August, the day after we left Gallatin, a Federal force of about twelve hundred men with four pieces of artillery came there, and drove Lieutenant Manly and his party away. Manly was killed, as we learned, after he had surrendered. Sergeant Quirk, of Company A, was sent with fifteen men on a scout to Gallatin, next day. He found, when he got there, that this force had left on the way to Nashville. He followed, and overtook it about three miles from Gallatin, as it was perparing to get on the cars. He attacked immediately, killed two or three, and captured a few prisoners. The artillery was opened upon him with canister, but did him no damage.

On the 19th, Colonel Morgan received information that a force of some three hundred infantry had come to Gallatin and on that evening he started out in pursuit.

He had hoped to surprise them in the town, but learned on the road that they had left at midnight, and were on their way back to Nashville. Captain Hutchinson, of Company E of the Second Kentucky, was sent with his company to intercept them, if possible, at a point seven miles below Gallatin, where a bridge had been burned on the railroad, and where it was thought that, probably, a train would be waiting to take them back. The rest of the command pushed on to Gallatin and reached that place about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 20th. We found that the enemy had taken off nearly every male inhabitant of the place above the age of twelve, and the women were all in terrible distress when we arrived. We also found the corpse of one of our men, killed the night before, and the citizens told us that he had been kicked and cuffed after he was shot. As we passed out of town, on the Nashville pike, we saw on the bridge the stain of Manly's blood. The men became very much excited and could scarcely be kept in ranks. As we pressed on down the road, we reached the point where Hutchinson had been directed to intercept the enemy. He had failed to do this, but had captured a stockade garrisoned by forty or fifty men. He overtook the party after which he started, but they had passed the point at which he could have checked them.

Another garrison of fifty men was captured at a stockade still lower down, and we came soon after upon the men we were looking for. We could not prevent the escape of the greater portion, who got on hand cars and ran down the road, but we killed some forty and released all the prisoners. At Edgefield Junction, First Lieutenant Jas. Smith who reached that point first with a part of his company (A of the Second Kentucky) attacked the stockade, there, supported by Captain Breckinridge, who shortly afterward arrived. The inmates of the stockade made fight and Smith lost three of his men, and was himself shot through the head, of which wound he soon died.*

*He was then suffering from an unhealed wound, received at Cynthiana.

Lieutenant Niles, of Morgan's staff, was also killed at this point, shot through the body with five or six balls. I came up at the time that these officers were shot and ordered the men back. I saw no chance of capturing the stockade, even with great loss, in the time that would be allowed us.

These stockades were built of heavy upright timber ten or twelve feet high. They were surrounded by ditches and pierced for musketry.

Colonel Morgan was much attached to both Smith and Niles, and it was with great difficulty that he could be dissuaded from continuing to attack until the stockade was taken. Lieutenant Smith had been one of the best soldiers in the Squadron, and had given universal satisfaction by his conduct as an officer. He was more than ordinarily brave, intelligent and zealous, and would have been made a field-officer if he had lived a few months longer. His men were devotedly attached to him. The repulse at this stockade made us more than ever regret the absence of the howitzers. With them we could have battered it down directly. It was lucky that Hutchinson had caught the garrison of the first one captured outside of its walls, and as they attempted to enter his men rushed in with them. The other stockade taken surrendered without firing a shot. This was a very exciting day; the chase and succession of skirmishes made the whole affair very interesting.

Returning to Gallatin, we met the people of the adjacent country coming with vehicles of every description to convey their recaptured friends home. The latter, all very aged men, weary and foot-sore, were plodding along as best they might, except when our men would take them behind them or dismount and let them ride. There was a scene of wild congratulation in town, that evening, when they all got in.

That night the entire command encamped in the fair grounds. About 12 o'clock, Colonel Morgan received information that a formidable Federal force had passed

through Hartsville on the previous afternoon, and was encamped at Castalian Springs, ten miles from Gallatin. He ordered the pickets to be strengthened in that direction, and shrewd scouts were put out to watch their movements closely, but he did not disturb the command, wishing that it should be rested for the next day's work. He had been informed that infantry and artillery composed this force, as well as cavalry, and he knew that if the latter waited on the former, he was in no danger of being forced into a fight that it might be imprudent to make. In the morning the scouts came in, saying that the enemy were rapidly advancing. The column was immediately put in motion but it was Colonel Morgan's intention to decline battle until more positively informed of the enemy's strength, and when he reached the junction of the Hartsville and Scottsville turnpikes, at the eastern edge of the town, he turned off on the Scottsville pike, which runs nearly at right angles to the other, and northeast.

The enemy, in the meantime, was pressing on vigorously, driving in the scouts and pickets. Colonel Morgan and myself had taken position at the junction of the two roads, as the column filed past, and fearing that we would be taken in flank, or that our rear would be attacked after the entire command had taken the Scottsville road, I advised him to form and fight, saying that I believed we could whip them. He answered that he could "get fights enough, but could not easily get such a command again, if he lost this one." Immediately afterward, seeing the enemy come galloping down the road, he added, with a smile, "We will have to whip these fellows, sure enough. Form your men, and, as soon as you check them, attack." Gano, who was in the extreme rear, was ordered, as soon as his squadron arrived at the junction of the roads, to charge mounted and drive back the enemy's advance. He did so in his usual dashing, impetuous style. The enemy's advance guard was strong and determined, and met Gano's charge gallantly. As he led on his men, the enemy directed their fire princi-

pally at him, but with the good fortune which attended him during four years of dangerous and incessant service he escaped unhurt, losing, by the shots aimed at him, only his hat and a few locks of hair, which latter was a loss he could well stand, although the other was a serious matter. After a brief struggle, Gano drove back the advance, killing and wounding several. Our entire force, deducting one hundred men used as a guard for the prisoners taken the day before, and other details, was about seven hundred strong. That of the enemy was about nine hundred. On the right of the Hartsville road, as our line faced, was a cornfield. This was immediately occupied by Companies I and K. On the left of the Hartsville pike and just east of the Scottsville road, was a woodland of some twenty acres. Company D. was deployed in this and immediately cleared it of the enemy, who had entered it and kept it until the line advanced. To the left of this woodland was a meadow five or six hundred yards in length and some three hundred broad; to the left of this, again, was a cornfield. The column had gotten some distance upon the Scottsville pike before the command to halt and face toward the enemy had been transmitted to its head, and when these companies mentioned had been formed there was a gap of nearly two hundred yards opened between them and the others that were farther to the front. Toward this gap the enemy immediately darted. Believing that we were seeking to escape upon the Scottsville road, he had thrown the bulk of his force in that direction and it was formed and advanced rapidly and gallantly. Throwing down the eastern fence of the meadow, some three hundred poured into it, formed a long line, and dashed across it with sabers drawn toward the line of horses which they saw in the road beyond. Companies B, C, E and F were by this time dismounted, and had dropped on their knees behind the low fence on the road-side, as the enemy came rushing on. They held their fire until the enemy were within thirty yards, when they opened. Then was seen the

effect of a volley from that long thin line, which looked so easy to break, and yet whose fire was so deadly. Every man had elbow-room and took dead aim at an individual foe, and, as the blaze left the guns, two-thirds of the riders and horses seemed to go down. The cavalry was at once broken and recoiled. Our men sprang over the fence and ran close up to them, as they endeavored to retreat rapidly through the gaps in the fence by which they had entered, and poured in such another volley that the rout was completed. However, they reformed and came back, but only to be repulsed again. By this time the companies on the right had driven off their opponents in that direction, and had gotten a position where they could enfilade the enemy's line as it strove to advance, and in a little while it was forced back at all points. Gano charged again, and pressed them closely. After retreating about half a mile the enemy halted and reformed upon a hill which ran for some hundreds of yards parallel with their former line, and on the crest of which were high fences and timber.

As we repulsed them the last time some interesting incidents occurred. Captain Leabo, of the Second Indiana, dashed down upon our line, and coming on himself after his men turned back was made prisoner. Another individual was made prisoner in the same way, although he did not come with the same intent which inspired the gallant captain. The wildest looking fellow perhaps in the Federal army came rattling down the pike on a big sorrel horse which he could not hold, his hair standing on end, his mouth wide open, his shirt collar flying by one end like a flag of truce and his eyes glazed. He was caught by the greatest wag in the command and perhaps in the Western army—the celebrated Jeff Sterritt. With a look of appalling ferocity, the captor exclaimed: "I don't know whether to kill you now or to wait until the fight's over." "For God's sake," said the captive, "don't kill me at all. I'm a dissipated character and not prepared to die."

Company A and the advance guard had been held until this time in reserve on the extreme left. When our whole line was pressed forward after the retreating enemy, I carried them rapidly in advance of the rest of the line and through the cornfield which concealed the movement upon the flank of the enemy's new line just as it was formed. The effect of their fire, then delivered at short range, was decisive, and the enemy instantly broke again, and this time made at all speed for the road and went off in full retreat. The bulk of the command was too far from the line of horses to mount and pursue promptly, but Gano pressed them closely again.

Adjutant Wyncoop, son of the colonel of that name, was killed in this retreat as he was trying to rally his men. His body was removed to the side of the road, and lay there as we passed with a coat thrown over his face as if he were unwilling to look upon the rout of his command.

The enemy fell back about three miles and halted again. Their loss had been very heavy and perhaps two hundred horses had been killed. Nearly all of the men thus dismounted were made prisoners. Colonel Morgan now learned that the officer in command of the troops he had been fighting was Brigadier-General Johnson, and became satisfied that the infantry and artillery with which the force had been at first provided was not in supporting distance. We subsequently learned that it had been sent back to McMinnville a day or two before.

Just as the horses were brought up and the men were mounted, a flag of truce came from General Johnson, proposing an armistice in order that he might bury his dead. Colonel Morgan answered that he could entertain no proposition except unconditional surrender, but shortly afterward sent offering to parole officers and men if a surrender were made. General Johnson replied that "catching came before hanging." Colonel Morgan resolved upon immediate and vigorous pursuit, and believing that in the broken and demoralized condition of the

enemy he could safely attempt such a plan, he divided his force into three columns, sending them in different directions in order to more certainly encounter the enemy, who had now more than three miles the start of us. Five companies were placed upon the left of the road under Major Morgan. Colonel Morgan himself kept the road with Gano's squadron, while I had the right with Companies A, B, and E, and the advance guard, in all about two hundred and twenty-five men. The road bends to the left at about the point where General Johnson had last halted; and as he turned off just there, in order to make for the river, the other two columns missed him altogether, and mine, pressing on rapidly in the direction indicated, was so fortunate as to soon overtake him.

The three companies were formed in parallel columns of fours, with full distance between them, and the advance guard thrown out as skirmishers in front. When the enemy was neared, the whole force was thrown into line and advanced at a gallop. We were not more than fifty yards from the enemy when this was done, but there was a high stone wall between which our horses could not leap. This prevented us from closing with him, and enabled him to get some distance ahead of us. As we passed the wall the original formation was resumed, and we followed at good speed. Soon the advance guard, sent on again in front, reported that the enemy had halted and formed for fight.

A short reconnoisance showed that they were dismounted and drawn up under a long hill and about forty yards from its crest, but their formation was defective in that instead of pressing a straight, uniform line, so that their numbers could tell, they were formed in the shape of a V, perhaps to meet any movement to flank them. The hill was one of those gentle undulations of the blue-grass pastures, which present perfectly smooth surfaces on either side and yet rise enough to conceal from those on the one side what is being done on the other.

The three companies and the advance were immedi-

ately brought into line and dismounted under cover of the brow of the hill and moved to a position which would bring the apex of the enemy's formation about opposite the center of our line. When we, then, charged over the hill, although the enemy had some advantage in firing upward, it was more than counterbalanced by the fact that the men upon their flanks could not fire at us at all, while our whole line could fire without difficulty upon any portion of their formation. After a short but sharp fight they gave way again. Our loss in this skirmish was two killed. We captured General Johnson, his adjutant general, Major Winfrey, and several other officers and twenty or thirty privates. In the two engagements the enemy left sixty-four dead on the field and a number of wounded. About two hundred prisoners were taken.

This force had been selected with great care from all the cavalry of Buell's army, and placed under General Johnson, regarded as one of their best and most dashing officers, for the express purpose of hunting Morgan. It was completely disorganized and shattered by this defeat. A great deal of censure was cast at the time upon these men, and they were accused of arrant cowardice by the Northern press. Nothing could have been more unjust, and many who joined in denouncing them afterward behaved much more badly. They attacked with spirit and without hesitation, but were unable to close with us on account of their heavy loss in men and horses. They returned two or three times to the attack until they found their efforts unavailing. They could not use their sabres, and they found their breech-loading carbines only incumbrances. They may have shown trepidation and panic toward the last, but, to an enemy (while they were evidently trying to get away) they appeared resolute although dispirited. I have seen troops much more highly boasted than these were before their defeat behave not nearly so well. Johnson had been very confident. He had boasted as he passed through Hartsville,

that he would "catch Morgan and bring him back in a band-box."

Hearing the day before the fight that Forrest was in his rear, he had, very properly, pressed on to fight Morgan before the former came up. His attack was made promptly and in good style, his dispositions throughout the first fight were good, and he exhibited fine personal courage and energy. I could never understand his reason for giving battle the second time, without fresh troops, when his men were already dispirited by defeat and pressed by an enemy flushed with recent victory. He could have gotten off without a fight by a prompt retreat immediately after his last message to Morgan, and protected by a judicious use of detachments composed of his best men as rear guards. He was evidently a fine officer, but seemed not to comprehend the "new style of cavalry" at all.

Our loss in both engagements was seven killed and eighteen wounded. The conduct of men and officers was unexceptionable. Captains Cassell and Hutchinson and Lieutenant White, of the Second Kentucky, and Lieutenant Rogers of the advance guard were especially mentioned. Nothing could have exceeded the dash and gallantry of the officers and men of Gano's squadron. The junior Captain Huffman had his arm shattered early in the action, but went through it all, despite the suffering he endured, at the head of his men.

Colonel Morgan, in his address to his men, thus summed up the results of the last two days:

"All communications cut off between Gallatin and Nashville; a body of infantry, three hundred strong, totally cut to pieces or taken prisoners; the liberation of those kind friends arrested by our revengeful foes, for no other reason than their compassionate care of our sick and wounded, would have been laurels sufficient for your brows. But, soldiers, the utter annihilation of General Johnson's brigade, composed of twenty-four picked companies, sent on purpose to take us, raises your reputation as soldiers, and strikes fear into the craven hearts of your enemies. General Johnson and his staff, with two hundred men taken prisoners, sixty-four killed and one hundred wounded, attests the resistance made, and bears testimony to your valor."

Having burned all the bridges the day before that were under his then immediate supervision and preferring Hartsville as a place for a somewhat lengthened encampment, he returned to that place on the evening of the 21st. A good writer and excellent officer of Morgan's old command very truly says in reference to the choice of Hartsville in this respect: "The selection of this little unknown village was a proof of Morgan's consummate strategic ability." It was a point where it was literally impossible to entrap him. While here a deserter taken in arms and fighting was tried by court-martial, sentenced and shot in presence of the command.

Forrest reached Hartsville on the 22nd with a portion of his command. He had hurried on to reinforce Morgan before the latter fought Johnson, fearing that the entire original force of infantry, artillery and cavalry which had left McMinnville with Johnson would be too much for us. Learning that he was no longer needed in Sumner county, he crossed the river without delay, and in a day or two we heard of his sweeping every thing clean around Nashville.

So demoralizing was the effect of the system of immediately paroling prisoners and sending them off by routes that prevented them from meeting troops of their own army, which had been instituted and practiced for some time previously to this date, that General Buell found it necessary to issue an order on the subject.

Morgan and Forrest inaugurated the system and hundreds of men were induced to surrender by the facilities thus offered them of getting home, who, otherwise, would never have been captured. A man, thus paroled, was lost to the Federal army for months at least, for, even if not inclined to respect his parole it was hard for the authorities to find him. His gun and equipments, also, became ours. In his order General Buell said:

"The system of paroles as practiced in this army has run into an intolerable abuse. Hereafter no officer or soldier belonging to the forces in this district will give his parole not to take up arms, for the purpose of leaving the enemy's lines, without the sanction of the general

commanding this army, except when by reason of wounds or disease, he could not be removed without endangering his life. Any parole given in violation of this order will not be recognized, and the person giving it will be required to perform military duty, and take the risks prescribed by the laws of war."

This order was issued on the 8th of August before the surrender of Boone. While we were at Hartsville a case of types and printing press had been found in the deserted room once occupied as a printing office, and were immediately put to use. Poor Niles, who had once been an editor, went to work and organized a corps of assistants from among the practical printers, of whom there were several in the Second Kentucky, and issued a small sheet which he called the *Vidette.* It was conducted after his death by Captain Alston. It was printed on any sort of paper that could be procured, and consequently, although perfectly consistent in its politics, it appeared at different times in different colors. Sometimes it would be a drab, sometimes a pale rose color, and, my recollection is that Boone's surrender was recorded upon a page of delicate pea-green. Colonel Morgan finding the pleasure that it gave the men took great pains to promote the enterprise. The *Vidette* was expected with as much interest by the soldiers of the command and country people, as the *Tribune* by the reading public of New York. General orders were published in it, promotions announced, and complimentary notices made by Colonel Morgan of the deserving. Full accounts of all our operations were published, and the reports of the various scouting parties filled up the column devoted to "local news." The editors indulged in the most profound and brilliant speculations on the political future, and got off the ablest critiques upon the conduct of the war. As every thing "good" was published, some tremendous and overwhelmingly decisive Confederate victories, of which the official records make no mention even by name, were described in the *Vidette,* and the horrors of Federal invasion were depicted in terms which made the citizen reader's blood freeze in his veins.

The enlistment of Kentuckians in the Confederate service, and especially in the cavalry arm, was greatly stimulated about this time by another call by the Federal Government for additional troops.

Adam R. Johnson and Woodward, who were at this time operating very successfully in Southwestern Kentucky, got a large number of recruits seeking to avoid the draft. A great many came to Morgan—enough to fill up Desha's company, and besides increasing all the old companies, to add another company to the regiment. This one was lettered M, and was commanded by Captain W. H. Jones, who became a fine officer although he had then seen no service. To remedy all trouble from the inexperience of the captain, Colonel Morgan, in accordance with his usual policy, appointed as first and second lieutenants, Sergeants Thomas Quirk and Ben Drake of Company A. Both had previously distinguished themselves and both made their mark as officers. Henry Hukill, another sergeant of Company A and an excellent soldier, was appointed first lieutenant of Company L. Gano, also, recruited another company for his squadron at this time. It was a large and fine one, and was commanded by Captain Theophilus Steele, formerly surgeon of the Second Kentucky Infantry, but he was one of that kind of surgeons who in war prefer inflicting wounds to curing them.

A short repose at Hartsville was interrupted by the most welcome and stirring summons we had ever received. This was an order from Generaly Kirby Smith to Colonel Morgan to meet him at Lexington, on the 2nd of the coming month (September).

It will be impossible for the men, whose history I am writing, to ever forget this period of their lives. The beautiful country in which it was passed, the blue-grass pastures and the noble trees, the encampments in the shady forests through which ran the clear cool Tennessee waters, the lazy enjoyments of the green bivouacks changing abruptly to the excitement of the chase and the

action, the midnight moonlit rides amidst the lovely scenery, cause the recollections which crowd our minds, when we think of Gallatin and Hartsville, to mingle almost inseparably with the descriptions of romance. In this country live a people worthy of it. In all the qualities which win respect and love, in generosity, honesty, devoted friendship, zealous adherence to what they deem the right, unflinching support of those who labor for it, in hospitality and kindliness, the Creator never made a people to excel them. May God bless and prosper them, and may they and their children only at the judgment day "arise from that corner of the earth to answer for the sins of the brave."

CHAPTER VI.

Bragg's Invasion of Kentucky—Morgan Joins Him—"Bushwhackers"—Service in Front of Covington and in the Mountains—Bloody Combat at Augusta—Command Greatly Increased Numerically—Retreat of Confederate Army from Kentucky.

Bidding our friends at Hartsville farewell, we set out for the heart of Kentucky on the morning of the 29th. Never were men in higher and more exultant spirits, and cheer after cheer rang from the front to the rear of the column, and when these evidences of enthusiastic joy at length ceased the way was enlivened with laugh, jest, and song. Passing by the Red Sulphur Springs, we reached Scottsville, in Allen county, Kentucky, on that night and encamped at 12 o'clock a few miles beyond. Stokes' and Haggard's regiments of Federal cavalry were reported to be in that section of the country, and the necessity for somewhat careful scouting could not be ignored. We saw nothing of them, however, and resuming our march early the next morning reached Glasgow about 10 A. M.

At Glasgow we found rumors prevailing, as yet undefined and crude, of Kirby Smith's advance through Southeastern Kentucky. Our friends in Glasgow welcomed us with their usual kindness and after enjoying their hospitality for some hours, we marched off on the Columbia road. Encamping that night at Green river, we reached Columbia, in Adair county, on the next day about 12 M., and remained there until the next morning.

The reason for the slow marching of the last two days had been Colonel Morgan's anxiety to obtain some information of the two howitzers which were being escorted from Knoxville under charge of his brother and aide-camp Captain C. H. Morgan with an escort of seventy-five men. This escort was composed of men who had

been granted furloughs, and of convalescent sick and wounded men returning to the command. These men were all well armed, and were under the immediate command of Captain Allen, who was assisted by several excellent officers. When this party reached Sparta it marched, in accordance with instructions sent there for its guidance, to Carthage, and thence to Red Sulphur Springs, following, then, directly in the track of the column. Stokes' cavalry heard of them and pursued. Once this regiment came very near falling foul of them. The party had encamped late at night, and as a measure of precaution the horses were taken back some distance into the woods and the men were made to lie down in line concealed by the brush; the howitzers were planted to sweep the road. No fires were lighted. Shortly afterward the regiment in pursuit of them passed by, moving not more than twenty yards from the line without discovering it; whether a discovery would have benefited the said regiment, will never be known, although there are many private opinions about the matter.

When the party reached Glasgow—it was in the middle of the night—Captain Morgan could get no information about the whereabouts of the command for some time. He was supposed to be a Federal officer. At last he was recognized and, at once, got the necessary information.

Captain Morgan had dispatched a courier to his brother, informing him of his line of march, which courier reached Columbia soon after the command had gone into camp there. Gano's squadron was immediately sent back to reinforce the escort, and met it shortly after it had left Glasgow. The necessary delay for the arrival of the howitzers caused us to remain at Columbia for two days. Resuming the march on the day after they came, at an early hour the command moved in the direction of Liberty, in Casey county. In the vicinity of this place, we saw, in the brief time that we remained, more active and business-like bushwhacking than ever before in our en-

tire service. The hills along the road seemed alive with these sharpshooters, and from behind every fourth or fifth tree apparently, they were blazing away at us. Every Southern reader will understand at once what sort of individual is meant by a "bushwhacker"—that he is a gentleman of leisure who lives in a wild and, generally, a mountainous country, does not join the army, but shoots from the tops of hills, or from behind trees and rocks, at those who are so unfortunate as to differ with him in politics. It is his way of expressing his opinions. His style of fighting is very similar to that of the outlying scouts of partisan cavalry, except that he esteems it a weakness and an unnecessary inconvenience to take prisoners, and generally kills his captives. Sometimes, and especially toward the latter part of the war, these fellows would band together in considerable numbers, make certain portions of the country impassable except to strong detachments, and even undertake expeditions into neighboring sections.

There were "Union bushwhackers" and "Southern bushwackers;" in Kentucky, the former were more numerous. "It is a gratifying reflection," to use the language of one of Colonel Clarence Prentice's official reports, "that many of them will 'whack' no more." In the Northern mind bushwhackers and guerrillas are confounded together, an egregious error in classification. It is probable that the bushwhacker of this country would answer exactly to the guerrilla of European warfare; but the guerrilla of North America is, or rather was (for happily he is almost, if not quite extinct), an animal entirely distinct from either. Formerly the Northern press styled all the Southern cavalry guerrillas, because they traveled about the country freely and gave their enemies some trouble. When the hardy, dashing Federal regiments of the latter part of the war—after, indeed, the first eighteen months—began to do real service, the Northern writers found that they would be called on to

record as cavalry operations the very kind of affairs which they had been accustomed to chronicle as guerrilla irregularities. A guerrilla was, properly speaking, a man who had belonged to one or the other army and had deserted and gone to making war on his private account. He was necessarily a marauder, sometimes spared his former friend, and was much admired by weak young women who were afflicted with a tendency toward shoddy romance.

On this march through Casey county the bushwhackers were unusually officious. The advance guard, which for some reason had gone on some distance in front, reached Liberty about two hours before the column and during that time were fairly besieged in the place. Colonel Morgan himself made a narrow escape. One fellow, more daring than the others, had come down from the hills and had approached within seventy yards of the road. He fired at Morgan, missing him, but wounded a little negro boy, his servant, who was riding by his side receiving some order. The man who fired at once ran back to the hill, followed by one or two of our fellows from the head of the column. He was killed by private, afterward Captain Thomas Franks, who made an excellent shot, hitting the bushwhacker in the head while he was running at top speed and Franks himself was going at a rapid gallop.

That night we reached Houstonville, about fourteen miles from Danville, and learned there of General Smith's complete victory at Richmond, and of the probability that he was already at Lexington. This news excited the men very much and sleep was banished from the camp that night. Early on the next morning we started for a good day's march and reached Danville about 10 A. M., halted there some three hours, and, resuming the march, reached Nicholasville, twenty-three miles distant, and twelve from Lexington, at dusk.

On the next day, the 4th of September, the command entered Lexington about 10 A. M., amid the most enthusiastic shouts, plaudits, and congratulations. Colonel

Morgan (as has been said) and many of his officers and men were formerly citizens of Lexington, and many others came from the vicinity of the place; relations and friends, therefore, by the score, were in the crowd which thronged the streets of the town.

The people of this particular section of Kentucky, known as the Blue Grass region, had always been strongly Southern in their views and sympathies, and this occasion, except that of General Smith's entrance a day or two before, was the first chance they had ever had to manifest their political proclivities. Some of them shortly afterward were very sorry, doubtless, that they had been so candid. The command, at this time, numbered about eleven hundred men. The Second Kentucky had been greatly increased, and, after deducting all losses, was nearly if not quite nine hundred strong. Gano's squadron numbered about two hundred effectives. The rapidity with which recruits came to Morgan was astonishing. Captain Breckinridge was immediately granted authority, by General Smith, to raise a battalion of four companies to serve in Morgan's brigade. He was permitted to take his own company (I) out of the Second Kentucky as a nucleus for his battalion organization, and in a very short time he had gotten three other large and fine companies, and he could (if he had been permitted) have recruited a regiment with as little trouble.

Colonel Gano was granted authority to raise a regiment and rapidly recruited three companies. Active service, which necessitated rapid and continuous marching, interfered for a time with the organization of his regiment, but it was eventually completed. Second Lieutenant Alexander, of Company E, Second Kentucky, was given permission to raise a company in the vicinity of Harrodsburg, Mercer county, and in four or five days returned with one of over sixty men, which was admitted into the Second Kentucky and lettered H, a letter which had been in disuse in the regiment since the partition of the company which bore Alston into a captaincy. Lieutenant S. D.

Morgan, of Company A, was also authorized to recruit a company and soon did so. It was admitted into the Second Kentucky as Company I, in place of Breckinridge's. The Second Kentucky now numbered twelve companies and nearly eleven hundred effective men.

Almost immediately upon arriving at Lexington Captain Desha resigned the captaincy of Company L. He was a very fine officer and we all regretted to part with him. He received authority to recruit a regiment of infantry, and had partially succeeded when the retreat from Kentucky commenced. He then entered Colonel Thomas Hunt's regiment, the Fifth Kentucky Infantry. In the last year of the war he was offered a brigadier's commission, but declined it upon the ground that ill-health would not permit him to exercise the duties required of him in such a station. Private John Cooper, of Company A, was appointed captain in his stead—he had previously been selected as color-bearer of the regiment, when Colonel Morgan had directed the officers to choose the best man in the regiment to bear a flag presented to him by the ladies of the State.

Every company of the Second Kentucky was increased by recruits during the first week after our arrival. Two gentlemen, Colonels Cluke and Chenault, were authorized to recruit regiments for Morgan's brigade and immediately went to work to do so.

As soon as the first greetings had been passed with our friends, every man was solicitous to learn the particulars of General Smith's march through Southeastern Kentucky and of the fight at Richmond. General Smith had collected at Knoxville and other points in East Tennessee, some twenty thousand men, and leaving eight thousand, under General Stephenson, in front of Cumberland Gap, then occupied by the Federal general, G. W. Morgan, with eight or nine thousand men, he, with twelve thousand men and thirty or forty pieces of artillery pressed through the Big creek and Rogers gaps (of the Cumberland mountains), and marched rapidly for the

Blue Grass country. Master of Lexington, he would have the terminus of the two railroads and, indeed, one-half of the State of Kentucky. A complete defeat of the forces then in that region would clear his path to Louisville in the one direction, and to Covington in the other. He would be in no danger, until forces were collected and organized in sufficient strength at Cincinnati to march against him. As for Buell's army, it was General Bragg's duty to take care of that. General Smith had with his army about one thousand cavalry. This force, under Colonel John Scott, advancing some distance in his front fell upon Metcalfe's regiment, eleven or twelve hundred strong, on the Bighill fifteen miles from Richmond, and thoroughly defeated and dispersed it. Even after this affair the Federal commander remained in ignorance of any force, besides the cavalry under Scott, having approached in that direction, until General Smith, having pressed on with wonderful celerity and secrecy, had gotten within a few miles of Richmond.

Then every available man was concentrated at Richmond and pushed out to meet the invading column. The collision occurred on the 29th of August. General Smith had marched so rapidly, his men had fared so badly (having subsisted for ten days on green corn) and their badly shod feet were so cut by the rough, stony way, that his column was necessarily somewhat prolonged, although there was little of what might be called straggling. Consequently he could put into the fight only about six thousand men. General Heth was some distance in the rear. He attacked as soon as he came upon the enemy, drove him, and although three several stands were made, his advance was never seriously checked. The last stand and hardest fight was made in the outskirts of the little town of Richmond itself, and when the enemy was driven from the town his rout was complete. The Federal commander, General Nelson, was wounded. The enemy's loss was over one thousand in killed and wounded, and six thousand prisoners were taken and

paroled. General Smith's loss was nine hundred in killed and wounded.

Scott with the cavalry pressed the fugitives for many miles. The rout and disintegration of the Federal army was such that perhaps not a single command maintained its organization, and the stream of fugitives poured through Lexington all Saturday night and Sunday toward Louisville and Cincinnati. This decisive victory finished General Smith's part of the program, and closed his campaign, for the time, with the possession of all that part of Kentucky. On the 1st of September, General Smith took possession of Lexington, and on the 2d or 3d he dispatched General Heth with five or six thousand men toward Covington. General Smith issued the strictest orders for the maintenance of order and discipline and the prevention of excesses or malconduct among his troops of any description. He also went energetically to work to encourage enlistments in his ranks, to organize every department necessary to the subsistence and equipment of his army, and to collect supplies.

Notwithstanding the efforts that were made to induce the Kentuckians to enlist as infantry very few would do so, and those who did joined the regiments which came in with General Smith; not a single infantry regiment was raised during the time that the Confederate army was in the State. All of the Kentuckians who joined at that time wanted to ride. As a people they are fond of horses, and if they went to war at all they thought it a too great tax upon them to make them walk.

A brigadier's commission was given to Captain Abram Buford (formerly of the regular army), a man well known and very popular in this portion of Kentucky, and he was authorized to recruit a mixed brigade of infantry and cavalry. He got three fine regiments of cavalry, under Colonels Butler, Smith and Grigsby, without any trouble but not an infantryman. The two latter of the above named regiments were subsequently assigned to Morgan. One reason why so many enlisted in cavalry (independ-

ently of the decided preference of the Kentuckians for that branch of the service), was the fact that companies and regiments had, in many instances, their men bespoken and ready to enlist with them as soon as a favorable opportunity should occur. Many (also), had made up their minds to join Morgan when he next came through the country. Men who expected to become soldiers (under such circumstances), would of course wish to join the cavalry and made all their preparations to enlist in that arm of the service.

Two or three days after we reached Lexington four companies of the Second Kentucky were sent with the two howitzers to capture the stockade at the bridge over Salt river on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and burn the bridge. The expedition was under command of Captain Hutchinson. This officer had some days previously been made, at my request, acting lieutenant-colonel of my regiment (the Second Kentucky), and he was always afterward addressed by that title and was subsequently given the position. Hutchinson was a singularly active and energetic officer, and possessed the shrewdness as well as daring which eminently qualified him for the command of detachments. He made a tremendous march, and arrived at his destination before any Federal force which could have intercepted him or have marched to prevent his purpose heard of his coming. He captured the stockade and garrison, one hundred strong, and thoroughly destroyed the bridge, which was a very important one.

Almost immediately after Colonel Hutchinson returned to Lexington, he was sent with Companies B, C, D, E, L and M, to report to General Heth, who had advanced to within five miles of Covington, and withdrawing needed cavalry. The utmost consternation prevailed in Cincinnati during the time that Heth was in the vicinity of Covington; the city was placed under martial law and every citizen was required to report for military duty. So persistent were the detectives in their search for trea-

son that all the business houses in the town had to be shut up, and it became so frequent a matter to construe thoughtless words into expressions of disloyal sentiment that it was unsafe to speak any other language than Dutch. Thousands of respectable citizens nightly left their comfortable homes, to cross the river and shiver and ache with apprehension and fatigue in the ditches around Covington. Many a tradesman torn from his shop got the manual mixed up with his accounts and lost the run of both; and as he sat in a rifle-pit, with only one pontoon bridge (and that narrow) connecting him with Cincinnati, he had to console him the reflection that he was performing a patriotic duty and letting his business go to the devil.

Before General Heth was ready to attack, however, he was ordered to withdraw. General Smith expected to be soon called to reinforce General Bragg, with his whole force to fight Buell's army before it reached Louisville; he therefore wished everything kept well in hand, and esteemed the maintenance of the mobility of the troops under Heth as of more importance than the capture of Cincinnati. In the course of a few days troops began to arrive at Cincinnati, and they came in rapidly. When Heth fell back, there was a formidable force there of perhaps twelve or fifteen thousand men. Hutchinson reported to him at Walton, twenty-five miles from Covington, and was at once ordered to duty on the front. For some days he was very actively engaged immediately upon the ground which Heth had just left. He was engaged in scouting for some distance above and below Covington, to ascertain if there was any movement by the river, as well as having to carefully watch all roads leading out of the place. His various detachments had several skirmishes, the most successful of which was made by a party under command of Lieutenant Allensworth, who routed a much larger body of the enemy and captured a number of prisoners.

Just before General Heth came into that country, fif-

teen young men of Boone county who had long wished to join Morgan, hearing that Confederate troops might shortly be expected in their neighborhood, banded together and attacked a train of twenty-seven wagons guarded by fifty-one Federal soldiers, dispersed the guard and burned the wagons. This party with some twenty-five of their friends then equipped themselves and set out to join us.

They were placed in the new Company I. In the service done at this time, Hutchinson's loss was slight and he inflicted a good deal upon the enemy. He took a number of prisoners. The railroad was destroyed—track torn up and bridges burned—for a good many miles. General Heth continued to fall back toward Georgetown. After Hutchinson had been in command upon the Covington front six or seven days, I sent him Company A and the next day followed myself with Company I.

Colonel Morgan was ordered to go to Eastern Kentucky and intercept the Federal General Geo. W. Morgan on his march from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio river. Federal General Morgan had evacuated the gap and gained two days' march on the force watching it on the other side. It was General Smith's desire that Colonel Morgan should blockade the roads in his front, and use every exertion to retard his progress. By uniting with General Marshall's forces, it was hoped that Colonel Morgan, in the rugged, almost impassable country through which the Federal column had to march, might stop it altogether, until another body of troops could be thrown upon its rear, and thus literally starve it into surrender. As it was, Marshall remained inactive, and Morgan, after felling trees across the road, climbing up and down mountains and sticking close to the front of the column for six days, was compelled to suffer the mortification of seeing it get away triumphantly.

While Colonel Morgan was employed in the mountains, General Smith directed me to annoy the enemy as much as possible in the direction of Covington. On the even-

ing that I arrived at Walton, where Hutchinson had been encamped, I found him in retreat, pressed by a superior force of the enemy. We soon found that we could not efficiently check the enemy's advance, and accordingly fell back to Crittenden, a little place seven miles from Walton. The enemy encamped five miles from the place. On the next morning we were driven out of Crittenden and as the enemy continued to advance, I reported to General Heth that I believed it was an advance upon Lexington. The enemy's force consisted, as we afterward ascertained, of about seven thousand infantry, one thousand cavalry, or, perhaps a little more, and eight pieces of artillery. Skirmishers were thrown out, in strong lines, for a mile or more on each side of the road. The country was open and easily traversed by troops, enabling them to strengthen any part of the line that might need it. We could therefore hope to effect little, and after carefully reconnoitering, without finding a convenient opening, we retired slowly in their front, forcing them to keep up their troublesome precautions.

About 1 or 2 P. M., leaving scouts to observe them, I marched rapidly to Williamstown. This place is just upon the northern edge of the rugged Eagle hills. Thence I moved eastwardly to Falmouth, a small town on the Central Kentucky Railroad about forty miles from Covington and twenty miles from Williamstown—indeed, nearly equidistant from the Dry-ridge road, or Cincinnati and Lexington pike (upon which the enemy were moving), and the Maysville and Lexington pike, which also needed some watching. I was then in a position to observe every movement upon the entire front, and was, so to speak, in the center of the web commanding all the avenues which should be guarded. If the enemy continued upon the road upon which he was then advancing, he would have to force his way through General Heth's forces, advantageously posted amid the hills of the Eagle creek. If he turned to the left to seek a road not so well defended, he would have to come by Falmouth.

On the road, however, and before I reached Falmouth scouts brought the information that the enemy had fallen back to Walton, and also informed me of what his strength apparently was. It was plain that no force of that size would attempt to march on Lexington. Shortly afterward other scouts, which had been sent to watch the Ohio river, came from Warsaw, a little town on its banks, and reported that a number of boats laden with troops had gone down the river toward Louisville. This information explained everything. Finding that Heth had withdrawn and Cincinnati was no longer threatened, this force which had driven us away from Walton had been sent to clear the country of troublesome detachments and also to attract attention in that direction, and conceal the concentration of troops at Louisville. Walton is twenty-five miles from Falmouth. On the day after reaching the latter place I sent a flag of truce to Walton with dispatches, which General Smith had instructed me to forward to Cincinnati. The flag was borne by Captain S. D. Morgan, who wagered with the aide of the commanding general that he (Morgan), would drive in his pickets within forty-eight hours. The entire strength of the six companies which Colonel Hutchinson had taken to this country was not quite five hundred men—the two additional companies, A and I, did not swell the total effective to six hundred men. All of these were large ones but many men (from four or five of them) were on furlough. When the flag of truce returned, Captain Morgan gave me such an account of the enemy that a desire, previously conceived, to visit him was greatly increased. Morgan could, of course, see but little; he was, however, vigilant and shrewd and drew accurate inferences from what he saw. He was satisfied that while careful and systematic guard was kept, the troops were all green and could be easily surprised. He said that so far as he could learn there was no attempt made at scouting and that a total ignorance prevailed among them of what was going on a few hundred yards beyond the outposts. This latter information

was confirmed by the reports of all my scouts, and was in accordance with the habits of raw men and officers. He thought, moreover, from something he had heard, that the cavalry was encamped a mile or two from the infantry, and the country people, some of whom from that neighborhood visited us, stated that it was encamped a mile and a half from the main body and nearer Walton. We had tried in vain to get hold of the cavalry on the day we were driven from Walton; it kept carefully behind the infantry.

Moving from Falmouth late in the afternoon, with nearly the entire command, I marched until about 12 o'clock at night, and halted at a point on the Independence road, about ten miles from the enemy's encampment. Scouts were immediately sent out to ascertain as nearly as possible the exact location of the pickets and the condition of everything about the encampments. They were instructed not to fire upon or in anywise alarm the pickets, or to do anything which might make them suspect our vicinity.

The scouts observed their instructions closely and ascertained that no change had occurred in the last day or two, in any respect, in the posts on the different roads. After this information I was satisfied that I would be able to get upon the Georgetown and Covington pike, upon which the enemy was encamped, by a country road which runs into it from the Independence pike without alarming the main body. I could then move rapidly to the point where the cavalry was supposed to be encamped and defeat it before the infantry came to the rescue. The infantry encampment was about two miles north of Walton, and this by-road comes into the pike about one thousand yards from the site of the encampment and between it and Walton.

The column was accordingly put in motion again at daybreak and marched rapidly. Just at sunrise we reached the Georgetown and Covington pike and saw standing in sight of the point where we would enter, ten cavalry pickets. The column at once halted and arrangements made to capture them. They had not yet seen us.

A brief reconnoissance showed an infantry regiment on post, some three hundred yards farther down the road. There was now no hope of passing this point without discovery by the main body and it only remained to make the most out of the situation.

Lieutenant Messick, of Company A, was sent with ten men to take in the cavalry videttes, and Lieutenant Roberts was ordered to engage the attention of the infantry with the advance guard. He went right into the midst of it. The column was moved forward at a gallop, as soon as the pickets were disturbed, and turned in the direction of Walton; the rear company, however, being carried at full speed to the assistance of Lieutenant Roberts. One of the howitzers which had been brought along was planted at the point where we entered the pike, to cover our retreat, if it were pressed. When I reached the little squad of Lieutenant Roberts with the company which I took to assist it, I found it, or rather a fragment of it, in a situation which perhaps was never paralleled during the war.

Lieutenant Roberts was still farther down the road and toward the encampment, with a portion of the detachment, picking up stragglers. Sergeant Will Hays stood with six men in the midst of a company of sixty-nine Federal infantry. The infantry seemed sullen and bewildered and stood with their rifles cocked and at a ready. Hays had his rifle at the head of the lieutenant commanding, demanding that he should order his men to surrender and threatening to blow his brains out if he encouraged them to resist. Hays' six men were grouped around him ready to shoot down any man who should raise a gun against him. I thought it the finest sight I had ever seen. Our arrival decided the Federals to surrender, and the caps and bayonets having been taken off of their guns, they were sent off guarded by the men which had been brought up to complete their capture. Lieutenant Roberts had gone, with his mere corporal's guard, into the infantry

regiment, had captured one company and run the others back into camp.

The men of this regiment were very raw and green. Hays had persuaded them for some time that he was an officer of their own cavalry, and it was only when he peremptorily ordered them to follow him to Walton that they suspected him. After sending off the prisoners, four or five of us rode on down the road to join Lieutenant Roberts, and soon found him bringing back more prisoners. We were now farther in toward the encampment than the regiment on picket had stood, and had a fair view of it. We saw the whole force form and it was a very pretty sight. The regiments first formed on their respective camp grounds, and then took their positions, and behind everything, peeping over the shoulders of the infantry, were our friends the cavalry that we had taken so much pains to see.

While we were looking on, a staff officer came galloping toward us, evidently not knowing who we were and taking us for some of his pickets not yet driven in. He came right up to us; thinking his capture certain, Captain Morgan, who recognized him as the officer with whom he had made the bet two days previously, rode forward, saluted him and told him he was a prisoner. He, however, did not seem to be of that opinion, for he wheeled his horse, coming so close to us in doing so as to almost brush the foremost man, and dashed back at full speed.

The skirmishers, who were not more than two hundred yards off, soon induced us to leave and we galloped after the column. Eighty or ninety prisoners were taken, and were sent on to Lexington as soon as we got back to Falmouth. The enemy did not know for some hours that we were gone, and indeed rather expected during that time to be attacked. I perhaps ought to have attacked, but the disparity of forces and the knowledge that the enemy could detect it as I advanced deterred me.

On the next day I sent Captain Castleman with Company D to Foster's landing on the Ohio river. He fired upon a

Government transport loaded with troops, but could not stop her with his rifles. He captured the regular packet, and was shelled by one of the river gunboats, suffering no loss.

At this period the Home Guard organizations were disbanding, or being incorporated into the Federal army. At Augusta, in Bracken county, about twenty-five miles from Falmouth, and situated on the river forty odd miles above Cincinnati, there was a regiment being formed out of some Home Guard companies. This organization had already begun to give trouble, and one or two of its scouting parties had even ventured within a short distance of Falmouth. I was also informed that many Southern sympathizers had been forced into its ranks. I determined therefore to break it up before it became formidable. There was a ford, moreover, just below Augusta, by which the river could be crossed at that season without difficulty. I wished to take the town, if possible, with little loss—cross into Ohio, and marching toward Cincinnati so threaten the city that the troops at Walton would be hurried back to protect it.

Leaving Falmouth in the morning of one day, I could (if allowed to cross the river without opposition) have been in the vicinity of Cincinnati at daylight of the next day. Two days, therefore, after the expedition to Walton, I started from Falmouth with about four hundred and fifty men—leaving Company D and some details behind to observe the enemy at Walton and for other purposes.

On the way to Augusta I came upon a large scouting party from that place but it dispersed before I could attack; it was cut off, however, from Augusta and prevented from taking part in the fight there. We marched through Brooksville and about 7 A. M. reached the high ground in the rear of Augusta and which perfectly commanded the town. Two small stern wheel boats lay at the wharf to assist in the defense of the place. A twelve-pounder was mounted on each of them; their sides were protected by hay bales and they were manned by sharp-shooters in addition to the gunners. These boats commanded the turnpike which

led into the town from Brooksville (by which road we were advancing) but about a mile from the town I turned the column from the road and approached the hill (upon which I took position) through the fields. The crest of this hill is perhaps two hundred feet above the level of the river (at low water) and about six hundred yards from its bank. The town runs back to the foot of the hill. From our position on the summit of this hill we could distinctly see the Home Guards going into the houses and preparing for fight, but a portion of them were already ensconced in the houses near the head of the street by which we entered the town a little while afterward. These latter kept themselves concealed while we remained on the hill and our ignorance of their location cost us dearly. Seeing that the boats commanded the street by which I wished to enter the town, I determined to drive them away before moving the bulk of the command from the hill.

Accordingly, having dismounted and formed Companies B, C, E, I and M and planted the howitzers on the highest point I could find, where they could probably throw every shell into the boats, I ordered Company A and the advance guard to cross the Germantown pike and take position near the bank of the river in the eastern end of the town. Here they would be enabled to annoy the troops on the boats very greatly with their rifles and would also be in position to assist in reducing the garrisoned houses when the fight in town commenced. In that part of the town there were no houses occupied by the enemy. Captain Cassell of Company A was instructed to dispose his own company and the advance guard in accordance with these views and to take command of both. I especially charged him to let no mounted man approach that part of the town which I expected to enter, but to bring the men on foot when he heard firing.

As soon as Cassell had gotten into position the howitzers were opened upon the boats. Several shells burst near them and one penetrated the hull of the "Flag Ship," as I suppose I may term the boat upon which the captain commanding

both of them had his quarters. Cassell's riflemen were also active, and after firing only three shots the "fleet" withdrew. As long as the boats were in range the "Bull Pups" kept after them and they steamed up the river and out of sight. Having driven off these gunboats, upon which I knew the officer commanding in the town chiefly relied for the defense of the place, I believed that I would have no more trouble and that the garrison would surrender without more fighting. I immediately entered by the principal street with Companies B and C. After these two companies had gotten well into the town and in front of the houses into which the defenders of the place had gone unseen by us, a sharp fire was suddenly opened upon them, killing and wounding several. I at once ordered the men to gather on the right hand side of the street, although the fire came from both sides, and to take shelter as they best could.

A fierce fight at once began. I sent for Companies E, I, and portions of L and M, leaving three sections of each to guard the road in our rear. I made the men force their way into the houses whence they were fired upon. Captain Cassell came to join me as soon as he heard the firing, but unfortunately Lieutenant Roberts forgot, in his ardor, the order that no men should enter the town mounted and he dashed up to the scene of the fight with his men on horseback, greatly increasing the confusion. Lieutenant Roberts was killed almost instantly, two or three men and several horses of his guard were also shot, and the crowding of horses into the street added to the disorder. In a few minutes, however, some method was restored. Details of men were posted in the middle of the street in front of every house, to fire at the inmates when they showed themselves and prevent them from maintaining an accurate and effective fire. Other details were made to break in the doors of the houses and enter them. The artillery was brought into the town and turned upon the houses in which the most stubborn resistance was kept up. Planted about ten paces from a house, aimed to strike about a yard below the sills of the windows, beneath which the defenders were crouched (ex-

cept when taking aim), and double-shotted with grape and canister, the howitzers tore great gaps in the walls. Two or three houses from which sharp volleys were kept up were set on fire. Flags of truce, about this time, were hung out from several windows, and believing that a general surrender was meant I ordered the fires to be extinguished. But only those who shook the white flags meant to give up and the others continued to fight. One or two men putting out the fires were shot. I immediately ordered that every house from which shots came should be burned. A good many were soon in flames and even then the fighting continued in some of them. My men were infuriated by what they esteemed bad faith in a continuance of the fight after the flags of truce were displayed, and by the loss of their comrades and of some favorite officers. I never saw them fight with such ferocity. Few lives were spared in the houses into which they forced their way. In some houses dead men were piled on the floors and blood was dripping down the stairways.

Several savage hand-to-hand fights occurred. As private James March of Company A was about to enter a house, after battering down the door with the butt of his rifle, a Home Guard, armed with musket and bayonet, sprang out and lunged at him. March avoided his thrust, knocked him down with his clubbed gun, and then seizing the other's musket pinned him to the ground with the bayonet. A somewhat similar affair happened to a private of Company B whose name I have forgotten. As he, also, was forcing his way into a house, a strong, active fellow bounded out and cut at him with a large heavy knife made from a blacksmith's file, such as were formerly often seen in Kentucky. He closed quickly with his assailant, whose blow consequently missed him, and in a moment they were locked in each other's arms. The Home Guard could not use his knife, for his right arm was stretched over the other's shoulder in the position in which it had fallen with the blow. The other wore one of the largest sized, heaviest army pistols. He had dropped his gun, and as he drew his pistol

his enemy clasped the lock with his left hand and he could not cock it. Both were powerful men and fighting for life, because quarter was not thought of by either. At length the Confederate raised the pistol to a level with the other's head, and although he could strike only by the inflection of the wrist, inflicted blows with the heavy barrel upon his enemy's temple which stunned him. Then dashing him to the ground, the Confederate beat in his skull with the butt of his pistol. The fighting lasted about fifteen or twenty minutes, when Colonel Bradford, the commander of the organization, surrendered. It was with great difficulty that his life or the lives of his men could be saved. Fighting in narrow streets, close to their opponents, the loss in my command was, of course, severe, and a great many wounds proved mortal on account of the balls coming from above ranging downward.

My loss was twenty-one killed and eighteen wounded. I had about three hundred men engaged. Among the killed were some matchless officers. Captain Samuel D. Morgan (a cousin of Colonel Morgan) killed several men with his own hand before he fell. He had been a good soldier, and gave promise of unusual merit as an officer. His gallantry and devotion were superb, and he was always urgent to be placed on perilous service. He was a mere boy. Lieutenant Greenberry Roberts had been made first lieutenant of Company A after Lieutenant Smith's death. He much resembled his predecessor. He had been placed in command of the advance guard when Lieutenant Rogers was compelled to return to his company (E) upon the promotion of Captain Hutchinson. He was nineteen years old when killed; gay, handsome, and a universal favorite. His courage was untempered by any discretion or calculation, and unless bound by positive instructions he would go at any thing. Lieutenant Rogers was a model officer and gentleman. He was killed while exerting himself to save the inmates of a house from which the shot which killed him came.

Lieutenant King, a gallant boy, brevet second lieutenant of Company E, fell dead the moment afterward across

Rogers' body, and an old man of that company, devotedly attached to both these officers, private Puckett (one of the few old men in the regiment) rushed to raise them and was instantaneously killed, falling upon them. Captain Kennett, of Company B, just made captain in the place of Captain Allen, who was elected lieutenant-colonel of Butler's regiment, and Lieutenant George White, of the same company, were mortally wounded and died very soon. Both were veterans of the old Squadron and very brave men.

Most of the casualties occurred in the first few minutes of the street fight, before proper dispositions were made to reduce the garrisons of the houses, and while the latter were taking deadly aim.

Captain Cassell's bold attack on the gunboats saved us much greater loss. Some of the women came (while the fight was raging) from the part of the town where they had retired for safety to the most dangerous positions, and waited upon the wounded while the balls were striking around them. The majority of the people of this town, or a large proportion at least, were Southern sympathizers. The regular members of the Home Guard regiment were collected from the country for miles around. A number of the Southern men were also pressed into the service.

The last house set on fire was that of James Armstrong. After the garrison in it were disposed of efforts were made to save it. The owner bade me "let it burn," but urged me to collect and destroy all the arms of the Home Guards, that they might not give trouble again.

This fight prevented the incursion into Ohio. All of the ammunition for the howitzers was expended. I was anxious to remove my wounded and dead, and had two hundred prisoners whom I wanted to carry off. About 4 P. M., employing all the carriages and light wagons that I could find about the town and neighborhood to carry the wounded who could be removed, and the dead bodies, which were not too much mutilated, I went back toward Falmouth. That evening we reached Brooksville after dark, and passed the night there, the gloomiest and saddest that any man among us had ever known.

Brooksville is a little hamlet, nine miles from Augusta and eighteen from Maysville. This latter place had been taken by Gano, a week or two before, without a shot. News reached Maysville of the fight at Augusta on the same evening that it occurred, and about 4 o'clock next morning troops left there to march to the relief of Augusta. At 7 A. M. of that morning, I sent off the train of dead and wounded and all of the prisoners, except about eighty, whom I intended to parole. As soon as they were fairly started, I ordered Colonel Hutchinson to follow with the command. I retained Sergeant Hays and ten men of the advance guard with me. Most of the prisoners left were Southern men, who had been forced to fight, and a few others were men paroled at Armstrong's request.

About 9 or 10 A. M., while engaged in writing out paroles, I was informed by my orderly that a force of Federals was coming into town on the Maysville pike. I had placed no pickets after the regular detail had been withdrawn upon the march of the column, and nearly all of the ten men left with me were in the court-house at the time by my side. We immediately passed out and mounted our horses. Sergeant Hays formed seven men and we dashed through the enemy. There were perhaps fifty or sixty cavalry in the town. Several shots were fired upon both sides. None of my party were hurt. One of the enemy was killed and three seized by the bridle reins, as we went through them, and carried off prisoners. A few men were still unparoled when the alarm was given. Private Houston Conrade remained and paroled them all; then followed us through the enemy. He was subsequently promoted for other instances of the coolest daring. A recruiting officer had been captured that morning and placed in charge of Privates Franks and McVae. They were eating breakfast when the enemy entered the town and were nearly captured. They placed their prisoner on a barebacked horse and carried him off across the country, taking fences and every thing else at a gallop.

We lost one man taken prisoner; he could not get to his horse. The enemy's force was composed of the cavalry

which first entered and about four hundred infantry, with two pieces of artillery. After we had gotten out of the town, we turned and galloped back again, to create, if possible, a diversion in favor of the three men I supposed to be still there. The infantry, however, immediately drove us off. As we then moved rapidly after the command, we met the rear guard, which always marched a good distance in the rear of the column, coming back at a gallop to reinforce us. The officer in charge of it, one of the very best in the regiment, Lieutenant Ash Welsh, had returned as soon as he heard the firing. His men and himself were dressed in dark clothing, and I thought when they first came in sight that they were a part of the enemy which had cut us off. They also mistook us for the enemy, and we charged each other at full speed. When within about fifty yards and just about to fire, a mutual recognition fortunately prevented it.

I placed the command in camp at Cynthiana, and sent the prisoners and all the wounded who were not too much exhausted to travel to Lexington.

On the next day the funeral of Lieutenant Rogers was celebrated. He was a native of Cynthiana, and the citizens of that place had loved him and were proud of his record. They came, the true, warm-hearted yeomanry, to witness his soldier-burial and sympathize in the sorrow of his aged and heart-broken father. The men remained in camp at Cynthiana from the 30th of September until the night of the 4th of October. During that time I made several promotions which were confirmed by an exercise of General Morgan's appointing power.

Thomas Franks, private in the Mississippi company and "member in high standing" of the advance guard, was made captain of Company I. He was a worthy successor of Captain Morgan. By a series of gallant acts and uniform good conduct and assiduous and thorough discharge of his duty, he had well won his preferment. Brevet Second Lieutenant William Messick (of whom a great deal remains to be said) was made first lieutenant of Company A. Privates Parks and Ashbrook were made respectively first and second

lieutenants of Company E. They were gallant and had fought in the front of every fight since the organization of the regiment. Sergeant William Hays was offered his choice of captaincy of Company B, or the first lieutenancy of the same company with the privilege of commanding the advance guard. He chose the latter, like the gallant man that he was, loving danger honestly encountered and honor fairly won.

General Morgan unhesitatingly approved all of these appointments, complimenting the appointees, and declared that he had contemplated their promotion earlier. In pure, unflinching courage, soldierly desire for personal distinction, devotion to the interests of the service, pride in the reputation of their own corps, respect for and zealous obedience to their own commanders, energy and intelligence, these officers had no superiors.

I have already said that Colonel Morgan had been sent to Eastern Kentucky, to intercept the Federal General Morgan on his march to the Ohio river.

Upon reaching Richmond on the morning of the 20th of September he learned that the Federals were moving from Manchester, via Booneville, to Mount Sterling, presumably to reach the Ohio river at Maysville. In order to place himself in their front he marched rapidly to Hazel Green. It was understood that General Stephenson would press them hard in the rear, and that General Humphrey Marshall would move from the east toward Mount Sterling and strike them in the flank. The enemy, however, reached Hazel Green before Morgan got there, and he was forced to make a detour and night march by which he succeeded in heading him at West Liberty. From that date until the 1st of October he was constantly in contact with the Federal column and fighting with it day and night. For some reason neither Stephenson or Marshall put in an appearance, yet Colonel Morgan so retarded the enemy that in six days he marched only thirty miles. At noon of October 1st he received a despatch from General Smith directing him to make no further effort to impede the progress of the enemy but to "rejoin the army at Lexington or wherever it might be."

On the afternoon of the 4th, Colonel Morgan reached Lexington. Before he got in he became satisfied that an immediate evacuation was imminent, and he was induced to believe that the enemy were nearer than was actually the case. Anxious to get his command together again and learning where I was, he, with characteristic promptitude, dispatched me a courier, bidding me keep a careful lookout, and if "cut off come by way of Richmond and Lancaster." When I reached Lexington, I found that preparations were being made for its evacuation. I hoped, as did thousands of others, that it would be only a temporary one, and that we could return after a decisive victory which should give us permanent possession of Kentucky. I mentioned this hope to Colonel Morgan, and I shall never forget his laugh and the bitter sarcasm with which he spoke of the retreat, which he seemed to certainly expect. As he rapidly mentioned the indications which convinced him that we were going to give up the stakes without an effort to win them, my faith, too, gave way and my heart sank.

On the 6th of October, Colonel Morgan left Lexington on the track of General Smith's infantry forces, with Cluke, Gano and the Second Kentucky. It was thought probable that the enemy would advance from the direction of Frankfort, and an engagement in the vicinity of Versailles, where a portion of General Smith's infantry were stationed, was anticipated. Morgan, whose entire force amounted to some fifteen hundred effective men, was ordered to take position between Versailles and Frankfort, and attack the enemy if he made his appearance. The bulk of General Smith's command was eight or ten miles farther to the southwest, in the vicinity of Lawrenceburg.

Breckinridge's battalion had been detached on the 4th, and was ordered to report first to Buford, then to Wharton. and finally to Ashby. It was engaged in the skirmishing which the two latter officers successfully conducted with the enemy on the road between Lawrenceburg and Harrodsburg, and Harrodsburg and Perryville.

The movements of Buell had completely mystified General Bragg and the latter was not only reduced to the defensive, but to a state of mind pitiable in the extreme.

General Bragg came to the Western army with a most enviable reputation. He had already displayed those qualities as an organizer, a disciplinarian, and a military administrator in which he had few equals. His dashing conduct at Shiloh and the courage and ability in which (as a corps commander), no man excelled him, had made him a great and universal favorite. The admirable method which (when second in command at Corinth and really at the head of affairs) he introduced into all departments; the marvelous skill in discipline with which he made of the "mob" at Corinth a splendidly ordered, formidable army, and his masterly evacuation of that place (totally deceiving Halleck in doing so), caused him to be regarded, almost universally, as the fit successor of Albert Sydney Johnston and the coming man of the West.

The plan of retiring altogether from Mississippi and of suddenly moving the army, by the Southern railroads around into Tennessee again—losing the slow, dull-scented Halleck—if conceived by a subordinate was, at least, attributed to him. It was brilliant in itself, and was successfully executed. When he reached Chattanooga, he showed for the first time vacillation and a disposition to delay. He crossed the river on the 28th of August with twenty-five thousand infantry, beside artillery and cavalry. He moved over Waldron's ridge, up the Sequatchy valley, through Sparta, and seeking to beat Buell to Munfordsville. The disposition of Buell's forces has already been given in a former chapter. His army, about forty or forty-five thousand strong, was scattered over a wide extent of territory, in small detachments (with the exception of the forces at Battle creek and at McMinnville) each about twelve or fourteen thousand strong.

This disposition was rendered necessary by the difficulty of obtaining supplies; it was also requisite to a thor-

ough garrisoning of the country. Had General Bragg, as soon as he crossed the river, marched straight on Nashville, General Buell could not possibly have met him with more than twenty-five thousand men. General Buell did not issue orders for the concentration of his troops until the 30th of August, although preparations had been made for it before. This concentration was effected at Murfreesboro. It then became apparent to him that General Bragg was pushing for central Kentucky, and it became necessary that Buell, to save his communication, should march into Kentucky also. General Bragg had the start and the short route, and reached Glasgow on the 13th of September; then taking position on the main roads at Cave City, while Buell, with all the expedition he could use, had gotten only as far as Bowling Green, he cut the latter off from Louisville and the reinforcements awaiting him there.

General Buell's army had been decreased by the detachment of a garrison for Nashville.* . After an unsuccessful attack (with the loss of two or three hundred men) by a small Confederate force upon Munfordsville—the garrison of that place, over four thousand strong, subsequently surrendered on the 17th. What now was to hinder General Bragg, holding the strong position of Munfordsville, from stopping Buell, calling Kirby Smith with his whole force, to his assistance, and, outnumbering, crush his adversary? How long would the raw troops at Louisville have withstood the attack of Bragg's veterans when their turn came? General Bragg discovered that the country was barren of supplies; that one of the richest, most fertile regions of Kentucky could not support his army for a week, and he withdrew to Bardstown. Buell finding the road clear, marched on to Louisville. His immense wagon train, more than twenty miles long and the flank of his army were exposed by this movement.

It was certainly not expecting too much of General

*About 8,000 strong.

Bragg, as commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces in Kentucky, that he would (after this was done) make up his mind whether he was going to fight or not, without further delay. If he did not intend to fight, would it not have been wiser to march on Nashville, while Buell was marching on Louisville, capture that place and establish himself on the banks of the Cumberland with less of loss, fatigue, and discontent among his troops, than existed when after his long harassing, weary marches through the mountains, he halted at Murfreesboro much later? Kirby Smith could have remained in Kentucky long enough to collect and secure all the supplies and if he had been hard-pressed could have retreated more rapidly than any pursuer could follow. If General Bragg did intend to fight, why did he not concentrate his army and fight hard?

After Buell marched to Louisville (which he reached on the 29th of September) Bragg took position at and about Bardstown. Our line, including General Smith's forces, may be described as running from Bardstown, on the extreme left, through Frankfort and Lexington, to Mount Sterling on the right flank. It was an admirable one. However threatened on front or flanks, the troops could be marched to the threatened points, by excellent interior roads. The base at Bryantsville was perfectly secure—roads ran from it in every direction—and it was a place of immense natural strength. The force available, for the defense of this line, was quite forty-nine thousand infantry. General Bragg's staff officers represent the force of infantry (which entered the State with General Bragg) to have been twenty-five thousand. General Smith's infantry forces (including Marshall and Stevenson) numbered twenty-four thousand. There were perhaps one hundred and thirty pieces of artillery in all. The cavalry, all told, was about six thousand strong (including Morgan and Buford), making a grand total of about fifty-six thousand men.

Buell moved out from Louisville on the 1st of October. His advance was made just as might have been antici-

pated, and as many had predicted. Not caring to involve his whole army in the rough Chaplin and Benson hills, he sent detachments toward Frankfort and Lawrenceburg to guard against any movement on Louisville, and to distract Bragg's attention from his (Buell's) main design and make him divide his army. In this latter intention he perfectly succeeded. The bulk of his army marched through Bardstown and Springfield to Perryville to get in Bragg's rear and upon his line of retreat. The force sent to Frankfort, five or six thousand strong, under Dumont, broke up the inaugural ceremonies of the Provisional Government, which General Bragg, as if in mockery of the promises he had so lavishly and so confidently made to his own Government and to the people of Kentucky, and of the hopes he had excited, had instituted.

This force which came to Frankfort was the same which General Smith was prepared to fight at Versailles, its real strength not being at first known. A day or two afterward it came out upon the Versailles road, and was ambushed by Colonel John Scott and driven back with smart loss. General Smith, hearing that the enemy was advancing in force to Lawrenceburg, and that he had occupied that place with an advance guard, ordered Buford to drive him out with his cavalry and followed with his whole force. The establishment of the enemy at Lawrenceburg and upon the road thence to Harrodsburg would have completely cut off General Smith from General Bragg. The force advancing toward Lawrenceburg was Sill's division, perhaps six or seven thousand strong in effectives. This division had diverged from the main army at the same time with Dumont's.

General Smith's forces were arranged at Lawrenceburg (which was not occupied by the enemy) and on the road thence to Harrodsburg on the 6th. Sill's division fell back across Salt river and into the rugged Chaplin hills, pressed by a portion of General Smith's infantry (Colonel Thomas Taylor's brigade) in advance. Several hundred prisoners were taken. The position of General Smith's forces was not materially changed during that day and the next, al-

though they continued to draw nearer to Harrodsburg. The main body of the enemy had in the mean time concentrated its marching columns and moved to the vicinity of Perryville, fifty-eight thousand strong, on the evening of the 7th, The detachments which advanced to Frankfort and toward Lawrenceburg were not more than twelve thousand strong in all. So rugged and difficult of passage is the country through which these detachments had to pass, that a comparatively small force could have prevented their junction at Lawrenceburg and held both at bay, leaving the bulk of the Confederate army free to concentrate at Perryville. Even had their junction been permitted, three thousand such cavalry as Bragg had at his disposal could have retarded their march to Harrodsburg for several days. They could not have forced their way along the road in less than two or three days, and as many would have been required to make a detour and join Buell. In that time the battle of Perryville could have been decided. But so completely was General Bragg in the dark about Buell's movements that, when he first heard of the advance from Louisville, he supposed it was a movement of the whole Federal army upon Frankfort, and he ordered General Polk "to move from Bardstown, by way of Bloomfield, toward Frankfort to strike the enemy in flank and rear," while General Smith should take him in front. This order was evidently issued under an unaccountable and entire misapprehension of the true state of affairs, but showed a nerve and purpose which promised well. General Bragg must certainly, when he issued it, have supposed that General Buell's whole army was coming from that direction. How strange is it that a commander who could thus resolve to fight his foes when he believed them to be united should fear to encounter them separately.

After General Polk moved to Perryville, General Bragg, of course, learned of the advance of the enemy in that direction, and must have known that it was in strong column or he would not have permitted sixteen thousand troops to collect there to oppose it. He was still in error regarding

the other movements, and left the larger part of his army to confront the forces maneuvering about Lawrenceburg and Frankfort. One glance at a map will show the reader that, if the enemy was really advancing in heavy columns by these different routes, it was clearly General Bragg's best policy to have struck and crushed (if he could) that body threatening him from the south. If he crushed that his line of retreat would be safe, and he could have fought the other at his leisure, or not at all, as he chose. He could have fought (if it had continued to advance) at Bryantsville, or gone after and attacked it. If, on the contrary, he had concentrated to fight at Frankfort or Lawrenceburg, defeat, with this other force on his line of retreat, would have been ruinous. Even complete and decisive victory would have left him still in danger, having still another army to defeat or drive away. He would have been, in either case, between his foes preventing their junction and in a situation to strike them in succession; but in the one case his rear was safe, and in the other it was threatened.

After the battle of Perryville—where he certainly got the better of the forces opposed to him (an earnest of what might have been done if the whole army had been concentrated) and after an accurate knowledge had been obtained of how Sill's and Dumont's detachments had deceived him into the belief that they were the whole Federal army—General Bragg had his entire army concentrated at Harrodsburg. The two armies then fairly confronted each other; neither had any strategic experiments to fear on flank or rear, for Sill's division was making a wide and prudent circuit to get to Buell, and Dumont was stationary at Frankfort. It would have been a fair, square, stand-up fight. It is now well known that there was not the disparity in numbers which General Bragg and his friends claimed to have existed. There was less numerical inequality between the armies than there has been on many battlefields where the Confederate arms have been indisputably victorious. Buell's strength was less than that at any other period of the eight or ten days that a battle was imminent. Sill had not got-

ten up; the Federal army was fifty-eight thousand strong, minus the four thousand killed and wounded at Perryville and the stragglers. Buell had in his army regiments and brigades of raw troops, thirty-three thousand in all. Bragg had not more than five thousand; most of them distributed among veteran regiments. There were no full regiments, nor even full companies of recruits in Bragg's army, except in the Kentucky cavalry commands. The two armies faced each other, not more than three miles apart. The belief was almost universal, in each army, that next morning we would fight. The troops thought so, and, despite the pouring rain and their uncomfortable bivouacs, were in high exultant spirit.

General Bragg, however, declined battle and fell back the next morning to Bryantsville, and, remaining there during the 12th, marched that night to Lancaster. The army reached Lancaster on the morning of the 13th, and divided, General Smith going to Richmond and over the Big hill, to Cumberland Gap, General Bragg with the troops which had come into Kentucky, under his immediate command, passing through Crab Orchard.

It was hoped and thought probable, that Buell would overtake and force Bragg to fight at Crab Orchard. He did, indeed, come very near doing so. Sending one division to Lancaster, he moved with the bulk of his army toward Crab Orchard. He failed, however, to intercept Bragg, and the latter moved on out of Kentucky.

Thus ended a campaign from which so much was expected, and which, had it been successful, would have incalculably benefited the Confederate cause. Able writers have exerted all their skill in apologies for this campaign, but time has developed into a certainty that opinion, then instinctively held by so many, that with this failure to hold Kentucky, our best and last chance to win the war was thrown away.

At that period the veteran Federal army of the West was numerically much inferior to what it ever was again; and even after the accession of the recruits hastily collected

at Louisville, it was much less formidable than it subsequently became.

The Confederate army was composed of the veterans of Shiloh and the soldiers formed in the ordeal of Corinth. It was as nearly equal to the Federal army in numerical strength as there was any chance of it ever being, and the character of its material more than made up for any inequality in this respect. No man who saw it in Kentucky will doubt that it would have fought up to its full capacity. Never was there a more fiery ardor, a more intense resolution, pervading an army than that one felt when expecting a battle which should decide whether they were to hold Kentucky or march back again, carrying the war once more with them to their homes and firesides. Not even on the first day of Shiloh, when it seemed that they could have charged the rooted hills from their bases, were those troops in a temper to make so desperate a fight. It will be difficult for any one who will carefully study the history of this period to avoid the conclusion that it was the crisis of the war.

First let the military situation be considered. While at almost every point of subordinate importance the Confederates were holding their own, they were at those points, where the war assumed its grand proportions and the issues were vital, carrying everything before them. The Confederate Government had at length adopted the policy of massing its troops, and the effect was instantly seen. In Virginia General Lee's onset was irresistible. Forcing the immense Federal masses disintegrated and demoralized back to Washington, General Lee crossed the Potomac and pushed into Maryland. Jackson took Harper's Ferry, while General Lee fought the battle of Antietam with forty thousand men and again crippled McClellan.

Although the Confederate army recrossed the Potomac on the 18th of September, McClellan did not follow, but remained inactive and by no means certain (as his dispatches show) that his great adversary would not return to attack him. It was not until late in October that the Federal

army again advanced, and its march was then slow and irresolute. It will be seen then that on the 17th of September, the day on which Bragg took Munfordsville, General Lee was fighting in Maryland. Ought not General Bragg to have risked a battle (with his superior force) in Kentucky, which (if successful) would have ruined the army opposed to him and have laid the whole Northwest open to him, unless McClellan had furnished the troops to oppose him and have placed himself at the mercy of Lee?

General Bragg did not (of course) know, on the 17th of September, 1862, that the battle of Antietam was being fought, but he knew that General Lee had achieved great successes and that he was marching into Maryland. Again, what effect are we at liberty to suppose that a decisive victory won by General Bragg, at Perryville on the 6th of October, would have had upon the general result? General Buell, pressed by Bragg's entire army, would have had some trouble to cross the Ohio river and the defense of the Western States would have been then intrusted with many misgivings to his shattered army. And yet the West would have been left with no other defense, unless the army of the Potomac had (in the event of such a necessity) been weakened and endangered that reinforcements might go to Buell.

But if there were strong military reasons why an effort should have been made to accomplish decisive results in this campaign, there were other and even stronger reasons for it to be found in the political condition, North and South. The Confederacy, alarmed by the reverses of the winter and spring, had just put forth tremendous and almost incredible efforts. The South had done all that she could be made to do by the stimulus of fear. Increased, even sustained, exertion could have been elicited from her people only by the intoxication of unwonted and dazzling success. No additional inducement could have been offered to the soldiers whom pride and patriotism had sent into the field to remain with their colors but the attraction of brilliant victories and popular campaigns. No incentive could have lured into the ranks the young men who had evaded the

conscription and held out against the sentiment of their people but the prospect of a speedy and successful termination of the war. But there are few among those who were acquainted with the people of Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi, and their temper at that time, who will not agree with me, that a great victory in Kentucky, and the prospect of holding the State, perhaps of crossing the Ohio, would have brought to Bragg's army more Tennesseeans, Alabamians and Mississippians, than were ever gotten into the Confederate service during the remaining two years and a half of the war. Such a victory would have undoubtedly added more than twenty thousand Kentuckians to the army. Five thousand did enlist while it was still uncertain whether the Confederate army would remain in the State.

Men who were then serving in the Confederate army know little, of course, of the temper of the Northern people, at that time, but many were impressed with the idea, then, strengthened by conversation with Northern men since, that if ever the Northern people doubted of subjugating the South it was at that period.

Immense efforts had been made, immense sums had been expended, immense armies had been sent against them, and still the Southern people were unconquered, defiant, and apparently stronger than ever. Would it have been possible to strengthen this doubt into a conviction that the attempt to subdue the Southern people was hopeless, and the war had better be stopped? Volunteering was no longer filling the Federal armies. Now, if the Confederate arms had been incontestably triumphant from the Potomac to the Ohio, if Northern territory had been in turn threatened with general invasion, and if the option of continuing a war, thus going against them or making peace had been submitted at the critical moment to the Northern people, how would they have decided? Would they have encouraged their Government to draft them—or would they have forced the Government to make peace? The matter was, at any rate, sufficiently doubtful to make it worth while to try the experiment. When that scare passed off, it is the firm conviction of more than one man who "saw the war out" that the last chance of Confederate independence passed away.

The Northern people then learned, for the first time, their real strength; they found that bounties and the draft, and the freedmen, and importations from the recruiting markets of the whole world would keep their armies full, and nothing could have made them despond again. The war then became merely a comparison of national resources. Something was undoubtedly gained by the march into Kentucky, but how little in comparison with the golden opportunity which was thrown away. Had the combatants been equally matched the result of this campaign might have been a matter for congratulation; but when the Confederacy was compelled, in order to cope with its formidable antagonist, to deal mortal blows in every encounter or come out of each one the loser, the prisoners, artillery, and small arms taken, the recovery of Cumberland Gap and a portion of Tennessee, and the supplies secured for the army, scarcely repaid for the loss of prestige to Confederate generalship and the renewal of confidence in the war party of the North.

When Bragg moved out of Kentucky he left behind him, uncrippled, a Federal army which soon (having become more formidable than ever before) bore down upon him in Tennessee.

This campaign demonstrated conclusively the immense importance to the Confederacy of the possession of east Tennessee, and the strategic advantage (especially for offenso-defensive operations) which that vast natural fortress afforded. While that region was firmly in the Confederate grasp one half of the South was safe and the conquests of the Federal armies of the rest were insecure. It is apparent at a glance that so long as we held it, communication between the armies of northern Virginia and of Tennessee would be rapid and direct; co-operation, therefore, between them would be secure whenever necessary. While these two armies could thus be practically handled almost as if they were one and the same, communication between the Federal army of the Potomac and that of the Ohio was circuitous, dilatory and public. No advance of the enemy through Tennessee into Georgia or Alabama could permanently en-

danger the integrity of the Confederate territory, while the flank and rear of his army was constantly exposed to sudden attack by formidable forces poured upon it from this citadel of the Confederacy.

When the army was concentrated at Harrodsburg, on the night of the 10th of October, Colonel Morgan was ordered to take position about six miles from the town, on the Danville pike, and picket the extreme left flank. Desirous of ascertaining what was before him—as he could see the camp-fires of the enemy stretching in a great semi-circle, in front of Harrodsburg—Colonel Morgan during the night sent Captain Cassell to reconnoiter the ground in his front. The night was rainy and very dark. The position of both armies, of the main body of each at least, was distinctly marked by the long lines of fires which glared through the gloom; but we had not lighted fires and Morgan thought that any body of the enemy which might be confronting him, and detailed upon similar duty, would exercise the same prudence. Cassell returned about daylight and reported that he had discovered, exactly in front of our position and about a mile and a quarter from it, a small body of cavalry on picket, and a few hundred yards to their rear a force of infantry, perhaps of one regiment. He stated positively, also, that one piece of artillery had passed along a narrow lane which connected the point where the cavalry was stationed with the position of the infantry. The intense darkness prevented his seeing the tracks made by the wheels, but he had satisfied himself by feeling, that, from the width of the tire, and the depth to which the wheels had sunk into the soft earth, they could only have been made by artillery. This report was verified on the next day in every particular.

Colonel Morgan, at an early hour, attacked the cavalry, with a portion of his command, drove it back to the point indicated by Captain Cassell as that where he had seen the infantry, and sure enough, as he rode down upon it, he received a volley from a regiment of infantry posted behind a stone fence, and was opened upon by a single piece of artillery.

About 1 or 2 P. M., learning that General Bragg was falling back to Bryantsville, Colonel Morgan sent pickets to Harrodsburg; these soon sent word that the enemy had entered that place. About the same time our scouts brought us information that the enemy were in Danville also—about four miles from our position. Having an enemy, now, upon three sides of him, and finding that General Bragg's rear was unmolested, Colonel Morgan concluded in the absence of instructions to fall back also. He accordingly struck across the country to Shakertown, reaching that place about 4 P. M. Colonel Morgan had always respected the peaceful and hospitable "Shakers," and had afforded them, whenever it became necessary, protection, strictly forbidding all members of his command to trespass upon them in any way. We were consequently great favorites in Shakertown and on this occasion derived great benefit from the perfect rectitude of conduct which we had always observed—"in that part of the country." The entire community resolved itself into a culinary committee and cooked the most magnificent meal for the command. It was with deep regret that we tore ourselves away on the next morning.

Colonel Morgan received orders, on the 12th, to proceed to Nicholasville and remain there until the next day. On the 13th we followed the army and reached Lancaster about mid-day. In the afternoon the enemy, with whom General Wheeler had been skirmishing all day, advanced upon Lancaster and opened upon the troops collected about the place with artillery. A little sharpshooting was also done upon both sides. Two guns belonging to Rain's brigade of infantry, which was General Smith's rear guard, were brought back and replied to the enemy's fire. One man of this section killed was the only loss sustained upon our side. The cannonading was kept up until dark. We held the town during the night. Only one division of Buell's army, as has already been stated, was sent to Lancaster.

On the morning of the 14th we moved slowly away from Lancaster, our command forming (with Colonel Ashby's) the extreme rear guard of General Smith's corps. We were not at all pressed by the enemy and on the 15th halted at

Gum Springs, twenty-five miles from Richmond. Colonel Morgan obtained permission from General Smith to select his own line of retreat from Kentucky, with the understanding, however, that he should protect the rear of the infantry until all danger was manifestly over. He represented to General Smith that he could feed his men and horses and have them in good condition at the end of the retreat by taking a different route from that pursued by the army, which would consume everything. He explained, moreover, how in the route he proposed to take he would cross Buell's rear, taking prisoners, capturing trains, and seriously annoying the enemy, and that establishing himself in the vicinity of Gallatin again he could, before he was driven away, so tear up the railroad once more, as to greatly retard the concentration of the Federal army at Nashville. It was perfectly apparent to General Smith that all this could be done, and that when Morgan reached the portion of Tennessee which he indicated he would be in exactly the proper position to guard one flank of the line which Bragg's army would probably establish. He accorded him, therefore, the desired permission, and on the 17th, when the infantry had gotten beyond Big Hill and were more than thirty miles from an enemy, Colonel Morgan turned over to Colonel Ashby the care of "the rear" and prepared to leave Kentucky in his own way.

Colonel Morgan's force consisted at this time, counting troops actually with him, of the Second Kentucky (with the exception of one company), Gano's regiment (the Third Kentucky) and Breckinridge's battalion, which had rejoined us at Lancaster—in all about eighteen hundred men. Cluke's and Chenault's regiments had gone with General Smith. The time and situation were both propitious to such an expedition as he contemplated. No such dash was looked for by the enemy, who believed that every Confederate was anxious to get away as rapidly as possible by the shortest route. The interior of Kentucky and the route Morgan proposed to take were clear of Federal troops, excepting detachments not strong enough or sufficiently enterprising to give him much cause for apprehension.

CHAPTER VII.

Morgan Attacks and Defeats Federals at Lexington—Marches to Western Kentucky and Thence to Gallatin Again—Active Service between Murfreesboro and Nashville—Battle of Hartville—December Raid into Kentucky—Wholesale Destruction of Railroad Tracks and Bridges—Capture of Elizabethtown—Fight at the Rolling Fork—Midwinter Campaigning—Combats at Woodbury, Milton and Snow's Hill—Cluke's Expedition into Kentucky—Fight at Mt. Sterling.

On the 17th of October, Colonel Morgan marched from Gum Springs in the direction of Lexington. The command was put in motion about 1 P. M. Gano and Breckinridge were sent to the Richmond pike, by which it was intended that they should approach the town, and full instructions regarding the time and manner of attack were given them. Information had been received that a body of Federal cavalry had occupied Lexington a day or two previously and Lieutenant Tom Quirk had been sent to ascertain something about them; he returned on the evening of the 17th, bringing accurate information of the strength and position of the enemy. Colonel Morgan accompanied my regiment (the Second Kentucky) which crossed the river below Clay's ferry and moved by country roads toward Lexington. The immediate region was not familiar to any man in the regiment, nor to Morgan himself, and, as it was strongly Union, some difficulty was at first anticipated about getting guides or information regarding the routes. This was obviated by Colonel Morgan's address. It was quite dark by the time the column was fairly across the river and he rode to the nearest house, where, representing himself as Colonel Frank Woolford, of the Federal service, a great favorite in that neighborhood, he expressed a wish to procure a guide to Lexington. The man of the house declared his joy at seeing Colonel Woolford and expressed his perfect willingness to act as guide himself. His loyal spirit

was warmly applauded, and his offer cordially accepted. Under his guidance we threaded the country safely, and reached the Tates creek pike at a point about ten miles from Lexington, a little after midnight. About 2 o'clock we had gotten within three miles of the town, and were not much more than a mile from the enemy's encampment. We halted here, for in accordance with the plan previously arranged, a simultaneous attack was to be made just at daylight and Gano and Breckinridge had been instructed to that effect.

The force encamped near Lexington, which we were about to attack, was the Fourth Ohio Cavalry—our old friends. The main body was at Ashland, about two miles from the town, encamped in the eastern extremity of the woods in which the Henry Clay mansion stands, on the southern side of the Richmond pike. One or two companies were in town, quartered at the court-house. As daylight approached, I put my regiment in motion, detaching two companies to enter the town, under command of Captain Cassell, and capture the provost-guard, and to also picket the road toward Paris. Two other companies, under Captain Bowles, were sent to take position on the Richmond pike at a point between the town and the camp and about equidistant from them. This detachment was intended to intercept the enemy if they attempted to retreat from Ashland to the town before we could surround the encampment, also to maintain communication between the detachment sent into town and the bulk of the regiment, in the event of our having to engage other forces than those we had bargained for.

Quirk had furnished very full and positive information, as has already been mentioned, but he had also stated that the Federal General Granger was at Paris (eighteen miles from Lexington) and it was not impossible that he might have marched to Lexington within the past fifteen hours. Colonel Morgan instructed me to move with the remainder of my regiment upon the enemy's encampment. Just as we entered the woods and were within some five hundred

yards of the enemy, a smart firing was heard upon the Richmond pike. It turned out to be a volley let off at a picket force Gano had failed to capture, and which ran into the camp. We thought, however, that the fight had begun and instantly advanced at a gallop. In accordance with the plan previously arranged, Breckinridge was to attack on foot and Gano was to support him, mounted, keeping his column on the pike. Breckinridge was in line and advancing (when this firing occurred) directly upon the enemy's front, and he opened fire just as my men formed in column of platoons, mounted, came charging upon the rear. I was upon elevated ground about one hundred yards from the enemy's position on one side; Breckinridge was about the same distance off on the other side, and the enemy were in a slight depression between us. Consequently I got the benefit of Breckinridge's fire—in great part at least. I saw a great cloud of white smoke suddenly puff out and rise like a wall pierced by flashes of flame and the next instant the balls came whizzing through my column, fortunately killing no one. This volley settled the enemy and repulsed me!

Not caring to fight both Yankees and Rebels, I wheeled and took position farther back, contenting myself with catching the stragglers who sought to escape. Breckinridge, however, did not enjoy his double triumph long. The howitzers had been sent to take position on the right of the enemy—to be used only in case of a stubborn resistance; they happened, on that occasion, to be under command of Sergeant, afterward First Lieutenant Corbett, a capital officer, but one constitutionally unable to avoid taking part in every fight that he was in hearing of. About the time that Breckinridge's men were taking victorious possession of the encampment Corbett opened upon it. The chapter of accidents was not yet concluded. While my regiment was watching a lot of prisoners and was drawn up in line parallel to the pike, the men sitting carelessly on their horses, it was suddenly and unaccountably fired into by Gano's, which moved down and confronted it. Again, and this time almost miraculously, we escaped without loss. Unfortu-

nately, however, one prisoner was shot. Colonel Morgan rushed in front of the prisoners and narrowly escaped being killed in trying to stop the firing. His coat was pierced by several balls.

The Second Kentucky began to think that their friends were tired of them, and were plotting to put them out of the way. Gano's men stated, however, that shots were first fired at them from some quarter. My adjutant, Captain Pat Thorpe, as gallant a man as ever breathed, came to me after this affair was over with a serious complaint against Gano. Thorpe always dressed with some taste and great brilliancy, and on this occasion was wearing a beautiful Zouave jacket, thickly studded upon the sleeves with red coral buttons. He justly believed that every man in the command was well acquainted with that jacket. He stated with considerable heat that, while he was standing in front of the regiment calling, gesticulating, and trying in every way to stop the firing, Colonel Gano, "an officer for whom he entertained the most profound respect and the warmest friendship," had deliberately shot twice at him. I bade him not to think hard of it—that it was barely light at the time and that, of course, Gano did not recognize him. "Ah, Colonel," he answered, "I held up my arms full in his sight, and although he might not have recognized my face he couldn't have failed to know these buttons."

Just before this occurred, Major Wash Morgan was mortally wounded by the last shot fired by the enemy. The man who hit him was galloping toward town and fired when within a few paces of him. This man was killed by one of the Second Kentucky immediately afterward. All of the enemy who made their escape from the camp were intercepted by Bowles. The provost guard made some show of fight, but were soon induced to surrender. Our force was too superior and our attack, on all sides, too sudden for much resistance to be offered, either at the camp or in the town. Between five and six hundred prisoners were taken; very few were killed or wounded. The most valuable capture was of army Colt's pistols, of which a large supply was

obtained. Our horses were so much better than those which were captured that few of the latter were carried off. Such of the men who had not good saddles and blankets provided themselves with both in the camp.

Resuming our march at 1 P. M. on that day, the brigade passed through Versailles and went into camp at Shryock's ferry. Gano and Breckinridge crossed the river and encamped on the southern side; my regiment remained on the other side. About 1 o'clock at night we were awakened by the bursting of two or three shells in my camp. Dumont had learned that we had passed through Versailles and had started out in pursuit. He sent his cavalry on the road which we had taken and pressed his infantry out from Frankfort to Lawrenceburg. Shryock's ferry is four miles from Lawrenceburg; the country between the two points is very broken and difficult of passage.

Had everything been kept quiet until the infantry had occupied Lawrenceburg our situation would have been critical indeed. With this disposition in our front and the road closed behind us, we would have been forced to take across the country and that would have been something like climbing over the houses to get out of a street. Colonel Morgan had hesitated to halt there in the first instance and was induced to do so only by the fatigue of the men and horses after a march of over sixty miles, and the knowledge that no fit ground for camping was within some miles. It was a generous act of the officer, who came in our rear, to shell us and it saved us a vast deal of trouble, if nothing worse. He had not even disturbed our pickets, but turning off of the road planted his guns on the high cliff which overlooks the ferry on that side, and sent us this intimation that we had better leave. Colonel Morgan comprehended his danger at once, and as he sprang to his feet instructed one of the little orderlies who always slept near him to gallop to Colonel Gano and Major Breckinridge and direct them to move at once to Lawrenceburg; the one who formed first taking the front and picketing and holding the road to Frankfort as soon as the town was reached. The boys who

were his orderlies were intelligent little fellows, well known, and it was our habit to obey orders brought by them as promptly as if delivered by a staff officer. The officers to whom the orders were sent were the promptest of men, and although my regiment formed rapidly the others were marching by the time it was ready to move. The howitzers were sent across the river first (fortunately it was shallow fording at that season) and the regiment immediately followed. The pickets on the road to Versailles were withdrawn as soon as the regiment was fairly across, and the officer in charge of them was instructed to make a rear guard of his detail. The entire brigade was hurrying to Lawrenceburg in less than twenty minutes after the first shell had awakened us. We reached Lawrenceburg a little after 2 o'clock and passed through without halting, taking the Bloomfield road. I have heard since, but do not know if it be true, that General Dumont reached Lawrenceburg about half an hour after our rear guard quitted it. Marching steadily until 12 or 1 o'clock of the next day we reached Bloomfield, a little place whose every citizen was a warm friend of "Morgan's men." They met us with the utmost kindness, and at once provided supplies of forage and provisions. We halted only about an hour to enjoy their hospitality and then moved on toward Bardstown.

Colonel Morgan, at this time, received information that there was at Bardstown a force of infantry strong enough to give a good deal of trouble if they chose to ensconce themselves in the houses. They were stationed there to protect sick and wounded men and hospital stores. As there was nothing in their capture to repay for the delay and probable loss it would cost, he determined to make a circuit around the town. This was done, the column moving within about a mile of the town (the pickets having been previously driven in) and crossing the Louisville road two miles from it.

We encamped that night not far from the Elizabethtown road and some five or six miles from Bardstown. During the night Lieutenant Sales, with Company E of the Second

Kentucky, was sent some miles down the Louisville road and captured one hundred and fifty wagons, the escort and many stragglers. The wagons were laden with supplies for Buell's army. They were burned with the exception of two sutler's wagons, which Sales brought in next morning. These wagons contained everything to gladden a rebel's heart, from cavalry boots to ginger-bread.

The brigade moved again at 10 A. M. the next day, the 20th, and reached Elizabethtown that evening. Here the prisoners picked up around Bardstown and upon the march, who had not been paroled during the day, were given their free papers. The command went into camp on the Litchfield road two miles from Elizabethtown.

About 3 o'clock of the next morning a train of cars came down the railroad, and troops were disembarked from it. A culvert, three miles from town, had been burned the night before, in anticipation of such a visit and the train necessarily stopped at that spot. Our pickets were stationed there, and the troops were furnished a lively greeting as they got off the cars. After considerable detention by the pickets, these troops entered the town about 5 A. M. and at 6 A. M. we moved off on the Litchfield road.

The brigade encamped at Litchfield on the night of the 21st, and on the next day crossed Green river at Morgantown and Woodbury, almost in the face of the garrison at Bowling Green. My regiment was in the rear on the morning of the 23d when we marched away from Morgantown, and I placed it in ambush on the western side of the road upon which the enemy were "figuring," for they could not be said to be advancing.

The road which the rest of the brigade had taken ran at right angles to this one and my left flank rested upon it. To my astonishment, about half an hour afterward, the enemy, also, went into ambush on the same side of the road and a few hundred yards from the right of my line. After they had gotten snug and warm, I moved off quietly after the column, leaving them " still vigilant."

We crossed Mud river that night at Rochester on a

bridge constructed of three flat boats laid endwise, tightly bound together and propped, where the water was deep, by beams passing under the bottom of each one and resting on the end of the next; each receiving this sort of support, they mutually braced each other. Planks were placed across the intervals between the boats and the horses, wagons and artillery were crossed without trouble. The bridge was built in about two hours.

On the 24th we reached Greenville; that night a tremendous snow fell—tremendous, at least, for the latitude and season. After crossing Mud river there was no longer cause for apprehension and we marched leisurely. Colonel Morgan had found the country through which he had just passed filled, as he had expected, with detachments which he could master or evade, and with trains which it was pleasant and profitable to catch. He and his followers felt that they had acquitted themselves well and had wittingly left nothing undone. A very strong disposition was felt, therefore, to halt for a few days at Hopkinsville, situated in a rich and beautiful country, the people of which were nearly all friendly to us. We knew that we would receive a hospitality which our mouths watered to think of. Colonel Morgan felt the more inclined to humor his command in this wish, because he himself fully appreciated how agreeable as well as beneficial this rest would be.

Before commencing the long and rapid march from Gum Spring to Hopkinsville we had all been engaged in very arduous and constant service. This last-mentioned march was by no means an easy one and both men and horses began to show that fatigue was telling upon them. Many of the men were then comparatively young soldiers, and were not able to endure fatigue, want of sleep and exposure as they could do subsequently, when they had become as hardy and untiring as wild beasts. On this march I saw more ingenious culinary expedients devised than I had ever witnessed before. Soldiers, it is well known, never have any trouble about cooking meat; they can broil it on the coals, or, fixing it on a forked stick, roast it before a camp

fire with perfect ease. So, no matter whether the meat issued them be bacon or beef or pork freshly slaughtered they can speedily prepare it. An old campaigner will always contend that meat cooked in this way is the most palatable. Indeed it is hard to conceive of how to impart a more delicious flavor to beef than, after a hard day's ride, by broiling it on a long stick before the right kind of a fire, taking care to pin pieces of fat upon it to make gravy; then with pepper and salt, which can be easily carried, a magnificent meal can be made. Four or five pounds of fresh beef thus prepared will be mightily relished by a hungry man, but as it is easily digested he will soon become hungry again.

It is the bread about which there is the trouble. Cavalry doing such service as Morgan's can not carry hard tack about with them very well, nor was bread ready cooked generally found in any neighborhood (south of the Ohio) in sufficient quantities to supply a brigade of soldiers; and as the men were unwilling to do without it for any considerable period, they were thrown upon their own resources and compelled to make it themselves, notwithstanding their lack of proper utensils. I had often seen bread baked upon a flat rock or a board, or by twisting it around a ramrod or stick and holding it to the fire; but one method of baking corn bread was practiced successfully upon this march which I had never witnessed before. It was invented, I believe, in Breckinridge's battalion. The men would take meal dough and fit it into a corn-shuck, tying the shucks tightly. It would then be placed in the hot embers and in a short time would come out beautifully browned. This method was something like the Old Virginia way of making "ash cake," but was far preferable and the bread so made was much sweeter. The trouble of making up bread (without a tray) was very readily gotten over. Every man carried an oil-cloth (as they were issued to all of the Federal cavalry), and wheaten dough was made up on one of these. Corn meal was worked up into dough in the half of a pumpkin thoroughly scooped out. When we were in a country where meat, meal, and flour were readily obtained, and were not

compelled to march at night but could go regularly into camp, we never had trouble in feeding the men, although on our long marches and raids we never carried cooking utensils.

At Hopkinsville, Colonel Woodward came to visit Morgan; his command was encamped not far off. He had been doing excellent service in this section of the State for several months, and Colonel Morgan was very anxious to have him attached to his brigade. We remained at Hopkinsville three days, and then resumed our march.

At "Camp Coleman" we were the guests of Woodward's regiment; and their friends, in that neighborhood brought in whole wagon loads of provisions ready cooked. Hams, turkeys, saddles-of-mutton were too common to excite remark. We realized that we were returning to "Dixie." We reached Springfield, in Robertson county Tennessee, on the 1st or 2d of November.

We remained here two days. During this stay, a printing press, type, etc., having been found in the town, the *Vidette* made its appearance again. A full account of the Kentucky campaign was published, telling what everybody had done and hinting what was going to be done next. Prentice and Horace Greeley were properly reprimanded, and the *London Times* was commended and encouraged. A heavy mail had been captured on the march through Kentucky, containing many letters denunciatory of Buell; all these were published.

While at Springfield, Gano's regiment was increased by the accession of two full companies under Captains Dortch and Page. Captain Walter McLean, of Logan county, Kentucky, also joined us with some thirty or forty men. This fragment was consolidated with Company B, of the Second Kentucky, and McLean was made captain. He was junior captain of the regiment until Lieutenant Ralph Sheldon was promoted to the captaincy of Company C, vice Captain Bowles, promoted to the majoralty after Major Morgan's death.

On the 4th of November we arrived at Gallatin, and were

received by our friends there with the warmest welcome. We had been absent two months and a half, and we were now to perform the same work to retard the return of the Federal army into Tennessee that we had previously done to embarrass its march into Kentucky. While at Hopkinsville, Colonel Gano had been sent with his regiment to destroy the railroad between Louisville and Nashville and also on the Russellville branch. The bridges over Whippoorwill and Elk Fork, and the bridge between Russellville and Bowling Green, three miles and a half from Russellville, were burned. Captain Garth of Woodward's command joined Gano and was of great assistance to him. Some portion of the road between Bowling Green and Gallatin was destroyed. Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchinson burned the trestle near Springfield and the two long trestles between Springfield and Clarksville, which finished the work on that end of the road. On the 31st the trestle at the ridge and the three small bridges between the ridge and Goodlettsville were destroyed. So it will be seen that the road was scarcely in running condition when Morgan got through with it.

Colonel Morgan captured nearly five hundred prisoners on this march after he left Lexington. The railroads were destroyed, as I have related, and when he reached Gallatin he was in a position to picket the right flank of Bragg's army, then slowly creeping around to Murfreesboro.

When we left Hartsville the previous summer a regiment was organizing there for Morgan's brigade, composed principally of men from Sumner county. This regiment, the Ninth Tennessee Cavalry, became subsequently one of the very best in Morgan's command and won a high reputation, but it met with many mishaps in the process of organization. It had few arms, and the enemy would come sometimes and "practice" on it. It was several times chased all over that country. When we reached Gallatin this regiment joined the brigade; it was still in an inchoate state, but was anxious to revenge the trouble it had been occasioned. It was organized with James Bennett as colonel, W. W. Ward

lieutenant-colonel, and R. A. Alston, formerly Morgan's adjutant-general, as major. The senior captain—famous Dick McCann—was scouting around Nashville, holding high carnival and behaving much as Morgan had formerly done on the same ground.

Captain McCann had served for some time in infantry, but found it too slow for him. He accompanied our command on our first raid into Kentucky, and served with distinction as a volunteer in our advance guard in the operations around Gallatin in the summer of 1862. It would be impossible to recount all of his numerous adventures. He was so busy prowling around night and day, and so rarely permitted an enemy to venture beyond the fortifications of Nashville without some token of his thoughtful attention, that in all probability he could not remember his own history. Just before we arrived at Gallatin, however, his useful (if not innocent) existence had come very near being terminated. He had gone on a scout one night with two men and Dr. Robert Williams (who frequently accompanied him upon those "visits," as he used to term his raids around Nashville, " to the scenes of his happy childhood)." Not far from the city they came upon a picket stand, and McCann sent his two men around to get between the two outpost videttes and the base, intending then to charge down on them, with the Doctor, and capture them as he had taken many such before. The moon was shining brightly and, as he stole closer than was prudent upon the videttes, they discovered him and fired. One ball struck him on the brass buckle of his sabre belt, which happened to be stout enough to save his life by glancing the ball, but the blow brought him from his horse and convinced him that a mortal wound had been inflicted.

"Dick," said the Doctor, "are you hurt?" "Yes," groaned Dick, "killed—deader than a corpse—shot right through the bowels. Quick, Bob, pass me the bottle before I die."

Although the men had looked forward to the time of their arrival at Gallatin as a period when they would enjoy profound rest, they were not long left quiet after getting

there. General John C. Breckinridge had just gotten to Murfreesboro with a small force. He was desirous of impressing the enemy at Nashville with an exaggerated idea of his strength, so that the army of Rosecrans might not be in any too great haste to drive him away when it reached Nashville. General Bragg was limping on so slowly that it was by no means certain that a swinging march would not put the enemy in possession of the whole of middle Tennessee (with scarcely a skirmish) and shut Bragg up in east Tennessee. With the instinct, too, which he felt in common with all men who are born soldiers, Breckinridge wished to press upon the enemy and strike him if he discovered a vulnerable point.

He learned that a large lot of rolling-stock (of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad), had been collected in Edgefield. There were, perhaps, three hundred cars in all. If these were burned, the damage done the enemy and the delay occasioned him would be very great. The cars were collected at a locality commanded by the batteries on the Capitol hill, and so near the river that all the forces in the city could be readily used to protect them. Breckinridge depended upon Morgan to burn them, but planned a diversion on the south side of the river which he hoped would attract the enemy's attention strongly and long enough to enable Morgan to do his work.

The day after we arrived at Gallatin a dispatch was received from General Breckinridge, communicating his plan. Forrest was to move on the southeastern side of Nashville, supported by the Kentucky infantry brigade, and Morgan was instructed to dash into Edgefield and burn the cars while Forrest was making his feigned attack.

Our brigade moved all night (of the 5th) and striking through the woods came upon the northern side of Edgefield. Just as we struck the pickets, we heard Forrest's guns on the other side of the river. The Second Kentucky was in advance, and as the head of the column was struggling over a very rough place in the railroad it was opened upon by a company of infantry pickets, who came out from be-

hind a small house about sixty yards off. I never saw men fight better than these fellows did. They were forty or fifty strong and had to retreat about half a mile to reach their lines. The timber of the ground over which they had to retreat had been cut down to leave the way clear for the play of artillery and we could not charge them. Few men beside those in the advance guard got a chance at them. They turned and fought at every step. At least eight or ten were killed, and only three captured.

I lost three of my advance guard. Conrad of the guard was riding a large gray horse which saved his life. He rode close upon the enemy and one of them, presenting his gun within a few feet of his breast, fired. Conrad reined his horse tightly, making him rear and receive the ball in his chest. The horse fell dead, pinning his rider to the ground. We pressed on to within a hundred yards of the railroad embankment in the bottom near the river, and quite through Edgefield. Some little time was required to get all the regiment up, and Hutchinson and I had just formed it and the line was advancing when Colonel Morgan ordered us back. He had reconnoitered, and had seen a strong force of infantry behind the embankment; and the fire slackening on the other side induced him to suppose that more infantry, which we could see double quicking across the pontoon bridge was the entire garrison of that side coming to oppose him. It turned out that this force coming over the bridge was small; but the Sixteenth Illinois and part of another regiment were stationed behind the embankment and among the cars we wished to burn. We succeeded in burning a few. A good deal of firing was kept up by the enemy upon the detail engaged in the work of destruction, but without effect. So little attention was paid to what Forrest was doing that when we drew off altogether the enemy followed us a mile or two. As the column filed off from the by-road (by which it had approached Edgefield) on to the Gallatin pike, the enemy drove back the pickets which had been sent down the pike.

The point at which we entered the pike is about a mile

and a quarter from Nashville. For awhile there seemed to be great danger that the enemy would take us in flank, but the column got fairly out upon the pike before the bluecoats hove in sight. A few of us remained behind after the rear guard passed, to ascertain the truth of a report the pickets brought that the enemy were moving up artillery. The head of an infantry column had made its appearance on the pike, but halted about three hundred yards from where we were and no firing had as yet occurred on either side. They seemed disposed to reconnoiter, and we were not anxious to draw their fire.

Hutchinson determined to see them closer, and called to one of the advance guard, whom he had kept with him, to accompany him. This man was celebrated, not only for his cool, unflinching courage, but also as the best shot in the Second Kentucky. Every old "Morgan man" will remember, if he has not already recognized, Billy Cooper.

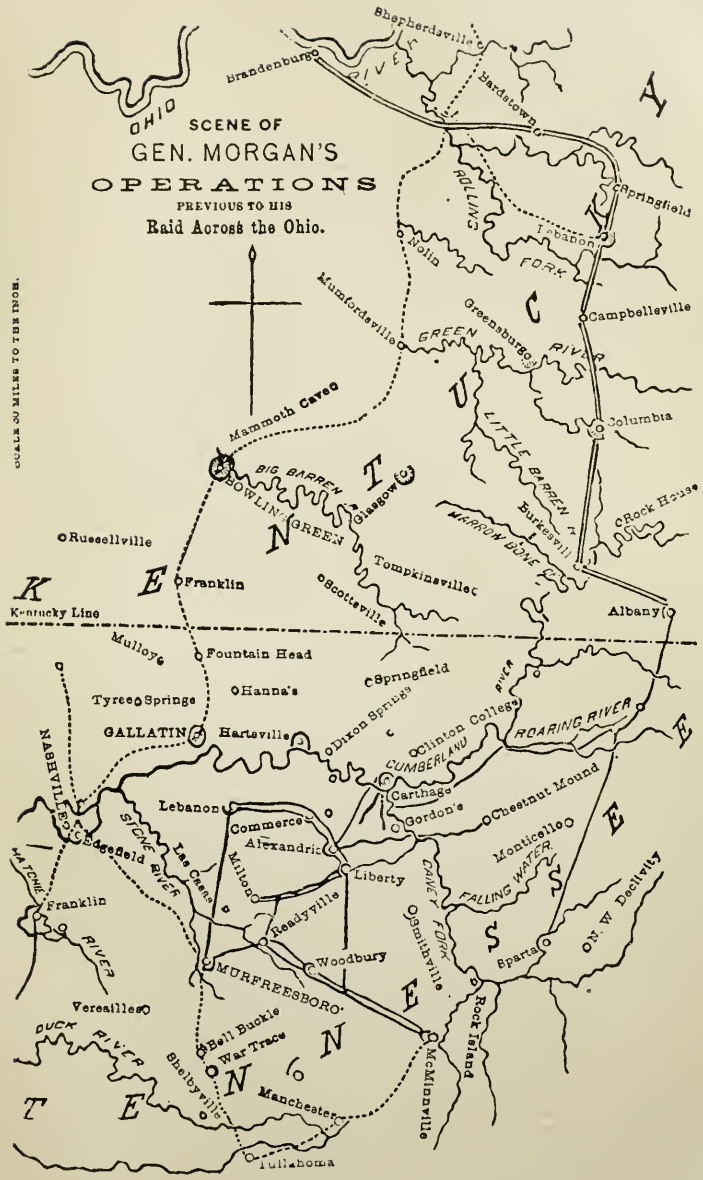
There was a considerable depression in the pike between our position and that of the enemy. Just as our enterprising friends got down into this hollow, and about half of the distance they expected to go, the enemy commenced moving forward. I shouted to Hutchinson, informing him of it, but the noise of his horse's hoofs drowned my voice; before he discovered the enemy he was within thirty paces of their column. He fired his pistol, and Cooper, rising in his stirrups, discharged his gun, killing a man; both then wheeled and spurred away at full speed. They got back into the hollow in time to save themselves, but while we were admiring their rapid retreat and particularly noticing Hutchinson, who came back in great glee, whipping his horse with his hat as was his custom when in a tight place, a volley, intended for them, came rattling into us. Two or three citizens who had collected to see the fun fled like deer, although one of them was a cripple, and we left almost as rapidly.

I shall never forget this occasion, because it was the first and only time that I ever saw Colonel Richard M. Gano frightened. He was sitting on his horse, compla-

cently eyeing Hutchinson's brisk retreat, and, apparently, not even remotely supposing that the enemy was likely to fire. One ball pierced a Mexican blanket which was wrapped around him, sending the red stuff with which it was lined flying about his head. I thought, and so did he, that it was his blood. If I had been mortally wounded, I could not have helped laughing at the injured look he at once drew on; it was the look of a man who had confided and had been deceived. "Why, Duke," he said, "they're shooting at us."

Returning to Gallatin that night (the 6th), we found that we were not yet to be permitted rest. Our scouts soon began to bring in news of the approach of Rosecrans' army, which was marching by the Louisville and Nashville pike and the Scottsville and Gallatin pike to Nashville. Crittenden's corps was in advance, a portion on each road. Colonel Morgan determined to ambuscade the division marching on the Louisville and Nashville turnpike, at a point near Tyree Springs. He selected two hundred men for the expedition. So much excitement was anticipated that all of his field officers begged to go. After a good deal of solicitation he permitted Gano and myself to accompany him, leaving Hutchinson in command of the remainder of the brigade at Gallatin. The party detailed for this expedition reached the neighborhood of the proposed scene of ambush late at night, and on the next morning (the 8th) at daybreak took position.

The Federal troops had encamped at Tyree Springs the night before. First one or two sutlers' wagons passed, which were not molested, although when we saw one fellow stop and deliberately kill and skin a sheep and throw it into his wagon, a general desire was felt to rob him in his turn. After a little while an advance guard of cavalry came, and then the infantry rolled along in steady column, laughing and singing in the fresh morning air. As soon as the head of the column was opposite our position our line arose and fired. We were within seventy-five yards of the road on a hill, which told against our


SCENE OF
GEN. MORGAN'S
OPERATIONS
PREVIOUS TO HIS
Raid Across the Ohio.
SCALE 30 MILES TO THE INCH.
OHIO
Brandenburg
Shepherdsville
Hardstown
Springfield
Lebanon
Nolin
ROLLINS FORK
Campbellsville
Greensburg
GREEN RIVER
Mumfordsville
Mammoth Caves
Columbia
LITTLE BARREN R.
BIG BARREN
BOWLING GREEN
Glasgow
Rock House
Burkesville
MARROW BONE R.
Russellville
Franklin
Tompkinsville
Scottsville
Kentucky Line
Albany
Mulloy
Fountain Head
Springfield
Tyree Springs
Hanna's
GALLATIN
Hartsville
Dixon Springs
Clinton College
ROARING RIVER
CUMBERLAND RIVER
NASHVILLE
Carthage
Gordon's
Chestnut Mound
Lebanon
Commerce
Alexandria
Liberty
Monticello
FALLING WATER
CANEY FORK
STONE RIVER
Lea Cases
Milton
Readyville
Smithville
Sparta
N.W. Decilvity
HARPETH
Franklin
RIVER
Woodbury
MURFREESBORO
Versailles
DUCK RIVER
Bell Buckle
War Trace
Shelbyville
Manchester
McMinnville
Rock Island
Tullahoma

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chances of doing execution, but the men had been cautioned to aim low. The column, unprepared for such an entertainment, recoiled, but soon rallied and charged the hill. Artillery was brought up and opened upon us. We did not stay long. Our loss was one man killed. I have never been able to learn satisfactorily what was the enemy's loss. Many reports were received about it, some of which must have been greatly exaggerated.

Colonel Morgan immediately moved rapidly to get in the rear of this column. He accordingly struck the road again some three miles north of Tyree Springs. Posting the bulk of his force in a woods on the side of the road, he, with Lieutenant Quirk and two or three others, went some distance up the pike, picking up stragglers, which he sent back to the main body to be placed under guard. In this way some forty or fifty prisoners were taken. Suddenly Stoke's regiment came from Tyree Springs and drove the detachment immediately upon the road, consisting of about fifty men, back to the main body, thus cutting off Colonel Morgan and his party. Couriers were immediately sent to Colonel Morgan to warn him of his danger, but they did not reach him. He was returning, however, about that time, and quickened his pace when he heard a few shots fired. He was bringing back some ten or twelve prisoners. He, Lieutenant Quirk, and one or two men formed the head of a column of which the prisoners composed the body. Suddenly he rode right into this Federal regiment. He was, of course, halted and questioned. He stated that he was a Federal colonel, that his regiment was only a short distance off, and that the prisoners with him were men he had arrested for straggling. His questioners strongly doubted his story, and said that his dress was a very strange one for a Federal colonel; that rebels often wore blue clothes, but they had never heard of their officers wearing gray. The prisoners, who never doubted that he would now be captured in his turn, listened, grinning, to the conversation, but said nothing. He suddenly pretended to grow angry, said that he would bring

his regiment to convince them who he was, and galloped away. Quirk followed him. Before an effort could be made to stop them, they leaped their horses over the fence and struck, at full speed, across the country. In the course of an hour they rejoined the rest of us and relieved our minds of very grave apprehensions.

It is probable that no other man than Colonel Morgan would have escaped in such a situation death or capture. But his presence of mind and address in the midst of a great and imminent danger were literally perfect. I have known many similar escapes, where the chances were not so desperate; but in each case but this there was some circumstance to intimidate, or to contribute to mystify the enemy. On this occasion every circumstance was adverse to him.

The prisoners, fifty or sixty in number, were paroled in the course of the day. Our party encamped that night about seven miles from Gallatin. Colonel Morgan when he started upon this expedition knew that Wood's and Van Cleve's divisions were marching toward Gallatin, and he cautioned Hutchinson not to make a fight if during his absence the enemy approached the town, simultaneously, upon more than two roads. He knew that Hutchinson would be vigilant, but he feared that his indisposition to avoid fighting would induce him to engage a larger force of the enemy than he could repulse. Early in the morning of the day succeeding that on which the events I have just described occurred, the enemy marched into Gallatin. They had threatened the place on three sides during the night, but Hutchinson hoping to repulse them would not retire.

In the morning, however, they demonstrated in such strength as to convince him that he had better not fight, and so, sending the brigade on the Lebanon road to cross the Cumberland, he retained only the advance guard of the Second Kentucky and the howitzers to salute the enemy as they entered. His guns were planted upon an eminence on the Lebanon road, just outside of town, and

as the head of a column of infantry turned into that road they were opened, causing it to recoil. Several good shots were made, but as the little pieces were limbered up to move off, a line of infantry was discovered drawn up across the road in the rear of the party; it had taken position very quietly while they were amusing themselves cannonading the troops in town.

Hutchinson, Breckinridge, Alston, and nearly every field and staff officer of the brigade were in the trap. They tried to escape upon another road and found that also blockaded. Finally, sending the howitzers and the advance guard across a pasture into the Springfield road, Hutchinson, with the numerous "officials" in his train, made the best of his way across the country and rejoined the brigade. The advance guard and the howitzers dashed gallantly past a large body of the enemy, but were neither checked nor injured. The retreat of the others diverted (as was intended) attention from them to some extent, and they rattled on down the pike at a brisk canter, confident, now that they were not surrounded, that they could whip a moderate sized brigade.

We had already learned that the enemy had entered Gallatin, and I was especially rejoiced to find that the "Bull Pups," and my advance guard—the flower of my regiment—all safe. We at once turned toward the river, and marching, until we reached it, through the woods and fields, crossed at a ford, some miles lower down than that which the brigade had crossed. We reached Lebanon on the same afternoon and found our fugitive friends there. Colonel Morgan formally congratulated Hutchinson upon his "improved method of holding a town."

This was the 9th, and the bulk of the brigade went into camp, four miles from Lebanon, on the Murfreesboro pike. As Rosecrans' army came pouring into Nashville the commandant there manifested a strong disposition to learn how matters stood outside. On the night of the 9th, a force of the enemy came down the Nashville and Lebanon pike to Silver Springs, seven miles from Leba-

non. Scouts were sent to observe this force, and returned, reporting that it manifested no disposition to move. Almost immediately after the scouts came back to Lebanon, the enemy came, too, having moved just behind the scouts. There was no force in Lebanon to meet them and they held the place until Hime's company, of Breckinridge's battalion, was sent to drive them out. That night Breckinridge's entire battalion was sent to the town, supported by Bennett's regiment.

On the evening of the 11th, they were both driven away by a heavy force of infantry and cavalry, but, reinforced by Gano, checked the enemy a short distance from the town. When the enemy retreated, Gano pressed him, taking one hundred and fifty-eight prisoners.

On the 13th or 14th the enemy returned, and Breckinridge drove them away, following them eleven miles on the Hartsville pike. On this occasion a very handsome feat was performed by a scouting party under command of Sergeant McCormick, of Breckinridge's battalion. Billy Peyton, who had killed an officer and brought off his horse and pistol a day or two before, went with him as "military adviser." Major Breckinridge sent this scouting party to ascertain where the enemy had halted. It went through the woods and found the enemy had encamped on the river bank, fifteen miles from Lebanon. Returning by the road the party stumbled upon a *vidette* stationed about a half mile from the camp and between it and a picket base, which he said was a short distance off. He also informed them that all the pickets had been notified that a scouting party would shortly leave camp and pass through them on that road. The idea at once occurred to McCormick to represent that scouting party with his; so, carrying the prisoner with him, he rode through the pickets at the head of his men, receiving and returning their salutes, John Haps, of Company F, Second Kentucky, tightly gripping the prisoner's throat, meanwhile, to prevent inopportune disclosures. Just as the party got

clear of the base they were discovered, and one man's horse falling, he was made prisoner.

On the 15th Breckinridge and Bennett were sent to Baird's mill, eight miles from Lebanon and eleven from Murfreesboro, where the Second Kentucky had been encamped since the 10th. During that time it had been operating in the direction of Nashville, the most successful expedition having been made by Major Bowles, who defeated a body of the enemy superior in numbers to his own detachment, killing several and taking some prisoners. About this time a large force of the enemy took position at Jefferson, seven miles from Baird's mill. This force required constant watching, and scouts were kept in sight of its encampment at all hours of the twenty-four, with instructions to fire upon the pickets as often as each detail was relieved. Spence's battery was sent from Murfreesboro to Baird's mill to reinforce us.

On the 16th Gano, who had remained at Lebanon, was driven away by a large force of cavalry and two brigades of infantry. One of the latter got in his rear and gave him a good deal of trouble. After making a gallant fight, he fell back to Baird's mill. Two or three days after this, Hutchinson was sent, with a portion of the Second Kentucky, to watch the Nashville and Lebanon pike, between Stone river and Silver Springs, at which latter place a strong force of the enemy was encamped. Information had been received that foraging parties of the enemy had been habitually resorting to that particular neighborhood, and it was thought that some of them could be caught. Hutchinson missed the foragers but captured a picket detail thirty or forty strong at Stone river, and brought his prisoners and their horses into camp.

A little later Major Steele, with a detachment from his regiment, went on an expedition to Hartsville. Just as his column had crossed the river and ascended the bank, it was attacked by a portion of Woolford's regiment. Major Steele was forced to recross the river and return, but before doing so beat off his assailants.

On the 23d, Hutchinson, with Company A, of Breckinridge's battalion and a detail from the Second Kentucky, in all two hundred men, and the howitzers, attacked the enemy encamped at Gallatin landing on the southern side, and drove them out of their encampment and across the river. A good many other scouts and expeditions were made, replete with personal adventures.

It was a very busy season and a good many prisoners were taken; they were brought in from some quarter every day. Our own loss was slight. Colonel Morgan believed that, with enemies so near him in so many quarters, he could defend himself only by assuming the offensive.

General Bragg's army did not reach Murfreesboro until the 20th or 21st. During that time General Breckinridge had some four thousand infantry. Rosecrans' army must have been concentrated in Nashville by the 12th. Two days' marching would have brought it to Murfreesboro. General Breckinridge could not have repulsed it; of course it could have been subsisted for a week off of the country, or its foragers had lost their cunning. In that time General Bragg would have been forced, in all probability, to return to east Tennessee without a chance to deliver battle with a rational hope of success. His army was footsore, weary, and could not have been readily concentrated. Buell was removed because he was thought to be "slow" and dull to perceive and seize favorable opportunities. There will always be a difference of opinion about which opportunities were the safest to seize. A very prevalent opinion obtained in "Morgan's cavalry" (who thought that they appreciated Buell), that had he been in command at Nashville on the 12th of November, 1862, he would have marched without delay on Murfreesboro. It is not too much to claim that Morgan's destruction of the railroads delayed, not only the concentration at Nashville but the movement thence to Murfreesboro. The activity of Morgan, Forrest, and the other Confederate

cavalry commanders, in November, and the firm attitude of Breckinridge, also contributed to prevent it.

In the latter part of November Colonels Cluke and Chenault rejoined the brigade. Their regiments were not improved by the trip through the mountains and the list of absentees from each was large. Major Stoner also brought a battalion to Morgan, transferred from Marshall's brigade. About the same time the men of the "Old Squadron," who had been captured at Lebanon, returned to us. They had been exchanged a month or two previously, but had been unable to get to the brigade sooner. We were glad to welcome them back. They had been only seven months away and they returned to find the command they had last seen as less than half a regiment grown to be a brigade of five regiments and two battalions.

These men were organized by Colonel Morgan into a company of scouts, to be attached to no regiment. Lieutenant Thomas Quirk, promoted to be captain, was appointed to command them, and Lieutenant Owens, who had been captured and exchanged with them, was made their first lieutenant. Lieutenant Sellers, who had been also captured at Lebanon, was assigned to one of Bennett's companies; the scouts were at once armed, equipped and mounted. The company numbered about sixty total effective and was a very fine one.

On the 24th, the Second Kentucky, under command of Hutchinson, and Breckinridge's battalion were sent to Fayetteville, Lincoln county, Tennessee, to rest men and horses; and the other regiments of the brigade were less severely worked than during the past two or three weeks.

Rosecrans seemed extremely anxious to shut us out from the country around Gallatin and Hartsville, perhaps on account of the supplies of meat which could be obtained there, and which the sympathy of the people enabled us to obtain if we could readily communicate with them. Strong garrisons were established at Gallatin and

Castalian Springs, about six or eight miles from Hartsville, and at the latter place. The fact that any force of Confederates marching to attack these garrisons, unless it made a wide detour eastward, would expose its flank and rear to attack from the Federal forces in front of Nashville—not to consider the resistance of the garrisons themselves—seemed to insure that country from Confederate intrusion.

Colonel Morgan had persistently requested permission to attack the garrison at Hartsville, and it was at length given him. He was allowed to take detachments from two of the regiments of the Kentucky Infantry Brigade—three hundred and seventy-five men from the Second and three hundred and twenty from the Ninth Kentucky—also Cobb's battery, attached to that brigade, and a very fine one. The detachment from the Second Kentucky was commanded by Major James W. Hewitt, and that from the Ninth by Captain James T. Morehead. The entire infantry force was under the command of Colonel Thomas W. Hunt, the colonel of the Ninth Kentucky, a very superior officer. He was Colonel Morgan's uncle. On the morning of the 7th of December Colonel Morgan set out on this expedition. The cavalry force was placed under my command, and consisted of Gano's, Bennett's, Cluke's and Chenault's regiments and Stoner's battalion—in all numbering fourteen hundred men. Hanson's brigade was encamped at Baird's mill. Here the infantry detachment joined us. Quirk's "scouts" and other scouting parties were sent to reconnoiter in the direction of Hartsville, to watch the enemy at Castalian Springs and the fords of the river, and to picket the Nashville and Lebanon pike. The "combined forces" left Baird's mill about 11 A. M. and passed through Lebanon about 2 P. M., taking the Lebanon and Hartsville pike. The snow lay upon the ground and the cold was intense.

The infantry had been promised that they should ride part of the way and, accordingly, a few miles beyond Lebanon a portion of the cavalry lent their horses to them.

This, however, was an injudicious measure. The infantry had gotten their feet wet in trudging through the snow and, after riding a short time, were nearly frozen and clamored to dismount. The cavalrymen had now gotten their feet saturated with moisture, and when they remounted suffered greatly in their turn. There was some trouble, too, in returning the horses to the proper parties (as this last exchange was effected after dark) and the infantrymen damned the cavalry service with all the resources of a soldier's vocabulary.

The infantry and Cobb's battery reached the ferry where it was intended that they should cross about 10 o'clock at night, and were put across in two small leaky boats, a difficult and tedious job. When the cavalry reached the ford where Colonel Morgan had directed me to cross I found that the river had risen so much since the last reconnoissance that it was past fording at that point, and I had to seek a crossing farther down. The ford (where I decided to cross) was so difficult of approach that the operation of crossing was very slow. The men could reach the river bank only by a narrow bridle path which admitted but one horse at a time. They were then compelled to leap into the river from the bluff about four feet high. Horse and man would generally be submerged by the plunge—a cold bath very unpleasant in such weather. The ascent on the other side was nearly as difficult. In a little while the passage of the horses rendered the approach to the river even more difficult. The ford was not often used, and the unbeaten path became cut up and muddy. The cold (after the ducking in the river) affected the men horribly; those who got across first built fires, at which they partially warmed themselves while the others were crossing. Fifteen, however, were frozen so stiff that they had to be left.

Finding as the night wore on, that day would appear before all got across and fearing that I would detain Colonel Morgan, I moved (with those already on the northern bank) about 3 o'clock, leaving a great part of

my column still on the southern side of the river. I posted pickets to watch the roads by which they could be attacked, and instructed the officers to hurry on to Hartsville as soon as practicable. I had about five miles to march to rejoin Colonel Morgan, and found him at the point he had designated as the one where I should rejoin him, some three miles from Hartsville. He decided not to wait for the remainder of the cavalry, fearing that information would be taken to Castalian Springs and he would be himself attacked. He, therefore, moved forward at once. Just at daylight the cavalry, who were marching in front, came upon a strong picket force about half a mile from the encampment, who fired and retreated. We were thus prevented from surprising the enemy before they formed. Colonel Morgan, however, did not expect to do so, for he had no certain plan of capturing the pickets without giving the alarm.

Stoner's battalion was not taken across the river, but was ordered to move with the two small howitzers (the "Bull Pups") to a point on the southern bank just opposite the left of the enemy's encampment, and, if possible, produce the impression that the attack would be delivered thence. While Stoner could inflict little damage with either musketry or the fire from his little pieces, he nevertheless attracted the attention of the enemy so successfully that the Federal artillery, directed upon him, did not annoy us until after we had formed for attack. Colonel Morgan had estimated the strength of the garrison, from the reports of his scouts, to be about fifteen hundred, chiefly infantry. It was considerably stronger than that. It consisted of the One hundred and fourth Illinois Infantry, One hundred and sixth Ohio Infantry, One hundred and eighth Ohio Infantry, Third Indiana Cavalry, one company of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry and one section of the Thirteenth Indiana Battery—aggregate effective strength, two thousand and ninety-six (Official Records, War of the Rebellion, Series 1, Vol. XX, part 1,

page 45). The two guns of the Indiana Battery were three-inch rifled Parrotts.

As I have previously said, a large part of my column, at least five hundred, had not crossed the river when I moved to rejoin Colonel Morgan, and did not arrive until after the conclusion of the fight. Of the cavalry which was up, Bennett's regiment was sent into the town of Hartsville and to watch the roads leading to Gallatin and Castalian Springs. At the latter place, a garrison was stationed, estimated to be from six to eight thousand strong; and as it was only six miles distant, attack from that quarter was to be apprehended, so soon as the troops there should be alarmed by the firing at Hartsville and could march to the assistance of their comrades.

Of the force under my command, therefore, Cluke's and Chenault's regiments together numbered, after deducting horse-holders, only four hundred and fifty men, so that our number actually engaged was less than twelve hundred. The enemy was encamped on wooded ground, slightly elevated above the surrounding meadows. Opposite his right flank and centre was a large meadow, between which and the woods occupied by his encampment and line subsequently formed was a depression which gradually deepened toward the southward until it became a ravine nearly ten feet deep and with steep banks. Colonel Morgan had intended that the infantry should form in the shelter of this ravine, but the enemy's line was established so near it that it was not practicable to do so. When we came in sight of the enemy and saw his line deploying it was immediately apparent that he was much stronger than he had been reported. I said to Colonel Morgan: "You have more work cut out for you than you bargained for." "Yes," he answered, "and you gentlemen must whip and catch these fellows and cross the river in two hours and a half, or we'll have six thousand more on our backs."

He then ordered me to form my command opposite to and partially outflanking the right of the enemy's line. I

was expected to defeat that flank and drive it back upon the rear of the enemy's centre, and then our infantry was to complete the work. I formed Cluke and Chenault at a gallop—Cluke just in front of the regiment which composed the enemy's right flank; Chenault obtusely to Cluke and on the latter's left, and in a position to completely enfilade the Federal line when at close range. My line dismounted at about four hundred yards from the enemy and at once advanced rapidly. One good sign was that our ringing shouts were answered by very feeble cheers. These two regiments had never been under fire before, with the exception of one small skirmish which Cluke's had witnessed in Kentucky; but they moved on with perfect steadiness, and driving in the Federal skirmishers pressed down on the line at a double quick. Our open formation enabled us to cover the entire front of the force to which we were opposed with a smaller number of men; and also, while affording less exposure to the fire, the men could aim to better advantage. The Federal line fired by rank, the volleys doing less harm because our men had reached the hollow. Little time was given them to reload. When within about eighty yards our fellows opened in earnest, Cluke still pressing on the front, and Chenault having swept so far around and then closed in that the Federal line was taken almost completely in reverse. It gave way, at first slowly, but in a short time in complete disorder. We kept close after them, the two regiments swinging around until they were at right angles to the direction of their original formation, and the troops which had confronted them had been driven back upon the rear of the Federal centre and left. This part of the fight was of some twenty minutes' duration. In the meantime Cobb's battery had been hotly engaged with the enemy's Parrotts, which had been brought back from the Federal left so soon as it became apparent where our real attack would be made. One of Cobb's caissons was blown up, doing smart damage, but

occasioned no slacking of his fire, which was extremely effective.

Just as our success on the left was completed, Colonel Hunt had formed the infantry and sent them in *en echelon,* the Second Kentucky leading, against the enemy's centre and right. The infantry had marched quite thirty miles, over slippery roads and through the chilling cold, and I saw some of them stumble as they charged with fatigue and numbness; but the brave boys rushed in as if they were going to a frolic. The Second Kentucky dashed across the ravine, and as it emerged in some slight disorder, the command was unfortunately given it to halt and "dress." There was no necessity for the order; the regiment was within fifty yards of the enemy, who were dropping and recoiling under its fire. Several officers sprang to the front and called on the men to advance, and Color Sergeant John Oldham pressed forward with the colors. The regiment rushed forward again, but in that brief halt sustained the greater part of its loss. Just then the Ninth Kentucky came up, the men yelling and bounding along like panthers. The enemy gave back in confusion, and were again pressed in the rear by Cluke and Chenault, who were at this juncture reinforced by seventy-five men of the Third Kentucky under Lieutenant-Colonel John Huffman, who during Gano's absence was commanding that regiment. A few minutes then sufficed to finish the affair. The enemy were crowded together like sheep in a pen, and were falling fast. The white flag was hoisted in a little more than an hour after the first shot was fired.

Our loss in killed and wounded was one hundred and twenty-five, of which the Second Kentucky lost sixty-two; the Ninth, sixteen; Cobb's battery, ten and the cavalry thirty-seven (Official Records, War of the Rebellion, supra, page 65). Lieutenant-Colonel Cicero Coleman, of the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry (Cluke's regiment) was seriously wounded. He was a very gallant and accomplished officer and the men of his regiment were much

attached to him. Some fine officers of the infantry regiments were lost. Captain Robert Tyler, of Colonel Morgan's staff, was severely wounded by the explosion of the caisson. A loss which was deeply regretted by Morgan's entire command was that of little Craven (Billy) Peyton. Colonel Morgan was in the habit of selecting as his orderlies the most intelligent and gentlemanly little fellows among the youngest of his command. Of these Peyton was the best known and most popular. He performed on the field the duties of an aide, and his sense and integrity were such that the officers of the command would not hesitate to act upon any verbal order that he bore them. Although only sixteen years old, he was very capable and perfectly fearless. Exposing himself in this fight with his usual recklessness, he received a wound of which he shortly died.

The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was two hundred and sixty-two and in prisoners eighteen hundred and thirty-four (Records War of the Rebellion, supra, page 45).

Men could not possibly behave better in battle than our troops did in this one. Every officer and man exhibited dauntless resolution, and moved confidently and irresistibly against everything that confronted him. The sudden discovery at the beginning of the fight that the enemy was so much stronger than we had supposed him to be seemed only to stimulate their courage. They had literally made up their minds not to be beaten.

The tents and material which could not be carried off were burned, and a number of captured wagons were loaded with arms and portable stores and hurried over the river. The most valuable capture was of boots and shoes, for some of the cavalrymen, especially of Cluke's and Chenault's regiments, had no other covering for their feet than rags.

The prisoners were gotten across the river as rapidly as possible and the infantry were taken over behind the cavalrymen. Some of the prisoners were made to wade

the river, as the enemy from Castalian Springs began to press upon us so closely that we could not stand upon the order of transportation. Cluke's regiment was posted upon the Gallatin road to hold the enemy in check, Quirk's scouts having already retarded their advance. Gano's regiment was sent as soon as it got up to support Cluke. Nothing but the rapid style in which the fight had been conducted and finished saved us. We had no sooner evacuated the ground than the enemy occupied it, and our guns which opened upon them from the southern shore were answered by their batteries.

No pursuit was attempted and we marched leisurely back through Lebanon, regaining our camps late in the night. Two splendid pieces of artillery were among the trophies, which did good service in our hands until they were recaptured upon the "Ohio raid." This expedition was justly esteemed the most brilliant thing that Morgan had ever done, and was referred to with pride by every man who was in it.

General Bragg in his congratulatory order issued to the army on account of it spoke in the highest terms of the conduct of the troops, especially of the remarkable march of the infantry, and he says:

"To Brigadier-General Morgan and to Colonel Hunt the General tenders his thanks, and assures them of the admiration of his army. The intelligence, zeal, and gallantry displayed by them will serve as an example and an incentive to still more honorable deeds. To the other brave officers and men composing the expedition the general tenders his cordial thanks and congratulations. He is proud of them and hails the success achieved by their valor as but the prescursor of still greater victories. Each corps engaged in the action will in future bear upon its colors the name of the memorable field."

The victory of Hartsville brought Colonel Morgan his long-expected and long-delayed commission of brigadier-general. He had long been styled general by his men, and had been of late habitually so addressed in official communications from army headquarters. Many and urgent applications had been made by influential parties and officers of high rank for his promotion. General

Smith had strongly urged it, General Bragg concurring, but while brigadiers were being uttered as rapidly almost as Confederate money he remained a simple colonel. President Davis happened to visit Murfreesboro a few days after the Hartsville affair and gave him his commission, making Hanson, also, a brigadier of even date. This promotion of my chief made me a colonel, and Hutchinson a lieutenant-colonel, thus illustrating that many felicitous consequences will sometimes flow from one good act. The latter had occupied a very anomalous position; while really a captain, he had acted as and been styled lieutenant-colonel. Being an excellent officer who had seen a great deal of service, and acting as second in command of an unusually large regiment, he was placed frequently upon detached service and in very responsible situations, and sometimes commanded lieutenant-colonels of legitimate manufacture, just as Morgan, while only a general "by courtesy," commanded floating brigadiers who came within his vortex. It proved more agreeable to men, who were really modest, to take rank by the virtue of commissions rather than in this irregular fashion, and the example was better. General Hardee urged that Morgan's commission should be made out as major-general, but Mr. Davis said "I do not wish to give my boys all of their sugar plums at once."

At Bryantsville, in Kentucky, Colonel Joseph Wheeler had been appointed chief of cavalry, and Morgan, Scott, Ashby—all of the cavalry commanders—had been ordered to report to him. Colonel Wheeler was a very dashing officer, and had done excellent service, but he had, at that time, neither the experience nor the record of Morgan. He was with Wheeler so little, however, in Kentucky, that he found not much inconvenience from having a "chief of cavalry" to superintend him. Morgan was, of course, perfectly independent upon his retreat out of Kentucky and in his operations afterward in north middle Tennessee—indeed, with the exception of having to report to General Breckinridge, while the latter was in com-

BASIL W. DUKE

Commanding 1st Brigade, Morgan's Division

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mand at Murfreesboro, and afterward to the commander-in-chief, he was perfectly independent until a period even later than that of his promotion.

There is no doubt that General Morgan's free and easy way of appointing his own officers and of conducting all of his own military affairs, as well as his intense aversion to subordinate positions, had excited much official disapprobation and some indignation against him at Richmond.

When Morgan received this rank his brigade was quite strong, and composed of seven regiments. Breckinridge's and Stoner's battalions were consolidated, and formed a regiment above the minimum strength.* Breckinridge became colonel and Stoner lieutenant-colonel. Shortly after the Hartsville fight Colonel Adam R. Johnson reached Murfreesboro with his regiment. It had been raised in western Kentucky and was very strong upon the rolls, but from losses by capture and other causes had been reduced to less than four hundred effective men. It was a fine body of men and splendidly officered. Colonel Johnson had already won reputation for courage, energy and capacity, and Robert W. Martin, the lieutenant-colonel, was a man of extraordinary dash and resolution and very shrewd in partisan warfare. Owens, the major, was a very gallant man and excellent disciplinarian.

On the 14th of December an event occurred which was thought by many to have materially affected General Morgan's efficiency and subsequent fortunes. He was married to Miss Ready, of Murfreesboro, a lady to whom he was devotedly attached and who deserved to exercise over him the great influence which she was thought to have possessed. The marriage ceremony was performed by General Polk, by virtue of his commission as bishop, but in full lieutenant-general's uniform. The residence of the Honorable Charles Ready, father of the bride, held a happy assembly that night —it was one of a very few scenes of happiness which that house was destined to witness before its olden memories of joy and gayety were to give place to heavy sorrow and the

*The Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A.

harsh insolence of the invader. The bridegroom's friends and brothers-in-arms and the commander-in-chief and Generals Hardee, Cheatham, and Breckinridge felt called upon to stand by him on this occasion.

Greenfell was in a high state of delight; although he had regretted General Morgan's marriage—thinking that it would render him less enterprising—he declared that a wedding, at which a bishop-militant clad in general's uniform, officiated and the chief of an army and his corps commanders were guests, certainly ought not to soften a soldier's temper. On his way home that night he sang Moorish songs with a French accent to English airs, and was as mild and agreeable as if some one was going to be killed.

The seven regiments which composed the brigade represented an aggregate force of over four thousand in camp—when they were gotten together, which was about the 18th, the Second Kentucky returning then from Fayetteville. Several hundred men, however, were dismounted and totally unarmed and unequipped. This force was so unwieldy as one brigade that General Morgan determined to divide it into two parts which should be organized in all respects as two brigades, and should lack but the sanction of the general commanding (which he hoped to obtain) to be such in reality. He accordingly indicated as the commanders of the two brigades (as I shall call them for the sake of convenience) Colonel Breckinridge and myself. There was no doubt of Colonel A. R. Johnson's seniority to all the other colonels, but he positively declined to accept the command of either brigade, and signified his willingness to serve in a subordinate capacity.

There was some discussion as to whether Cluke or Breckinridge should command one of the brigades after Johnson declined. It was a mooted question whether Cluke's rank as colonel dated from the period at which he received his commission to raise a regiment, or from the period at which his regiment became filled. In the former case he would rank Breckinridge; in the latter he would not. None of us, then, (with the exception of Johnson) had received our commis-

sions although our rank was recognized. There was no wrangle for the position, however, between these officers, as might be inferred from my language. On the contrary, each at first declined and urged the appointment of the other. General Morgan settled the matter by appointing Breckinridge.

The first brigade (mine) was composed of the Second Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchinson commanding; Gano's regiment, the Third Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel Huffman commanding (Gano was absent on furlough); Cluke's regiment, the Eighth Kentucky, Colonel Leroy S. Cluke commanding; Palmer's battery of four pieces (two twelve-pounder howitzers and two six-pounder guns) was attached to this brigade. The second brigade (Breckinridge's) was composed of his own regiment, the Ninth Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel Stoner commanding; Johnson's regiment, the Tenth Kentucky, Colonel Johnson commanding; Chenault's regiment, the Eleventh Kentucky, Colonel Chenault commanding; and Bennett's regiment, the Ninth Tennessee, Colonel Bennett commanding. To this brigade was attached one three-inch Parrott, commanded by Captain White, and the two mountain howitzers under Lieutenant Corbett.

On the 21st of December the division was in camp at and around Alexandria. The first brigade was reviewed on that day and numbered, of cavalry, eighteen hundred effective men. There were in its ranks more than that number. The Second Kentucky mustered seven hundred and forty and the other two regiments about six hundred each. There were in this brigade, however, nearly two hundred men unarmed but mounted. The entire strength of the brigade, of armed and unarmed men, including Palmer's battery, was very little short of two thousand and one hundred men. The second brigade was, including artillerists, about eighteen hundred strong, but it, too, had some unarmed men in its ranks. These fellows without guns were not as useless as might be imagined, for (when it was satisfactorily ascertained that it was not their own fault that they were un-

armed, and that they could be trusted) they were employed as horse-holders. The division, therefore, including Quirk's "scouts" reporting to division headquarters, numbered quite three thousand and nine hundred. In General Morgan's report of the expedition undertaken into Kentucky immediately after this organization the strength of the division is estimated at thirty-one hundred armed men. This was a mistake upon the part of his adjutant-general, which I sought to correct at the time. The proportion of men unarmed was nothing like so large. Just before the march was taken up for Kentucky from Alexandria, Colonel Greenfell, still acting as General Morgan's adjutant-general up to that date, resigned his position and did not accompany him upon the expedition. We all bade him farewell with genuine regret.

Captain W. M. Maginis, acting assistant adjutant-general of the first brigade, was immediately appointed in his stead. This officer was very young but had seen a great deal of arduous service. He had served in the infantry for more than a year; he had seen Belmont, Shiloh, Farmington, and Perryville, had behaved with the greatest gallantry, and had won the encomiums of his chiefs. He had been assigned to staff duty just before he came to us, and had acted in the capacity of ordnance officer for General Walthall. He had been assigned upon General Morgan's application (at my urgent request) to his command and, as has been stated, was on duty with the first brigade when General Morgan suddenly stood in need of an assistant adjutant-general and took him, intending to keep him temporarily. He was so much pleased with him that, upon his return from this expedition, he procured his commission in the Adjutant and Inspector General's Department and his assignment to him. He remained with General Morgan until his death.

On the morning of December 22d the division took up its march for Kentucky. General Bragg desired that the roads in the rear which Rosecrans had repaired should again be broken and the latter's communication with Louisville destroyed. The service was an important one; it was meet

that, for many reasons, this expedition, the first Confederate movement into Kentucky since Bragg's retreat, should be a brilliant one. General Morgan had under his command at that time the largest force he ever handled, previously or afterward, and he would not have permitted anything to have stopped him. Colonel Breckinridge has given a description of the commencement of the march, so spirited and graphic, that it will serve my purpose better than any that I can write myself. He says:

"The regiments had been carefully inspected by the surgeons and inspectors, and every sick soldier and disabled horse had been taken from their regiments, and the strong men and serviceable horses only were permitted to accompany the expedition. The men were never in higher spirits or more joyous humor; well armed, well mounted, in good discipline, with perfect confidence in their commander, and with hearts longing for the hills and valleys, the blue-grass and woods of dear old Kentucky. They made the air vocal with their cheers and laughter and songs and sallies of wit. The division had never operated together before since the brigades had first been organized, therefore every regiment was filled with the spirit of emulation, and every man was determined to make his the crack regiment of Morgan's cavalry. It was a magnificent body of men—the pick of the youth of Kentucky. No commander ever led a nobler corps—no corps was ever more nobly led. It was splendidly officered by gallant, dashing, skillful men in the flush of early manhood; for of the seven colonels who commanded those seven regiments, five became brigade commanders—the other two gave their lives to the cause—Colonel Bennett dying early in January, 1863, of a disease contracted while in the army, and Colonel Chenault being killed on July 4, 1863, gallantly leading his men in a fruitless charge upon breastworks at Green river bridge. This December morning was a mild, beautiful fall day; clear, cloudless sky; bright sun; the camps in cedar evergreens, where the birds chirped and twittered; it felt and looked like spring. The reveille sounded before day-break; the horses were fed, breakfast gotten. Very early came the orders from General Morgan announcing the organization of the brigades, intimating the objects of the expedition, and ordering the column to move at 9 o'clock, Duke in advance. As the order was read to a regiment the utmost deathless silence of disciplined soldiers standing at attention was broken only by the clear voice of the adjutant reading the precise but stirring words of the beloved hero-chieftain; then came the sharp word of command dismissing the parade; and the woods trembled with the wild hurrahs of the half crazy men, and regiment answered regiment, cheer re-echoed cheer, over the wide encampment. Soon came Duke, and his staff, and his column—his own old gallant regiment at the head—and slowly regiment after regiment filed out of the woods into the road, lengthening the long column.

"After some two hours' march a cheer began in the extreme rear and rapidly came forward, increasing in volume and enthusiasm, and soon General Morgan dashed by, with his hat in his hand, bowing and

smiling his thanks for these flattering cheers, followed by a large and well mounted staff. Did you ever see Morgan on horseback? If not, you missed one of the most impressive figures of the war. Perhaps no general in either army surpassed him in the striking proportion and grace of his person, and the ease and grace of his horsemanship. Over six feet in height, straight as an Indian, exquisitely proportioned, with the air and manner of a cultivated and polished gentleman, and the bearing of a soldier, always handsomely and tastefully dressed, and elegantly mounted, he was the picture of the superb cavalry officer. Just now he was in the height of his fame and happiness; married only ten days before to an accomplished lady, made brigadier justly but very tardily; in command of the finest cavalry division in the Southern army; beloved almost to idolatry by his men, and returning their devotion by an extravagant confidence in their valor and prowess; conscious of his own great powers; yet wearing his honors with the most admirable modesty, and just starting upon a carefully conceived but daring expedition, he was perhaps in the zenith of his fame, and though he added many a green leaf to his chaplet, many a bright page to his history, yet his future was embittered by the envy, jealousy, and hatred that then were not heard."

Marching all day, the column reached Sand Shoals ford on the Cumberland just before dark. The first brigade crossed, and encamped for the night on the northern bank of the river. The second brigade encamped between the Caney fork and the Cumberland. On the next day, moving at daylight, a march of some thirty miles was accomplished; it was impossible to march faster than this and keep the artillery with the column. On the 24th, the division went into camp within five miles of Glasgow. Breckinridge sent Captain Jones of Company A, Ninth Kentucky, to ascertain if all was clear in Glasgow, and I received instructions to support him with two companies under Major Steele, of the Third Kentucky, who was given one of the little howitzers. Jones reached the town after dark and just as he entered it a Michigan battalion came in from the other side. Captain Jones encountered this battalion in the center of the town, and in the skirmish which ensued was mortally wounded. He was an excellent officer and as brave as steel. Poor Will Webb was also mortally wounded—only a private soldier, but a cultivated and thorough gentleman; brave, and kindly, and genial. A truer heart never beat in a soldier's bosom and a nobler soul was never released by a soldier's death. First Lieutenant Samuel O. Peyton was severely wounded

—shot in the arm and in the thigh. He was surrounded by foes who pressed him hard, after he was wounded, to capture him. He shot one assailant and grappling with another brought him to the ground and cut his throat with a pocket knife. The Federal cavalry retreated from the town by the Louisville pike.

On the next morning—Christmas—the division moved by the Louisville pike. Captain Quirk, supported by Lieutenant Hays with the advance-guard of the first brigade, fifty strong, cleared the road of some Federal cavalry, which tried to contest our advance, driving it so rapidly that the column had neither time to delay its march or make any formation for fight. In the course of the day, Quirk charged a battalion which was dismounted and formed across the road. He went through them at a gallop and as he dashed back again, with his head bent low, he caught two balls on the top of it which (coming from different directions) traced a neat and accurate angle upon his scalp. Although the wounds were not serious at all, they would have stunned most men; but a head built in County Kerry with especial reference to shillelagh practice scorned to be affected by such trifles.

Breckinridge sent Johnson's regiment during the day toward Munfordsville to induce the belief that we were going to attack that place. Colonel Johnson executed his mission with perfect success. That night we crossed Green river. The first brigade, being in advance, had little trouble comparatively, although Captain Palmer had to exert energy and skill to get his battery promptly across; but the second brigade reaching the bank of the river late at night had great difficulty in getting over. The division encamped in the latter part of the night at Hammondsville. A day before, just upon the bank of the river, the most enormous wagon perhaps ever seen in the State of Kentucky was captured. It was loaded with an almost fabulous amount and variety of Christmas nicknacks; some enterprising sutler had prepared it for the Glasgow market, intending to make his fortune. It was emptied at an early date, in shorter time, and

by customers who proposed to themselves a much longer credit than he anticipated. There was enough in it to furnish every mess in the division something to eke out a Christmas supper with.

On the next day the column resumed its march amid the steadily pouring rain and moved through mud which threatened to engulf everything toward the Louisville and Nashville railroad. Hutchinson was sent, with several companies of the Second Kentucky and the Third Kentucky, to destroy the bridge at Bacon creek. There were not more than one hundred men, at the most, in the stockade which protected the bridge and he was expected to reduce the stockade with two pieces of artillery which he carried with him, but there was a large force at Munfordsville, only eight miles from Bacon creek, and General Morgan gave him troops enough to repulse any movement of the enemy from Munfordsville to save the bridge. A battalion of cavalry came out from Munfordsville, but was driven back by Companies B and D of the Second Kentucky, under Captain Castleman. Although severely shelled, the garrison held out stubbornly, rejecting every demand for their surrender. Hutchinson became impatient, which was his only fault as an officer, and ordered the bridge to be fired at all hazards; it was within less than a hundred yards of the stockade and commanded by the rifles of the garrison. It was set on fire but the rain would extinguish it unless constantly supplied with fuel. Several were wounded in the attempt to replenish the fuel and Captain Wolfe of the Third Kentucky, who boldly mounted the bridge, was shot in the head and lay unconscious for two hours, every one thinking him dead, until the beating rain reviving him, he returned to duty suffering no further inconvenience. Some of the men got behind the abutment of the bridge and thrust lighted pieces of wood upon it, which the men in the stockade frequently shot away. At length General Morgan arrived upon the ground and sent a message to the garrison in his own name, offering them liberal terms if they would surrender. As soon as they were satisfied that it was indeed Morgan who confronted

them they surrendered. This was a very obstinate defense. A number of shells burst within the stockade. Some shots penetrated the walls and an old barn, which had been foolishly included within the work, was knocked to pieces, the falling timbers stunning some of the inmates.

The stockade at Nolin surrendered to me without a fight. The commandant agreed to surrender if I would show him a certain number of pieces of artillery. They were shown him; but when I pressed him to comply with his part of the bargain he hesitated, and said he would return and consult his officers. I think that (as two of the pieces shown him were the little howitzers, which I happened to have temporarily) he thought he could hold out for a while and gild his surrender with a fight. He was permitted to return but not until, in his presence, the artillery was planted close to the work and the riflemen posted to command, as well as possible, the loop-holes. He came to us again in a few minutes with a surrender. The Nolin bridge was at once destroyed and also several culverts and cow-gaps within three or four miles of that point.

The division encamped that night within six miles of Elizabethtown. On the morning of the 27th it moved upon that place. It was held by about six hundred men under a Lieutenant-Colonel Smith. As we neared the town, a note was brought to General Morgan from Colonel Smith, who stated that he accurately knew his (Morgan's) strength; had him surrounded and could compel his surrender; and that he (Smith) trusted that a prompt capitulation would spare him the disagreeable necessity of using force. The missive containing this proposal—the most sublimely audacious I ever knew to emanate from a Federal officer—was brought by a Dutch corporal, who spoke very uncertain English but was positive on the point of surrender. General Morgan admired the spirit which dictated this bold effort at bluffing, but returned for answer an assurance that he knew exactly the strength of the Federal force in the town and that Lieutenant-Colonel Smith was in error in supposing that he (Smith) had him (Morgan) surrounded;

that, on the contrary, he had the honor to state that the position of the respective forces was exactly the reverse. He concluded by demanding Smith's surrender. Colonel Smith replied that it was "the business of a United States officer to fight and not to surrender." During the parley the troops had been placed in position. Breckinridge was given the left of the road and the first brigade the right. I dismounted Cluke's regiment and moved it upon the town with its left flank keeping close to the road. I threw several companies, mounted, to the extreme right of my line and the rear of the town. Breckinridge deployed his own regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Stoner, immediately on the left of the road, stretching mounted companies also to his left around the town.

The bulk of both brigades was held in reserve. The Parrott gun was placed in the pike; it was opened as soon as the last message from Colonel Smith was received; and, as suddenly as if its flash had ignited them, Palmer's four guns roared out from the hill on the left of the road about six hundred yards from the town, where General Morgan himself was superintending their fire. Cluke moved warily, as two or three stockades were just in his front which were thought to be occupied. When he entered the town he had little fighting to do, and that on the extreme right. Stoner dashed in on the left with the Ninth Kentucky, at a swift run. He burst into the houses occupied by the enemy at the edge of the town, and with slight loss compelled the inmates to surrender. The enemy had no artillery and ours was battering the bricks about their heads in fine style. Palmer (who was a capital officer,—cool and clearheaded) concentrated his fire upon the building where the flag floated and the enemy seemed thickest, and moved his six-pounders into the very edge of the town. I sent for one of the howitzers, and when it came under Lieutenant Corbett it was posted upon the railroad embankment crossing the road. Here it played like a fire engine upon the headquarters building. Breckinridge posted Company A of his regiment to protect

the howitzer, making the men lie down behind the embankment.

The enemy could not well fire upon the gunners from the windows on account of the situation of the piece, but after each discharge would rush out into the street and open upon them. Then the company lying behind the embankment would retaliate in a style which took away their appetite for the game. It happened, however, that a staff officer of General Morgan passed that way, and conceiving that this company was doing no good, ordered it, with more zeal than discretion, to charge. The men instinctively obeyed. As they ran forward they came within fair view of the windows, and a heavy volley was opened upon them, fortunately doing little damage. Their officers, knowing that the man who gave the order had no right to do so, called them back and they returned in some confusion; the enemy seized the moment and flocking out of the houses, poured a sweeping fire down the street. The gunners were driven away from the howitzer and two or three hit. Lieutenant Corbett, however, maintained his place, seated on the carriage while the bullets were actually hopping from the reinforce of the piece. He soon called his men back and resumed his fire.

Shortly after this there seemed to be a commotion among the garrison and the white flag was shown from one of the houses. Major Llewellyn, division quartermaster, immediately galloped into the town, reckless of the firing, waving a white handkerchief. Colonel Smith was not ready to surrender but his men did not wait on him and poured out of the houses and threw down their arms. Among the fruits of this victory were six hundred fine rifles, more than enough to arm all of our men who were without guns. The entire garrison was captured. Some valuable stores were also taken.

On the next day, the 28th, the command moved leisurely along the railroad, destroying it thoroughly. The principal objects of the expedition were the great trestle works at Muldraugh's hill, only a short distance apart. The second

brigade captured the garrison defending the lower trestle, six hundred strong; the first brigade captured the garrison of the upper trestle, two hundred strong. Both of the immense structures were destroyed and hours were required to thoroughly burn them. These trestles were, respectively, eighty or ninety feet high and each five hundred feet long.

Cane Run bridge, within twenty-eight miles of Louisville, was destroyed by a scouting party. Two bridges on the Lebanon branch, recently reconstructed, were also burned. Altogether, General Morgan destroyed on this expedition two thousand two hundred and fifty feet of bridging, three depots, three water stations, a number of culverts and cattle-guards and many miles of track. With the destruction of the great trestles at Muldraugh's hill his contract with the road expired and he prepared to return. He would have liked to have paid the region about Lexington another visit, but General Bragg had urged him not to delay his return. Harlan was moving after us; but for the delay consequent upon the destruction of the road he would never have gotten near us and, but for an accident, he would never have caught up with any portion of the column after we had quitted work on the railroad.

On the night of the 28th the division had encamped on the southern bank of the Rolling fork. On the morning of the 20th it commenced crossing that stream, which was much swollen. The greater part of the command and the artillery were crossed at a ford a mile or two above the point at which the road from Elizabethtown to Bardstown, along which we had been encamped, crosses the Rolling fork. The pickets, rear guard, and some detachments, left in the rear for various purposes, in all about three hundred men, were collected to cross at two fords—deep and difficult to approach. Cluke's regiment, with two pieces of artillery, had been sent under Major Bullock to burn the railroad bridge over the Rolling fork, five miles below the point where we were. A court-martial had been in session for several days trying Lieutenant-Colonel Huffman for alleged violations of the

terms granted by General Morgan to the prisoners at the surrender of the Bacon creek stockade.

Both brigade commanders and three regimental commanders, Cluke, Hutchinson, and Stoner, were members of this court. Just after the court had finally adjourned, acquitting Colonel Huffman, and we were leaving a brick house on the southern side of the river and about six hundred yards from its bank, where our last session had been held, the bursting of a shell a mile or two in the rear caught our ears. A few videttes had been left there until everything should have gotten fairly across. Some of them were captured; others brought the information that the enemy was approaching. This was about 11 A. M. We knew that a force of infantry and cavalry was following us but we did not know that it was so near. It was at once decided to throw into line the men who had not yet crossed and hold the fords, if possible, until Cluke's regiment could be brought back. If we crossed the river leaving that regiment on the southern side and it did not succeed in crossing, or if it crossed immediately and yet the enemy pressed on vigorously after us, beating it to Bardstown—in either event it would be cut off from us, and its capture would be probable. No one knew whether there was a ford lower down at which it could cross, and all feared that if we retreated promptly the enemy would closely follow. I therefore sent a message to General Morgan, informing him of what was decided upon, and also sent a courier to Major Bullock, directing him to return with the regiment as soon as possible.

The ground on which we were posted was favorable to the kind of game we were going to play. Upon each flank were thick woods extending for more than a mile back from the river. Between these woods was a large meadow, some three hundred yards wide and stretching from the river bank for six or eight hundred yards to a woods again in the back ground, and which almost united the other two. In this meadow and some two hundred yards from the river was a singular and sudden depression like a terrace, running straight across it. Behind

this the men who were posted in the meadow were as well protected as if they had been behind an earthwork. On the left the ground was so rugged as well as so wooded that the position there was almost impregnable. There was, however, no adequate protection for the horses afforded at any point of the line except the extreme left. The Federal force approaching was greatly superior in strength, and composed of both infantry and cavalry, with several pieces of artillery. If it had pressed us vigorously we would have been driven into the river, but fortunately it advanced very cautiously.

We were not idle during this advance, but the skirmishers were keeping busy in the edges of the woods on our flanks and the men in the meadow were showing themselves with the most careful regard to inducing an exaggerated idea of their numbers. When the enemy reached the edge of the woods which fringed the southern extremity of the meadow and had pressed our skirmishers out of it and away from the brick house and its outbuildings, the artillery was brought up and four or five guns were opened upon us. Just after this fire commenced, the six-pounders sent with Bullock galloped upon the ground, and a defiant yell a short distance to the right told that Cluke's regiment, "The war-dogs," were near at hand. I was disinclined to use the six-pounders after they came, because I knew that they could not effectively answer the fire of the enemy's Parrotts, and I wished to avoid every thing which might warm the affair into a hot fight, feeling pretty certain that when that occurred we would all, guns and men, "go up" together. Major Austin, Captain Logan and Captain Pendleton, commanding respectively detachments from the Ninth, Third, and Eighth Kentucky, had conducted the operations of our line up to this time with admirable coolness and method.

The guns were sent across the meadow rapidly, purposely attracting the attention of the enemy as much as possible, to the upper ford. A road was cut through the

rough ground for them and they were crossed with all possible expedition. Cluke threw five companies of his regiment into line; the rest were sent over the river. I now wished to cross with the entire force, the purpose for which the stand had been made having been accomplished, but this was likely to prove a hazardous undertaking with an enemy so greatly outnumbering us lying just in our front. A courier arrived just about this time from General Morgan with an order to me to withdraw. In common with quite a number of others, I devoutly wished I could. The enemy's guns—the best served of any, I think, that I ever saw in action—were playing havoc with the horses (four were killed by one shell), and actually bursting shells in the lower ford with such frequency as to render the crossing at it by a column out of the question.

Our line was strengthened by Cluke's five companies to nearly eight hundred men, but when the enemy moved upon us again, his infantry deployed in a long line with a skirmish line in front, all coming on with bayonets glistening, the guns redoubling their fire and the cavalry column on the right flank (of their line) apparently ready to pounce on us too, and the river surging at our backs, my blood, I confess, ran cold.

The final moment seemed at hand when that gallant rear guard must give way and be driven into the stream or be bayoneted on its banks. But not one fear or doubt seemed to trouble for a moment our splendid fellows. They welcomed the coming attack with a glad and defiant cheer and could scarcely be restrained from rushing to meet it. But we were saved by the action of the enemy.

The advancing line was withdrawn (unaccountably to us) as soon as it had come under our fire. It was at once decided that a show of attack, upon our part, should be made on the center, and I ordered Captain Virgil Pendleton to charge upon our left with three companies, and silence a battery which was annoying us very greatly; under cover of these demonstrations I had determined to with-

draw. Just after this arrangement was made, I was wounded in the head by the explosion of a shell which burst in a group of us true to its aim. The horse of my acting aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Moreland, was killed by a fragment of it. Colonel Breckinridge at once assumed command and energetically and skillfully effected the safe withdrawal of the entire force. Pendleton accomplished by his charge all that was expected. He killed several cannoneers and drove all from the guns, silencing them for a quarter of an hour. He, himself, was badly wounded by the fragment of a shell.

Aided by this diversion and the one made upon the front, every thing was suddenly thrown into columns and dashed across the river. The troops were gotten across the more readily because of the discovery of a third ford in the rear of Cluke's position. It was accidentally found at the last moment. The enemy did not attempt pursuit. No eulogium could do justice to the conduct of the men engaged in this affair; nothing but their perfect steadiness would have enabled any skill to have extricated them from the danger. Captains Pendleton, Logan, Page and Hines, and Major Austin, deserved the warmest praise. Cluke acted, as he did always where courage and soldierly conduct were required, in a manner that added to his reputation. Breckinridge's skill and vigor, however, were the chief themes of praise.

On that night the division encamped at Bardstown. Colonel Chenault, on the same day, destroyed the stockade at Boston and marched on after the division at Bardstown.

Leaving that place on the 30th, the column reached Springfield at 3 P. M. "Adam Johnson had been ordered to move rapidly in advance and attack the pickets in front of Lebanon; which he had executed with such vigor as to make Colonel Hoskins believe he intended to attack him, and the latter called in a regiment of cavalry stationed near New Market, thereby opening the way for us to get out without a fight."

At Springfield General Morgan learned that his situation was hazardous and one that would elicit all of his powers of strategy and audacity. The enemy had withdrawn troops from the southern part of the State and had concentrated them at Lebanon, only eight miles distant from his then position and right in his path. This force was nearly eight thousand strong and well supplied with artillery. He had also received intelligence that a large force was marching from Glasgow to intercept him at Columbia, should he succeed in evading the force at Lebanon. Harlan was not so far in his rear that he could afford to dally. "In this emergency," he said, "I determined to make a detour to the right of Lebanon and by a night march conceal my movements from the enemy, outstrip the column moving from Glasgow to Columbia, and cross the Cumberland before it came within striking distance." Shortly before midnight, therefore, on the night of the 30th the column moved from Springfield, turning off from the pike to a little rarely traveled by-road, which passes between Lebanon and St. Mary's. Numerous fires were built in front of Lebanon and kept up all night to induce the belief that the division was encamped there and would attack in the morning. The night was intensely dark and bitterly cold, the guides were inefficient, and the column floundered along blindly; the men worn out and half frozen, the horses stumbling at every step; nothing preserved organization and carried the column along but the will of its commander and the unerring sagacity which guided him. It is common to hear men who served in Morgan's cavalry through all its career of trial and hardship refer to the night march around Lebanon as the most trying event of their entire experience.

Morning found the column only eight miles from Springfield, and two and a half from Lebanon. At that place, however, the garrison was drawn up, confidently expecting attack from another direction. By 1 P. M. of the 31st the column reached the top of Muldraugh's hill

on the Lebanon and Columbia road, and soon after nightfall was in Campbellsville.

Just after the column had crossed the hill a hand-to-hand fight occurred between Captain Alexander Treble and Lieutenant George Eastin, on the one side, and Colonel Halisey of the Federal cavalry and one of the latter's lieutenants, on the other. Treble and Eastin had, for some purpose, fallen behind the rear guard and were chased by Halisey's regiment, which was following us to pick up stragglers. Being both well mounted, they easily kept ahead of their pursuers, until, looking back as they cantered down a long straight stretch in the road, they saw within three hundred yards of them four men who were far in advance of the rest of the pursuers.

Treble and Eastin were both high-strung men and did not like to run from that number of enemies. So when they reached a point in the road where it suddenly turned, they halted a few yards from the turn. They expected to shoot two of the enemy as soon as they came in sight and thought that they would have little trouble with the others. But it so happened that only two, Halisey and his lieutenant, made their appearance; the other two, for some reason, halted; and what was stranger, Treble and Eastin, although both practiced shots, missed their men. Their antagonists dashed at them and several shots were fired without effect. The combatants soon grappled, man to man, and fell from their horses. Treble forced the head of his man into a pool of water just by the side of the road and, having half drowned him, accepted his surrender. Eastin mastered Halisey and, bade him surrender. Halisey did so, but, still retaining his pistol, as Eastin let him arise, fired, grazing the latter's cheek, who immediately killed him. Eastin brought off his saber, which he kept as a trophy.

In Campbellsville, luckily, there was a large supply of commissary stores which were immediately issued to the division. Leaving early on the next morning, the 1st of January, 1863, the column reached Columbia at 3 P. M.

All that day the roaring of artillery was distinctly heard by many men in the column. There was no cannonading going on—at least, in the volume which they declared that they heard—except at Murfreesboro, far distant, where the battle between the armies of Bragg and Rosecrans was raging; but it seems incredible that even heavy guns could have been heard at that distance.

Just before night fall the column moved from Columbia and marched all night—a dark, bitter night and a terrible march—to Burkesville. The Cumberland was crossed on the 2d and the danger was over. The division then moved leisurely along through Livingston, crossing Caney Fork at Sligo ferry and reached Smithville on the 5th. Here it halted for several days to rest and recruit men and horses, both terribly used up by the raid.

The results of this expedition were the destruction of the railroads which has been described, the capture of eighteen hundred and seventy-seven prisoners, and of a large number of stores, arms, and government property of every description. Our loss was only twenty-six in killed and wounded and sixty-four missing.

During our absence the sanguinary battle of Murfreesboro was fought, ending in the withdrawal of Bragg to Tullahoma, much, it is claimed, to the surprise of his adversary. General Bragg had sent officers to Morgan (who never reached him until it was too late) with instructions to hasten back and attack the enemy in the rear. It was unfortunate that these orders were not received. To do General Bragg justice, he managed better than almost any commander of the Confederate armies to usefully employ his cavalry both in campaigns and battles. In the battle of Murfreesboro he made excellent use of the cavalry on the field. Wharton and Buford, under command of Wheeler, three times made the circuit of the Federal army and were splendidly efficient; at one time during the battle Wheeler was master of every thing between the immediate rear of Rosecrans and Nashville.

Perhaps Morgan's raid was delayed a little too long, as was that of Forrest into western Tennessee (undertaken about the same time, and in prisoners, captures of all sorts and interruption of the enemy's communications, as successful as Morgan's); but these expeditions drew off and kept employed a large number of troops whose presence in the great battle would have vastly aided Rosecrans.

The Confederate Congress thought this expedition worthy of recognition and compliment, and passed a joint resolution of thanks, as follows:

"*Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States of America*: That the thanks of Congress are due, and are hereby tendered to Gen. John H. Morgan, and the officers and men of his command, for their varied, heroic, and invaluable services in Tennessee and Kentucky immediately preceding the battle before Murfreesboro—services which have conferred upon their authors fame as enduring as the records of the struggle which they have so brilliantly illustrated.

"Approved May 17, 1863."

After the battle of Murfreesboro and the retreat of the army to Tullahoma, at which place General Bragg's headquarters were established, the infantry went into winter quarters, and General Bragg protected the front and flanks of his army with the two fine cavalry corps of Van Dorn and Wheeler. The former was assigned to the left, making headquarters at Columbia and guarding the lines far to the west, while Wheeler had the right. This latter corps was composed of the divisions of Morgan, Wharton, and Martin.

Although the main armies were idle for months after this disposition was made, the cavalry was never so. The reputation of General Wheeler, although deservedly high, hardly entitled him to command some of the men who were ordered to report to him. He became subsequently a much abler because a more experienced commander than he was at the time of his preferment, but he always exhibited very high qualities. He was vigilant and energetic, thoroughly instructed in the duties of his profession, and perfectly conversant with the elaborate details of organization and military business. While he

did not display the originality and the instinctive strategical sagacity which characterized Morgan and Forrest, he was skillfull and better fitted than either for the duties which devolve upon the commander of large bodies of cavalry permanently attached to the army and required to conform, in all respects, to its movements and necessities.

General Wheeler possessed in an eminent degree all of tht attributes of the gentleman. He was brave as a Paladin, just, high-toned and exceedingly courteous. He was full of fire and enterprise, and battle seemed his natural element. He labored under great disadvantage at first on account of the violent and unjust prejudice excited against him by General Bragg's preference and his rapid promotion. General Morgan said to him, when first ordred to report to him, that he (Morgan) had wished to be left free, acting independently of all orders except from the commander-in-chief, but that since he was to be subordinate to a corps commander he would prefer him to any other. General Morgan always entertained this opinion, and I have reason to believe that General Wheeler reluctantly assumed command.

The history of the division for the winter of 1863 properly commences at the date of the return from the raid into Kentucky, described in the last chapter. It reached Smithville upon the 4th of January and remained in the vicinity of that little town and at Sligo ferry until the 14th. Upon the 14th, it was marched to McMinnville and encamped around that place, where General Morgan's headquarters were then established. The first brigade lay between McMinnville and Woodbury, at which latter point Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchinson was stationed with the Second Kentucky. The weather was intensely cold and all of the men, who were unprovided with the means of adequately sheltering themselves, suffered severely. Their ingenuity was taxed to the utmost to supply the lack of cooking utensils, and it frequently happened that they had very little to cook.

Fortunately a great many blankets had been obtained

upon the last raid and almost every man had gotten a gum cloth. These latter were stretched over the rail shanties which each mess would put up; and thus covered the sloping, shed-like structures (built of fence rails) made very tolerable substitutes for tents, and, with the help of the rousing fires which were built in front of them, were by no means uncomfortable. Very little system was observed in the "laying out" of the encampment—men and horses were all huddled together, for the men did not fancy any arrangement which separated them by the slightest distance from their horses, and the latter were always tied close to the lairs of their masters. Notwithstanding the lack of method and the apparently inextricable confusion of these camps, their inmates could be gotten under arms and formed in line of battle with a celerity that would have appeared marvelous to the uninitiated.

Colonel Chenault was ordered, in the latter part of January, to Clinton county, Kentucky, to picket against a dash of the enemy from that direction. On the 23d of January Colonel Breckinridge was ordered to move to Liberty, eleven miles from Smithville and about thirty from McMinnville, with three regiments—the Third Kentucky, under Lieutenant-Colonel Huffman, the Ninth Kentucky, under Lieutenant-Colonel Stoner, and the Ninth Tennessee, under Colonel Ward, who had risen to command of it after Colonel Bennett's death. Colonel Adam R. Johnson was already in the vicinity of that place with his regiment, the Tenth Kentucky. Captain Quirk preceded these regiments with his company, and shortly after his arrival at Liberty and before he could be supported was driven away by the enemy. The three regiments, under Colonel Breckinridge, occupied the country immediately in front of Liberty, picketing all of the roads thoroughly.

The enemy were in the habit of sending out strong foraging parties from Readyville toward Woodbury, and frequent skirmishes occurred between them and Hutch-

inson's scouts. Upon one occasion, Hutchinson, with less than one hundred men, attacked one of these parties, defeated it with smart loss and taking nearly two hundred prisoners and forty or fifty wagons. For this he was complimented in general orders from army headquarters. This affair occurred a short time previously to the occupation of Liberty by the force under Colonel Breckinridge, and a much brisker condition of affairs began to prevail all along the line.

Rosecrans was determined to make his superior numbers tell, at least in the immediate vicinity of his army. He inaugurated a system about this time which resulted in the decided improvement of his cavalry. He would send out a body of cavalry stronger than any thing it was likely to encounter, and that it might never be demoralized by a complete whipping, he would back it by an infantry force never far in the rear, and always ready to finish the fight which the cavalry began. This method benefited the latter greatly.

On the 24th the Second Kentucky was attacked at Woodbury by a heavy force of the enemy, and a gallant fight ensued, ending by an unhappy loss for us in the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchinson.

From various causes the regiment had become much depleted, and on this day it was reduced (by the sending off of detachments for necessary duties), to less than four hundred men. The enemy advanced, in much superior force, principally infantry, but Hutchinson determined not to give up his position without a hard fight. He posted his men advantageously upon the brow of a hill in front of the village, sheltering a portion of his line behind a stone wall. The enemy preceded his attack with a smart fire of artillery, to which Hutchinson could make no reply but was forced to take it patiently. But when the infantry moved up and came within range of our riflemen, the tables were for a little while completely turned, and they fell fast under a fire that rarely failed to do deadly execution. The unequal contest lasted more

than an hour; during that time the stone wall was carried by the enemy but was retaken by Captain Treble and Lieutenant Lea, charging at the head of their gallant companies. Much as he needed the men, Hutchinson kept one of the companies idle and out of the fight, but, nevertheless, producing an effect upon the enemy. He caused Captain Cooper to show the head of his company, just upon the brow of the hill, so that the enemy could see it but could not judge correctly of its strength and might possibly think it a strong reserve.

Constantly exposed to the fire of artillery and small arms throughout the fight, this company never flinched nor moved from its position until it was ordered to cover the retreat. Then it filed to the left, as if moving to take the enemy in flank, and when the column had passed wheeled into the rear under cover of the hill. Colonel Hutchinson at length yielded to the conviction that he could not hold his ground against such odds. The arrival of a fresh company enabled him to retreat with greater security, and he ordered the line to retire. A portion of it was pressed hard as it did so and he rode to the point of danger to encourage the men by his presence. He had exposed himself during the action with even more than his usual recklessness but with impunity. Just as all seemed over, however, and he was laughing gleefully at his successful withdrawal, a ball struck him upon the temple and he fell dead from his horse. Lieutenant Charles Allen, the gallant acting adjutant of the regiment, and Charles Haddox (his orderly) threw his body upon his horse and carried it off under the hot fire.

Captain Castleman at once assumed command and successfully conducted the retreat, although fiercely pressed by the enemy. The supply of ammunition entirely gave out just after the retreat was commenced.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchinson was, beyond all comparison, the best field officer in Morgan's division and indeed that I ever saw. Had he lived and been placed in situations favorable to the development of his talent, he

would, I firmly believe, have become competent to any command. He had more natural military aptitude, was more instinctively the soldier, than any man I have ever known. General Morgan felt a warm and manly admiration for him and reposed an implicit confidence in his character and ability. His brother officers loved to enhance his reputation, his men idolized him. Hutchinson had the frank, generous temper and straight forward although shrewd, disposition which wins popularity with soldiers. While watchful and strict in his discipline, he was kind to his men, careful of their wants, and invariably shared their fare, whatever it might be. When killed he was barely twenty-four but the effects of exposure and the thoughtful expression of his eye made him appear several years older. His great size and erect, soldierly bearing made him a conspicuous figure at all times, and in battle he was superb. Taller than all around him, his form of immense muscular power dilated with stern excitement—always in the van—he looked, as he sat upon his large gray charger, like some champion of the age of chivalry. There was something in his look which told his daring nature. His aquiline features, dark glittering eye, close cropped black hair and head like a hawk's, erect and alert, indicated intense energy and invincible courage.

Major Bowles became lieutenant-colonel of the regiment by seniority and Captain Webber succeeded him as major.

On the 14th of February, Colonel Cluke was sent into eastern and central Kentucky for purposes which will be explained in the account which will be given of his operations. He took with him his own regiment, two companies under Major Steele, Company A of the Second, and Companies C and I of the Third Kentucky, and about seventy men of the Ninth Kentucky under Lieutenant-Colonel Stoner.

These detachments weakened the effective strength of the command at a time when it was engaged in service

which tasked its energies to the utmost. That portion of "the front" which General Morgan was expected to protect may be described as extending from Woodbury in Tennessee to Wayne county in Kentucky, in an irregular curved line more than one hundred and twenty miles in length. It was exceedingly important that this entire line should be well picketed and closely watched, but it was necessary to give especial attention to that section of it in Tennessee (which was immediately confronted by formidable numbers of the enemy) and here, consequently, the greater part of the division was employed.

While it was necessary to keep strict ward at Woodbury, upon the left flank of this line, and a force adequate to the thorough picketing and scouting of that region was always kept there, the chief interest centered at Liberty, for here the efforts of the enemy to break the line and drive back the forces guarding it were most frequently and energetically directed. This little hamlet is situated twenty-nine miles from Murfreesboro by the turnpike, and almost due northeast of it. A line drawn from Carthage to Woodbury would pass through Liberty, and the latter is distant some eighteen miles from each. Carthage is a little east of north, Woodbury a little west of south, from Liberty. About twenty-one or two miles from Liberty and west of south, is Readyville, where was stationed at the time of which I write a strong Federal force. Readyville is ten miles from Murfreesboro and about the same distance northwest of Woodbury. Lebanon, twenty-six miles from Liberty by turnpike which runs through Alexandria and northwest of it, was at this time permanently occupied by neither side but both Federal and Confederate troops occasionally held it. Carthage, far upon the flank and virtually in the rear of the forces at Liberty, was occupied by a Federal garrison which varied in strength as the plans of the Federal generals required. It could be reinforced and supplied from Nashville by the river, upon which it is situated, and it was well fortified.

A direct advance upon Liberty from Murfreesboro promised nothing to the attacking party but a fight in which superior numbers might enable it to dislodge the Confederates and force them to retreat to Smithville; thence, if pressed, to McMinnville or Sparta. If such a movement were seconded by a co-operative one from Carthage the effect would be only to hasten the retreat; for the country between Carthage and Smithville is too rugged for troops to traverse with ease and dispatch and they would necessarily have to march directly to Liberty, or to a point but a very short distance to the east of it. It may be stated generally that the result would be the same were an advance made upon Liberty by any or all of the routes coming in upon the front, and the enemy at Carthage was dangerous only when the Confederates exposed their rear by an imprudent advance. A rapid march through Woodbury upon McMinnville might bring the enemy at any time entirely between Liberty and the army at Tullahoma, or if he turned and marched through Mechanicsville dash and celerity might enable him to cut off the force at Liberty entirely.

When it is remembered that about the only point of importance outside of Murfreesboro and Nashville and short of the line I have described (with the exception of Lebanon) whether north or south of the river, was occupied by a Federal garrison large enough to undertake the offensive, and that the country was traced in every direction by innumerable practicable roads, it will be clear that sleepless vigilance and the soundest judgment were necessary to the protection of the Confederate forces stationed in this region. The three regiments encamped in the vicinity of Liberty numbered about one thousand effectives, and the other regiments under Colonel Gano, including all which were not detached in Kentucky under Colonels Cluke and Chenault, were posted in the neighborhood of Woodbury and McMinnville, and were about the same aggregate strength.

During the latter part of January and in February and

March, the entire command was kept constantly and busily employed. Scouts and expeditions of all kinds, dashes at the enemy and fights between reconnoitering parties were of almost daily occurrence, and when Colonels Gano and Breckinridge were not harassing the enemy they were recipients of like attention from him. Perhaps no period in the history of Morgan's cavalry of equal duration can be cited in which more exciting and arduous service was performed. It has been said, in allusion to this period and the action then of Morgan's command, "If all the events of that winter could be told, it would form a book of daring personal adventures, of patient endurance, of great and continued hardship, and heroic resistance against fearful odds." The narration of these scenes in the simple language of the men who were actors in them, the description by the private soldiers of what they dared then and endured would be the best record. They could tell how, worn out with days and night of toil, the brief repose was at length welcomed with so much joy. Frequently the rain and sleet would beat in their faces as they slept and the ice would thicken in their very beds. Happy were the men who had blankets in which to wrap their limbs other than those which protected their horses' backs from the saddle. Thrice lucky those who could find something to eat when they lay down and another meal when they arose. It oftenest happened that before the chill, bleak winter's day had broken, the bugle aroused them from comfortless bivouacs to mount, half frozen and shivering, upon their stiff and tired horses and, faint and hungry, ride miles to attack a foe or contest against ten-fold odds every foot of his advance.

Some of the personal adventures so frequent at that time will perhaps be found interesting. An expedition undertaken by General Morgan himself, but, unlike most of those in which he personally commanded, unsuccessful, is thus related:

"Upon January 29th, General Morgan, accompanied by Major Steele, Captain Cassell and a few men, came to Liberty to execute a dangerous plan. It was to take fifty picked men, dressed in blue coats, into Nashville, burn the commissary stores there, and in the confusion of the fire make their escape. He had an order written, purporting to be from General Rosecrans, to Captain Johnson, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, U. S. A., to proceed from Murfreesboro to Lebanon, thence to Nashville, arrest all stragglers, make all discoveries, etc. I can not recollect now from what commands the fifty men were selected, but know that Steele, Cassell and Quirk went along. The plan was frustrated by an accident. As General Morgan rode up to Stewart's ferry over Stone river, a captain of a Michigan regiment, with some twenty men, rode up to the other side. Morgan immediately advanced a few feet in front of his command, touched his hat, and said, "Captain, what is the news in Nashville?"

Federal captain—"Who are you?"

"Captain Johnson, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, just from Murfreesboro' *via* Lebanon, going to Nashville by General Rosecrans' order. What is your regiment?"

"——— Michigan."

Morgan then asked: "Are you going farther?"

"No. Have you any news of Morgan?"

With perfect self possession Morgan answered: "His cavalry are at Liberty—none closer."

He then said to Quirk: "Sergeant, carry as many men over at a load as possible and we will swim the horses. It is too late to attempt to ferry them over."

"The Michigan captain started to move on, when Morgan asked him to wait and they would ride to Nashville together. When he consented, most of his men got down and tried to warm themselves by walking, jumping, etc. Quirk pushed across with about a dozen men, reached the bank, and started the boat back; unfortunately, as his men climbed the bank their gray pants showed, the Michiganders became alarmed and Quirk had to attack forthwith. The captain and some fifteen men surrendered immediately; the remainder escaped and ran to Nashville, giving the alarm. Morgan declared that if he had succeeded in capturing them all he would have gone immediately into Nashville. Those who knew him best will most readily believe it."

A short time after the fight at Woodbury Lieutenant-Colonel Bowles, with the greater part of the Second Kentucky and supported by a battalion under Lieutenant-Colonel Malone (Alabama), engaged a large force of the enemy at Bradyville. Attacking the advance guard of this force (before he became aware of the strength of the main body), Colonel Bowles drove it in confusion and rout into the town, and even forced back for some distance the regiments sent to its support.

In reckless, crushing attack, Colonel Bowles had no

superior among the officers of the division. His dauntless and rash bravery gave great weight to a charge, but, unluckily, he was perfectly indifferent about the strength of the enemy whom he charged. On this occasion greatly superior forces closed in on both flanks of his command and a part of the enemy, driving away Malone's battalion, gained his rear before he could disentangle himself. Quick fighting and fast running alone saved the regiment, but it was a "hard party" to capture and it got away with a very slight loss in prisoners. Several men in the extreme rear were sabered, but, of course, not killed. One man of Company K, who had an axe strapped on his back, was collared by a Federal captain, who struck him on the head with his saber. The "old regular" deliberately unstrapped his axe and with one fierce blow shivered his assailant's skull.

Lieutenant-Colonels Huffman and Martin were especially enterprising during the early part of February in the favorite feat of wagon catching, and each attacked with success and profit large foraging parties of the enemy. They sometimes ran into more difficult situations than they had bargained for, and it must be recorded that each had, on more than one occasion, to beat a hasty and not altogether orderly retreat. But these mishaps, invariably repaired by increased vigor and daring, served only to show that officers and men possessed one of the rarest of soldierly qualities, the capacity to receive a beating and suffer no demoralization from it.

On one occasion Martin had penetrated with a small force into the neighborhood of Murfreesboro and upon his return was forced to cut his way through a body of the enemy's cavalry. He charged vigorously and a melee ensued, in which the combatants were mixed all together. In this confused hand-to-hand fight, Captain Jacob Bennett (a dashing young officer whose coolness, great strength and quickness had made him very successful and celebrated in such encounters), was confronted by an opponent who leveled a pistol at his head, and at the same time Bennett

saw one of the men of his company just about to be shot or sabered by another one of the enemy. Bending low in his saddle to avoid the shot aimed at himself, Captain Bennett first shot the assailant of his follower and then killed his own foe. Upon one occasion, Captain Quirk in one of his many daring scouts got into a "tight place," which is thus briefly narrated by one familiar with the affair:

> On the same day, Captains Quirk and Davis (the latter of South Carolina) Colonel Breckinridge's aide, started for a sort of fancy trip towards Black's shop. Below Auburn they met Federal cavalry and charged; the enemy had prepared an ambuscade which Quirk's men saw in time to avoid, but not so Quirk, Davis and Tom Murphy, who, being splendidly mounted, were ahead. Into it, through it, they went—Quirk unhurt, Davis wounded and captured, and Tom Murphy escaping with what he described as 'a hell of a jolt,' with the butt of a musket in the stomach. Davis some how managed to escape and reached our lines in safety but with a severe flesh wound in the thigh.

Captain Davis became afterward assistant adjutant-general of the first brigade.

Sometime during February two fine regiments, the Fifth and Sixth Kentucky, were added to the division. These regiments were commanded, respectively, by Colonels D. H. Smith and Warren Grigsby. They had been recruited while General Bragg occupied Kentucky for Buford's brigade, but upon the dissolution of that organization they were assigned at the request of their colonels to General Morgan's command. The material composing them was of the first order and their officers were zealous and efficient.

Sometime in the same month an order was issued from army headquarters regularly brigading Morgan's command. The Second, Fifth, Sixth and Ninth Kentucky and Ninth Tennessee, were placed in one brigade, the first. The Third, Eighth, Eleventh and Tenth Kentucky, composed the second brigade. Colonels Smith and Grigsby were both the seniors of the other colonels of the first brigade, but each refused to take command, on account of their recent attachment to the command

and Colonel Breckinridge was assigned to the temporary command of it. Colonel Adam Johnson was senior colonel of the division, but was absent during the greater part of the winter, and Colonel Gano took command of the second brigade. The regiments, however, were so disposed and scattered that the brigades were not practically organized for some time after the order was issued.

The history of the Ninth Tennessee Regiment illustrates how much can be done by the efforts of an intelligent, zealous and firm officer, however discouraging may appear the prospect when he undertakes reforms. The men of this regiment, recruited principally in Sumner and Smith counties of middle Tennessee, were capable, as the result showed, of being made excellent soldiers, but their training had commenced under the most inauspicious circumstances. They were collected together (as has been previously related) in August, 1862, in a camp at Hartsville, and their organization was partially effected in the neighborhood of a strong enemy while they were entirely without arms or any support and protecting force. Several times during this period they were attacked by the enemy and scattered in all directions; the fact that they always reassembled promptly demonstrating their excellent character.

When General Morgan returned from Kentucky this regiment joined him at Gallatin. Its commander, Colonel Bennett, was deservedly popular for many genial and noble qualities. He was high minded, brave, and generous, but neglected to enforce discipline and his regiment was utterly without it. Upon his death, Lieutenant-Colonel William W. Ward succeeded to the command, and a marked change and improvement was at once perceptible. He instituted a far stricter discipline and enforced it rigidly; he constantly drilled and instructed his men and requiring a higher standard of efficiency in the officers greatly improved them. At the same time he exercised the utmost care and industry in providing for all the wants of his regiment. In a very short time the

Ninth Tennessee became, in all respects, the equal of any regiment in Morgan's division.

Colonel Ward's first exploit, with his regiment thus reformed, was to attack and completely defeat a foraging party, capturing several wagons and seventy-five prisoners. He then performed with great ability a very important duty, that of harassing General Crook's command, which had been stationed opposite Carthage, on the south side of the Cumberland. Colonel Ward, avoiding close battle, annoyed and skirmished with this force so constantly, that it never did any damage, and finally recrossed the river. From this time, the Ninth Tennessee did its fair share of dashing and successful service.

Some account should be given of the operations of Colonel Chenault, in Clinton and Wayne counties, Kentucky, and of Colonel Cluke, in the interior of the State. I can best describe the service of the first named of these commands by copying, verbatim, from the diary of a gallant field officer of the regiment.* He says:

"The regiment started (January 15th) in a pelting rain for Albany, Ky. We marched through mud, rain and snow for five days, swimming both Collins and Obie rivers, and reached Albany on the morning of the 22nd of January, 1863, all much exhausted and many men dismounted. We found Albany a deserted village. It was once a flourishing village of five hundred inhabitants, and is the county seat of Clinton county. It is now tenantless and deserted.

January 24th. With one hundred men I went on a scout to Monticello, distant twenty-five miles from Albany, drove a Yankee company commanded by Captain Hare out of Monticello and across the Cumberland river; captured two prisoners.

From this date until the 15th of February we scouted and picketed the roads in every direction, and had good rations and forage with comfortable quarters, but heavy duty, the whole regiment being on duty every two days. "Tinker Dave" annoyed us so much that we had to establish a chain picket every night around the entire town. Colonel Jacob's Yankee regiment is at Creelsboro, twelve miles distant, and Woolford's brigade is at Burkesville, fourteen miles distant. Our little regiment is one hundred and twenty miles from support and it is only by vigilance and activity that we can save ourselves. An order was received yesterday from the War Department forever fixing our destiny with Morgan.

Learning from newspapers that our scouts brought in that Wool-

*Major, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel Jas. B. McCreary.

ford would make a speech in Burkesville on the 12th day of February, I started from Albany with two companies, early that morning, and forming my men behind a hill I watched from the bushes near the river the assembling of the crowd at the court-house. At 1 o'clock the bell rang. A short time before that the guard at the ferry, in four hundred yards of the court-house, was composed almost entirely of soldiers, and after speaking commenced I charged on foot to a school house immediately on the banks of the river, and from there drove the pickets that had dismounted away from their horses and also broke up the speaking in tremendous disorder. We killed a number of horses and the killed and wounded among the Yankees were seven. The boys christened the school house Fort McCreary, but it did not last long, for that night after we left, the Yankees crossed the river and burned it.

February 19th. Colonel Cluke passed within a few miles of us and sent an order from General Morgan for two companies. Companies D and E, Captains Dickens and Terrill, were sent him.

March 4th. By order of General Morgan I moved with three companies from Albany to Monticello to-day; am camping in the town. The citizens are hospitable and polite. Woolford, with a very large force, is around Somerset. I am kept very busy picketing and scouting; it is General Morgan's object to occupy all the country this side of the Cumberland until Cluke's return from Kentucky.

March 10th. To-day the balance of the regiment under Colonel Chenault arrived at Monticello. We have raised one company of new recruits since coming to Kentucky.

March 20th. I crossed the Cumberland river with twenty-six men last night in a horse trough, and then marched on foot two miles to capture a Yankee picket. The force at the picket base fled but I captured two *videttes* stationed at the river. The trip was very severe. I lost one man.

April 1st. General Pegram's brigade arrived to-day *en route* for Kentucky on a raid. The brain fever has killed seventeen of our regiment up to this date, among them Captain Sparr and Lieutenant Covington.

April 11th. Pegram captured Somerset and moved on to Danville, and thence commenced his retreat; was compelled to fight at Somerset and was defeated; Colonel Chenault moved our regiment to the river and helped him to cross. His forces were much scattered, and many were captured.

April 18th. Cluke returned to-day from Kentucky; the two companies that went from this regiment were much injured. What is left reported to-day. Captain Terrill and Lieutenant Maupin, both severely wounded at the Mount Sterling fight, were left behind.

April 29th. River being fordable, the enemy crossed in heavy force both at Mill Springs and mouth of Greasy creek. Tucker met them on Mill Spring road and I met them on Greasy Creek road; Chenault with part of the regiment remained at Monticello. The enemy was in large force, and we were compelled to evacuate Monticello at 11 o'clock to-night, and fell back in the direction of Travisville. Finding on the 1st day of May that the enemy was not pressing us, we returned to Monticello and skirmished heavily with him; reinforcements to the enemy having arrived, we were compelled to fall back to the Obie River.

The "brain fever," to which the writer alluded, was a very singular disease. The patient attacked with it suffered with a terrible pain in the back of the head and along the spine; the extremities soon became cold and the patient sank into torpor. It was generally fatal in a few hours. I recollect to have heard of no recovery from it.

As has already been mentioned, Colonel Cluke was dispatched to central Kentucky on the 4th of February. The force under his command, in all seven hundred and fifty effectives, was his own regiment, the Eighth Kentucky, under the immediate command of Major Robert S. Bullock, seventy-eight men of the Ninth Kentucky and two companies of the Eleventh, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert G. Stoner—entitled the First Battalion; and two companies, C and I, of the Third Kentucky, and Company A, of the Second Kentucky, under command of Major Theophilus Steele—styled the Second Battalion. The two mountain howitzers ("Bull Pups") were also attached to his command, under charge of Lieutenant C. C. Corbett. This force was ably officered, every company having excellent commanders. Colonel Cluke was supplied also with an efficient staff, Captains C. C. and C. H. Morgan (of the General's own staff) accompanied him. Lieutenant Moreland (a staff officer of the first brigade) attended him as aide.

Colonel Cluke had no officer regularly detailed as acting assistant adjutant-general. Sergeant Lawrence Dickerson, clerk of the adjutant's office of the first brigade, and thoroughly competent, performed all the duties of one.

The advance guard was commanded by Lieutenant Shuck of the Eighth Kentucky, and the scouts were commanded by Lieutenant Hopkins of the Second and Lieutenant S. P. Cunningham of the Eighth. One hundred rounds of ammunition and six days' rations were issued to the men upon the morning that the command marched. The weather was inclement and intensely cold, when this expedition was commenced. A march through sleet, rain, and snow and over terrible roads, brought Colonel Cluke to the Cumberland

river on the evening of the 18th. Lieutenant-Colonel Stoner and Lieutenant Hopkins crossed the river with a few men, in a canoe, surprised and captured the Federal pickets posted to guard the ferry at which Colonel Cluke wished to cross, and brought over flatboats and a coal barge by means of which the entire command was crossed, the horses being made to swim. So bitter was the cold that eight horses chilled to death immediately upon emerging from the stream.

On the 19th the column reached Somerset. A strong force of the enemy had been stationed there, but fell back to Danville on learning of Colonel Cluke's approach. The greater part of the stores collected there fell into Cluke's hands. Pressing on, Cluke compelled the surrender of a detachment of Federal troops at Mount Vernon and did not halt until within fifteen miles of Richmond. Wretched roads and a blinding snow storm rendered this march harassing and tedious. The scouts moved to within ten miles of Richmond and Lieutenant Hopkins halting with a portion of them, Lieutenant Cunningham went on three miles farther with eight men. He found a picket post of the enemy where four videttes were stationed. He answered their challenge by declaring himself and party friends and, advancing to the post, persuaded the Federals that they were an advance party of Woolford's regiment, which they represented to be returning from Tennessee to Kentucky to assist in repelling an anticipated raid. Lieutenant Cunningham stated that all the various forces in the region were to be immediately concentrated at Lexington, as certain information had been obtained that General Breckinridge had entered the State at the head of ten thousand infantry. The sergeant of the post then gave Lieutenant Cunningham a statement of the location and strength of all the Federal commands in the vicinity and invited him to go a short distance off, where the picket detail to which he belonged made base. Cunningham, finding this detail twenty-four strong, made an excuse to send back two of his own men and one of the Federals, calling

Hopkins to his aid, who, in an hour or two, arrived with the other men of the scouts.

A skirmish immediately ensued between the parties. One Federal was killed and two wounded—the rest were made prisoners. They were completely deceived and surprised. The whole affair was as clever a piece of strategy as can be found in the annals of partisan service. Learning that two hundred and fifty of the enemy were at Richmond, Cluke broke camp at an early hour and marched rapidly in hopes to capture them. They started to Lexington, however, before he got to Richmond. The rumor (which had been industriously circulated) that Breckinridge had entered the State, was accomplishing its work. Major Steele was immediately dispatched in advance with three companies under his command. He overtook the rear guard at Comb's ferry and drove it in upon the column—a brisk skirmish and chase ensuing—Steele driving them into Lexington. He came very near being killed shortly afterward. Leaving his command halted, he rode to a picket post some distance off, with one or two men, and essayed to capture the videttes. One of them (after signifying that he would surrender) suddenly placed his rifle to the major's breast and fired. A thick Mexican blanket wrapped tightly in many folds about his body saved his life; yet the bullet pierced the blanket and entered his breast, breaking a rib. This wound disabled him, at a time when his services were most needed, for several days.

On the same night, Captain C. H. Morgan and Lieutenant Corbett, while reconnoitering near Lexington, were captured. Colonel Cluke moved on the night of the 22d (crossing the Kentucky river at Boonesboro) to Winchester, reaching that place on the 23d. He then sent detachments in various directions to excite and bewilder the enemy as thoroughly as possible—Major Bullock advancing toward Lexington, Lieutenant-Colonel Stoner was sent to Mount Sterling and Lieutenant Cunningham was sent toward Paris. The most intense excitement prevailed and reports were rife and believed that rebels were flocking into the State from all

directions. Cluke, finding that he had reduced the enemy to inaction, and could do so safely, permitted men who lived in the neighboring counties to visit their homes and thus give greater currency to these rumors. This had been one of the objects of the expedition. The other ends had in view in undertaking it, to wit, to obtain and keep a thorough understanding of the condition of affairs in Kentucky during the winter, and to enable the men to procure horses and clothing, were perfectly accomplished. Lieutenant Cunningham demonstrated successfully in the direction of Paris, confining the troops there to the town. Lieutenant-Colonel Stoner moved rapidly on Mount Sterling and found the enemy, which had been stationed there under Colonel Wadsworth, just evacuating the town. Stoner immediately attacked and completely routed his enemy. The road by which the latter retreated was strewn for miles with overcoats, guns, wrecked wagons and all the debris of routed and fleeing troops. Stoner captured many prisoners and several wagons.

On the 24th, the entire command was concentrated at Mount Sterling and the day was spent in collecting and distributing horses, equipments, etc. The enemy at Lexington having recovered by this time from the fright given them on the 21st by Major Steele, and learning the falsity of the rumors of a heavy Confederate advance, now came out in search of Cluke. On the morning of the 25th a brigade dashed into Mount Sterling. The command was much weakened not only by the detachments which had again been sent out, but by furloughs allowed men who lived in the immediate vicinity. It was at once driven out of the town but retreated unpursued only a short distance. It has been said that the men came in so quickly that the command was increased from two hundred to six hundred, before "the echoes of the enemy's artillery died away." This brigade established itself at Mount Sterling.

Cluke now successfully inaugurated a strategy which has been greatly and justly admired by his comrades. Lieutenant Cunningham was sent with a few picked men to the vicinity of Lexington and directed to spy thoroughly upon the

officials there. Ascertaining enough to make the project feasible, the lieutenant sent a shrewd fellow (disguised in Federal uniform) to the headquarters of the officer commanding, upon some pretended business which enabled him to hang about the office. While there this man purloined some printed blanks and brought them out with him. One of these was filled up with an order purporting to come from Lexington to the officer in command at Mount Sterling, instructing him to march at once to Paris to repel a raid threatening the Kentucky Central railroad. He was directed to leave his baggage under a small garrison at Mount Sterling. A courier properly dressed bore this order to Mount Sterling and dashed in with horse reeking with sweat and every indication of excited haste. He played his part so well that the order was not criticized and induced no suspicion. This courier's name was Clark Lyle—an excellent and daring scout.

As soon as the necessary preparations were made the Federals marched to Paris and Cluke re-entered the town, capturing the garrison and stores. He remained until the 8th of March, his scouts harassing the enemy and keeping him informed of their every movement.

Another heavy advance of the enemy induced Colonel Cluke to retreat beyond Slate into the hills about Howard's mill.

Three companies were left in the vicinity of Mount Sterling under Captain Cassell. One stationed upon the North Middletown pike was so closely pressed by the enemy that it was forced to cross Slate, below Howard's mill. The other two were also hotly attacked and driven back to Colonel Cluke's encampment, sustaining, however, but slight loss. Cluke marched to Hazelgreen, determining to await there the arrival of General Humphrey Marshall, who was reported to be approaching from Abington with three thousand men.

Captain Calvin Morgan volunteered to carry a message to Marshall and traveled alone the wild country between Hazelgreen and Pound Gap, a country infested with a crowd

of ferocious bushwhackers. About this time Cluke's whole force must have been badly off, if the language of one of his officers be not exaggerated, who (in an account of the encampment at Hazelgreen) declares that "the entire command was prostrated by a severe attack of erysipelas."

Threatening demonstrations from the enemy induced Cluke to retreat from Hazelgreen and still farther into the mountains. He established himself on the middle fork of the Licking, near Saliersville. On the 19th of March, he found himself completely surrounded. Fifteen hundred of the enemy had gained his rear, a thousand, advancing from Louisa, were on his right, and eight hundred were at Proctor on his left. In his front was the garrison of Mount Sterling, five hundred strong, but likely at any moment to be reinforced by the forces then in central Kentucky. The roads in all directions were so well observed that he could not hope to escape without a fight.

His command was reduced to about three hundred effectives—the rest were suffering from the erysipelas. In this emergency he conceived a determination at once bold and exceedingly judicious. He resolved to march straight on Mount Sterling and attack it at any hazard. He trusted that the enemy would send no more troops there, but would (believing that he would seek to escape southward) send all that could be collected to intercept him in that quarter.

A tremendous march of sixty miles in twenty-four hours, over mountains and across swollen streams, brought him to McIntyre's ferry of the Licking, thirty miles from Mount Sterling. Crossing on the night of the 20th and morning of the 21st, Major Steele was sent with his battalion *via* Owingsville (in Bath county) to take position on the Winchester pike beyond Mount Sterling, that he might give timely information of the approach of reinforcements to the garrison. Colonel Cluke moved with the rest of his command through Mud Lick Spring, directly to Mount Sterling. Colonel Cluke at the head of a body of men entered the town from the east, while Lieutenant-Colonel Stoner with two companies from the Eleventh Kentucky, the men of the

Ninth under Captain McCormick and Hopkins' scouts, charged in from the northwest.

The enemy fell back and shut themselves up in the court-house. Stoner charged them but was driven back by a heavy fire from the windows. A detachment of thirty men were then ordered to advance on the street into which the Winchester pike leads and burn the houses in which the Federals had ensconced themselves. With torch, ax and sledge hammer these men under McCormick and Cunningham forced their way into the heart of the town. As they reached the "Old Hotel," which was occupied by a body of the Federals, and used as a hospital, a flag of truce was displayed. McCormick, Cunningham and six others entered, and were coolly informed by some forty or fifty soldiers that the sick had surrendered but they (the soldiers) had not, and threatened to fire upon them from the upper rooms, if they tried to escape from the building. At the suggestion of Lieutenant Saunders, the eight Confederates forced the sick men to leave the house with them in a mingled crowd, thus rendering it impossible for the Federals to fire without endangering the lives of their comrades. Before quitting the house they set it on fire. In a short time the entire Federal force in the town surrendered, and victors and vanquished went to work together to extinguish the flames.

Colonel Cluke took four hundred and twenty-eight prisoners, two hundred and twenty wagons laden with valuable stores, five hundred mules and nearly one thousand stand of arms. Captain Virgil Pendleton, a most gallant and valuable officer, was killed in this affair. Captain Ferrill and Lieutenant Maupin were seriously wounded.

Cluke immediately evacuated the town and was attacked some five miles to the eastward of it by a force of Federal cavalry preceding a body of infantry which were approaching to relieve the place. An insignificant skirmish resulted and Cluke marched to Owingsville unpursued. On the next day he encamped at McIntyre's ferry and collected his entire command, now convalescent. Marshall, marching from Pound Gap about this time, dispersed the forces which had

gone to capture Cluke at Saliersville. On the 25th, Major Steele was sent across the Kentucky river to join General Pegram, who had advanced with a brigade of Confederate cavalry to Danville. Major Steele reached him much farther south. As he was retreating from the State, General Pegram halted near Somerset to fight a strong force of the enemy which was following him and was defeated. Major Steele's battalion was highly complimented for the part it took in the action and in covering the subsequent retreat. On the 26th Colonel Cluke again advanced and encamped in the vicinity of Mount Sterling. He received orders soon after from General Morgan to return and marched southward accordingly. Colonel Cluke had good right to be proud of this expedition. He had penetrated into the heart of Kentucky and maintained himself for more than a month with vastly inferior forces. He recrossed the Cumberland at the same point at which he had crossed it and was stationed with Colonel Chenault in the vicinity of Albany.

In order to trace properly the history of the division during this period, it is necessary that I disregard chronological arrangement and return to the winter in Tennessee. In the latter part of February a new regiment was formed of Major Hamilton's battalion and some loose companies which had long been unattached, and some which had recently been recruited for General Morgan. Colonel R. C. Morgan (brother of the general), was assigned to the command of this regiment, and Major Hamilton became lieutenant-colonel. A month or two later, a valuable addition was made to it in Quirk's Scouts. Colonel Morgan was an excellent officer and had acted as assistant adjutant-general to Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill through all the stern battles and glorious campaigns in which his chief had figured so conspicuously. Becoming tired of staff duty and anxious to exchange the infantry service for the less monotonous life in the cavalry, he naturally chose his brother's command and obtained a transfer to it. He became a dashing cavalry officer.

During this winter more prisoners were taken than

there were effective men in the division, or men actively at work. The loss in killed and wounded which it inflicted was also severe, and the capture of stores, munitions, etc., were valuable and heavy.

The great lack of supplies necessary to the comfort of troops required to do constant and severe duty in such weather told injuriously upon the discipline of the command. It was impossible to obtain clothing, shoes, etc., in quantities at all adequate to the demand, and the greatest efforts of energy and enterprise upon the part of the subaltern officers never make up for a deficiency in the regular supply of these articles from the proper sources.

Pay was something the men scarcely expected, and it benefited them very little when they received it. Certainly, if comfortable clothing and good serviceable boots and shoes had been issued, as they were needed, and the rations had been occasionally improved by the issue of coffee, or something which would have been esteemed a delicacy, the discipline and efficiency of all the troops would have been vastly promoted. It is hard to maintain discipline when men are required to perform the most arduous and harassing duties without being clothed, shod, paid or fed. If they work and fight they will have little time to provide for themselves. But they certainly will not starve, and they object, decidedly, to doing without clothing if by any means and exertions they can obtain it. Then the converse of the proposition becomes equally true, and if they provide for themselves they will have little time to work and fight. With cavalry, for instance, the trouble of keeping men in camp who were hungry and half frozen, and who felt that they had done good service, was very great. The infantryman, even if equally destitute, could not well straggle, but the cavalry soldier had his horse to take him. The habit of straggling, once begun, usually became incorrigible. But in nine cases out of ten it was originally induced by hunger or the effort to procure very necessary articles.

The winter wore away and the condition of affairs in

Tennessee as described in the first part of this chapter continued unchanged. Three times the enemy advanced in heavy force (cavalry, infantry, and artillery) to Liberty. Upon each occasion, the regiments stationed there under Colonel Breckinridge, after skillfully and courageously contesting his advance for many miles to the front of Liberty, fell back to Snow's Hill, three miles to the east of it, and returned to press hard upon the enemy's rear when he retired.

At length, upon the 19th of March, when Colonel Ward was absent with his regiment reconnoitering in the direction of Carthage, and the force at Liberty was weakened by other detachments until it was scarcely more than six hundred strong, information was received that the enemy were advancing and were near Milton, a small village about eighteen miles from Liberty. General Morgan had, the day before, notified Colonel Breckinridge of his intention to be at Liberty on the 19th. Colonel Breckinridge, when it became clear that the enemy was certainly pressing, posted his command in a good position upon the Murfreesboro pike and sent a courier to Gano with a request that the latter would promptly join him with his entire effective force. Colonel Breckinridge says of this disposition of his command:

> To delay the enemy and give Gano time to come up the pickets were strengthened and thrown forward. The enemy, being infantry, came on slowly but gradually drove our pickets in. The peculiar formation of the ground gave the brigade great advantage and admirably concealed its weakness. The enemy made demonstrations but made no attack, and before nightfall bivouacked in line in sight of our skirmishers. Just at dark Morgan rode upon the ground and was received with deafening cheers; and soon afterward Colonel Gano came up. Under cover of night the enemy withdrew to Auburn.

General Morgan, in his official report of the fight which ensued on the next day at Milton, says:

> On the evening of the 19th instant I reached Liberty, Tenn., and learned that the Federals were moving upon that place from Murfreesboro, their numbers being reported at from two thousand to four thousand infantry and two hundred cavalry, with one section of artillery. At the time I reached my videttes on the Milton road, the enemy was

within five miles of Liberty; it being night they fell back to Auburn and encamped. Determining to attack them next morning, I ordered Colonels Breckinridge and Gano, who were in command of brigades, to move within four miles of the enemy and hold themselves in readiness to move at any moment. In the meantime, I sent the "Scouts" to watch the movements of the enemy and to report, and to see if any reinforcements came up; also, to send me information when the enemy moved, for I was determined not to make the attack at Auburn, as they held a very strong position, and I was desirous that they should move beyond a gorge in the mountains before the attack was commenced; for, if they had been permitted to take position there it would have been impossible to dislodge them. After daylight one of the scouts returned, bringing intelligence that the enemy was moving. Captain Quirk was ordered to move forward with his company and attack the enemy's rear when they passed the mountain, and retard their progress until the main column arrived. When within a mile of Milton, Captain Quirk came up with their rear guard and commenced a vigorous attack upon it. The enemy immediately halted, deploying their skirmishers to the rear, and bringing their pieces into position, commenced shelling Captain Quirk's men and the road upon which they had advanced. In a short time I arrived upon the ground. Finding that the main column of the enemy was still falling back and their artillery was unsupported by any troops (with the exception of their skirmishers) I determined, if possible, to capture it. I, therefore, ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Martin to move to the left with his regiment and Colonel Breckinridge to send one to the right—to go forward rapidly and when within striking distance to move in and cut off the pieces. Having two pieces of artillery, I ordered them to go forward on the road, supported by Colonel Ward's regiment, dismounted, and the remainder of the command to move in column in supporting distance.

Just before the two regiments which had moved to the right and left reached the proper place to move upon the artillery the enemy's skirmishers and artillery fell back rapidly upon their main column, which occupied a steep hill covered with cedars. They placed their battery on a line with their column on the road immediately upon their right. To reach this position we would have to pass through a cedar brake, the ground being very rough and broken. A few of the enemy's skirmishers were thrown forward to that point. I ordered my two pieces of artillery to move upon the left of the road until they reached a point within four hundred yards of the enemy's artillery and then to silence their guns.

They went forward gallantly supported by a part of Ward's regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, who still occupied his position on the left, was ordered forward to threaten the right of the enemy. At the same time I ordered the command under Colonel Gano to move up, dismount and attack the enemy vigorously, immediately in the front. Colonel Breckinridge was ordered to move to the right with his command and attack their extreme left. Captain Quirk, in the meantime, had been ordered to get upon the pike immediately in the rear of the enemy, which he did in a most satisfactory manner, capturing fifteen or twenty prisoners.

He remained in the rear of the enemy until reinforcements came to them from Murfreesboro (only thirteen miles distant), when he was

driven back. When our artillery opened the whole command moved forward. Colonel Martin charged in most gallant style, and had a number of his horses killed with canister as the guns of the enemy were turned upon him. The remainder of the command was moved up to within one hundred yards of the main column of the Federals and dismounted. Moving rapidly to the front, they drove in the enemy's skirmishers and pushed forward in the most gallant manner upon the hill occupied by the enemy, which was about sixty yards from the cedar brake alluded to. Colonel Breckinridge, who commanded our extreme right, had his men dismounted and went boldly up, the enemy's artillery being at this time moved from the pike to a position upon the top of the hill immediately in their center; but this was not accomplished until it came near being captured by Colonel Grigsby, who was within fifty yards of it and moving rapidly upon it, when his ammunition giving completely out he was forced to halt. It was near this point that Colonel Napier was severely wounded while cheering and leading his men up. Colonel Grigsby was also wounded while in front of his command and encouraging his men. At the same time the firing from the center of the line nearly ceased; a few scattering shots, now and then, gave evidence that nearly all of the ammunition was exhausted. Two more rounds would have made our victory complete and two thousand Federals would have been the result of the day's fighting.

Finding his ammunition completely gone, General Morgan ordered a withdrawal and fell back to Milton, the enemy neither firing upon nor pursuing him. Here he found an ordnance train and four pieces of artillery which had been sent from McMinnville. He was encouraged to renew the attack, hoping to capture the entire opposing force. Martin was placed in the same position which he had previously occupied, and Gano, whose entire command had by this time arrived, was sent to the right.

In his report thereon General Morgan says:

The artillery took position in about eight hundred yards of the enemy' battery, and commenced a rapid and severe fire upon it. The enemy had again taken position upon the pike, from which he was soon driven by Lieutenant Lawrence, who was in command of my battery. Our pieces were served with the greatest precision and coolness, and the men stood by their guns like veterans. Although they had but few men in the fight the casualties were two killed and eighteen wounded, showing the determination with which they held their position. Too much praise can not be awarded to Lieutenant Lawrence. Three times the enemy had to change the position of their battery, and were silenced until reinforced by additional guns. While this artillery duel was progressing, my men were moving to the front and were about dismounting, when Captain Quirk was driven from the rear by a large force of the enemy which had just arrived in time to save the force in our front. I immediately ordered my entire command to fall back to Milton and from thence to Liberty. The enemy did not follow.

General Morgan expressed his perfect satisfaction with the conduct of the officers and men in this fight, and complimented his brigade commanders and his personal staff.

One reason of the want of success in the first onset was the fatigue of men and horses by the long and rapid ride to Auburn, and thence to the position taken by the enemy. In the stretching gallop down the road, which General Morgan ordered in his impatience to overtake the enemy and apprehension lest they should get away, the column necessarily became prolonged, the men scattered and many (their horses falling) dropped out entirely. But few men, consequently, were available when the attack commenced. As the detached portions of regiments, divided by this speedy march, came up, there was, necessarily, some confusion and some difficulty in putting them at once promptly and smoothly into the fight.

For these reasons, and on account of the usual details for horse-holders, perhaps not more than one thousand men were engaged on our side, and these (as has been just explained) could not be handled as effectively as was necessary to force a strong position held by superior numbers. Colonel Ward's regiment is frequently alluded to in Colonel Morgan's report, but it should be stated that the bulk of that regiment was absent; only sixty men (one of its companies), under Captain Cates, were present. The scanty supply of ammunition, however, and its failure at the critical moment was the principal cause of the repulse, or rather withdrawal of our troops. All who have given any account of this battle concur in praising the conduct of the combatants. It was fought with the utmost determination and with no flinching on either side.

One incident is thus described by an eye-witness:

> Just here Martin performed one of those acts of heroic but useless courage, too common among our officers. When his regiment wavered and commenced to fall back, he halted until he was left alone; then at a slow walk rode to the pike, and with his hat off rode slowly out of fire. He was spendidly mounted, wore in his hat a long black plume, was himself a large and striking figure and I have often thought that it was the handsomest picture of cool and desperate courage I saw in the war.

Our loss in this fight was very heavy, especially in officers. The list of wounded officers was large. Captains Sale, Marr,* Cooper and Cossett, and a number of other officers, were killed. Captain Sale was the third captain killed of Company E, Second Kentucky. Captain Cossett, of the Ninth Tennessee, was under arrest at the time, for charges of which he was acquitted after death. He was killed, fighting with his musket, as a volunteer. General Morgan's clothing was torn with balls.

About this time an impression prevailed at General Bragg's headquarters that the enemy was about to evacuate Murfreesboro and, perhaps, Nashville. General Morgan had come to Liberty on the 19th, in order to reconnoiter and ascertain the truth of this rumor.

Upon the day before, Colonel Breckinridge had been ordered to move to Lebanon with his brigade and a section of Byrne's battery, and was informed that he would be supported by Gano. In the order he was told:

> The object of these demonstrations is to discover, if possible, whether the rumored evacuation of Murfreesboro by the Federals is true, and, if so, to what point they are moving their forces. In the event that they are falling back to Nashville, the command will move from Lebanon, cross the river and attack and harass them. At Lebanon, or within twenty-four hours after your arrival at that point, certain information can be obtained as to what is taking place on the enemy's lines. In the event your pickets or scouts report an advance from Readyville or Murfreesboro, you will not leave your present position.

Upon the 19th the following dispatch came from General Bragg's headquarters to Wheeler:

> *To Major-General Joseph Wheeler, McMinnville, Tennessee:*
> Ascertain what direction the enemy takes after leaving Gallatin.
> [Signed] GEO. WM. BRENT, *A. A. Gen'l.*

This proved conclusively that General Bragg believed that Nashville and the whole of middle Tennessee was about to be evacuated by the Federal army.

General Morgan did not believe so, nor did Colonel

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* Captain Marr was desperately wounded and reported dead, but recovered.

Breckinridge, who was charged with the scouting of all the extreme right flank. The latter officer says:

> It is true that, at this time, General Rosecrans ordered back his sick, his surplus baggage, camp followers, increased his guard at every station in his rear, displayed greater vigilance at his pickets, veiled his movements in greater secrecy, and became stringent in his rules about passes to and from his camps and lines. All our scouts reported these movements, and our generals concluded he meant a retreat. Morgan believed otherwise.

General Morgan in reality believed that these were all the indications of an advance rather than of retreat, and he confidently anticipated the former in the early part of April. On the 3rd of April there *was* an advance, which, although not of the entire Federal army, yet comprehended so large a part of it as to completely rid the country in which the command had been wintering of its presence for a short time.

This force approached Liberty on the 2nd of April, causing the concentration there of both brigades, with the exception of the detachments necessarily sent to observe different important points. The entire command, after some skirmishing, took position near Liberty, but to the east of it, and encamped in line of battle on the night of the 2d.

The enemy retreated about a mile and bivouacked. Scouts were sent through his camp that night and discovered that behind the cavalry was a heavy infantry force. Other scouts also reported that Hazen was advancing from Readyville and Crook from Carthage. Colonel Ward was sent to watch the Carthage road, and all the rest were disposed to resist the advance of the enemy directly in front. Colonel Gano was senior officer and leaving Breckinridge to conduct the retreat to "Snow's hill," he took charge of the preparations for defense there.

"Snow's hill" was regarded by the majority of the officers who had served about Liberty as a very strong position, but I believe they all agreed subsequently that the opinion was a mistaken one. As a defensive position against attack from an enemy who came through Liberty

it possessed no strong features at all; in reality the advantages were all on the side of the attacking party if he possessed a numerical strength which would enable him to occupy all the approaches to the position and maintain a connected line. It is a long slope, or rather collection of sloping ridges, which, beginning at the table land eastward of the valley in which Liberty is situated, point due westward.

The road from Liberty to Smithville runs through the center of the position upon Snow's hill which was selected for defense, but bends and curves according to the necessities of the grade. The ridges all point toward Liberty and are parallel to the general direction of the road. They can not be called rugged and inaccessible, for although their northern and southern sides are somewhat precipitous, the backbone of each is comparatively smooth and the ascent is by no means abrupt or difficult from the points where they subside into the valley to their summit at the eastern ends. The ravines between these ridges can be readily traversed by troops and the bluffs at the eastern extremity of each, or where they "head," can be easily climbed. It is true that the conformation of the ground presents at one side a serious obstacle to an attacking force. The base of these ridges, which have been described, or the parent hill, of which they seem to be offshoots, is separated from the level ground to the eastward by a singular and deep gulf, some two or three hundred yards wide and I know not how long. This abyss (it may be called) is crossed by a sort of natural wall, or what would be termed in railroad parlance, "fill," the sides of which are very abrupt and steep. It is not more than thirty or forty feet wide, and the road runs along it. To the southward of this deep, long chasm is a gap in the hill through which ran a road by which the rear of the entire position could be gained. If this gap had been occupied and the narrow road across the wide, deep chasm had been adequately commanded by earthworks which could protect the defenders from artillery planted on the

tops of the hills, the position would have been impregnable, perhaps, from attack against its front, and the enemy could have carried it only by marching far around upon one or the other flank. But the position always selected by our forces stationed there for fight was about half way down the ridges toward Liberty. Here the enemy's artillery had full play at them, his infantry marching up the ravines and ridges had an equal chance with them, for there was no cover and all were equally exposed; the regiments defending the position were necessarily separated from each other and could not act in concert; their horses embarrassed them unless carried a long distance to the rear, and their every movement was completely apparent to the enemy. The left flank was, also, always in danger, and if turned by cavalry the retreat would be necessarily compromised.

During the night of the 2nd the Sixth Kentucky and Quirk's Scouts were posted to watch the enemy, and the rest of the command was withdrawn to the eastward of Liberty and took position upon the hill. Two guns of Byrne's Battery were planted to sweep the road, a few hundred yards from the town. At daylight the enemy's cavalry charged the force in front of the town and drove it back. Major Bullitt, commanding the Sixth Kentucky, held them back for a while, but their numbers and the dash with which they came told, and they forced him to rapid retreat. Soon their close pursuit brought the enemy within the range of the guns and their fire made them call a halt, and Bullitt and Quirk charged in their turn. The Confederates, however, were borne steadily backward.

To the east of Liberty the enemy met with another check at the long covered bridge over Dry creek, about a mile from the town. The guns were planted to command the bridge and masked; when the enemy had crowded it full Byrnes opened and burst his shells right in their midst. In a short time answering artillery drove the Confederates away.

Established on Snow's hill, the line was not able to re-

main long in position under the heavy fire of artillery and the attack of the infantry. A long column of cavalry moved up Dry creek and turning upon the left flank, came through the gap which has been mentioned. Lieutenant-Colonel Huffman was sent with the Third Kentucky to check them, but, unluckily, did not reach the gap in time. He prevented, however, their further advance until the troops under Colonel Breckinridge (which about the same time began to retreat) had passed the point where this force could have cut them off.

I came up to the rear, about this time, in company with Colonel Smith; we had ridden from McMinnville together and had heard cannonading and learned that there was a fight going on. We saw nothing of it, however, but its effects upon the stragglers, who seemed to have unaccountably increased. I had been absent from the command for more than two months, but knew of the gallant service it had done and took for granted that its *morale* was unimpaired. Colonel Smith, who had left Liberty only two or three days before, was more surprised than myself at the stream of stragglers which we met. The moral condition of the men was the most singular I ever witnessed. There was no panic, no running, jostling, wild fear. They rode along quietly, talked rationally, seemed utterly free from any lively and immediate apprehension, but "just couldn't be made to fight," and yet quiet and "serene" as seemed to be their timidity, it made some of them go clear off, swim unfordable streams and stay away for days. We were unprovided with a guard, and although we could stop these fellows until the road was packed and jammed with them, it was utterly impossible to make them turn back. At length, in disgust, we gave up the attempt and rode on to see what was the condition of affairs nearer the scene of actual fighting. Colonel Smith hastened to his regiment, and I went in quest of Colonels Gano and Breckinridge and kept a watch for the Second Kentucky.

I met the column of Colonel Breckinridge retreating,

but in excellent order; the ranks were depleted by the stragglers, but the men who were left were as firm and cool as ever. The same was true of that portion of Colonel Gano's brigade which I saw. The men were occasionally cheering and seemed perfectly ready to return, if necessary, to fight. When Lieutenant-Colonel Huffman, in accordance with orders sent him by Colonel Gano, undertook to withdraw from his position upon the left, his men became crowded and confused on account of the peculiar conformation of the ground. The enemy, taking advantage of this confusion, charged him. The Fourth Regulars came vigorously upon his rear, and did smart damage. The regiment recoiled in disorder for some distance. At length Gano, with some thirty or forty men, charged the Fourth Regulars and checked them. Quirk dashed to his assistance with about the same number of men and the enemy was driven completely away. No further pursuit was attempted and the column retreated toward Smithville.

At this date Colonel Gano's connection with the command ceased and we lost the benefit of his character as an officer and man. No officer had won more and better merited distinction and his popularity was justly very great. Functional disease of the heart, brought about by exposure, hard work and intense excitement compelled him to withdraw, for a time, from active service, and when he returned with reestablished health to the field it was to win new laurels and accomplish brilliant work in the Trans-Mississippi.*

The division received more injury from this affair than I would have supposed a hard fight and serious defeat could have done it. Nearly two weeks were required to collect the fugitives. General Morgan, on his way to join us on the night of the 3d, met a straggler wandering loosely about and demanded sternly why he was absent from his regiment. "Well, General," answered the fellow ingenuously, "I am scattered."

* He was made brigadier-general soon after his transfer.

CHAPTER VIII.

SERVICE AROUND ALEXANDRIA AND LIBERTY—FIGHT AT GREASY CREEK—START ON THE GREAT RAID—PASSAGE OF THE CUMBERLAND—FIGHTING AT BURKESVILLE, COLUMBIA, GREEN RIVER BRIDGE AND LEBANON—CROSSING THE OHIO—THROUGH INDIANA AND OHIO—CONSTANT COLLISIONS WITH THE MILITIA—MARCHING AROUND CINCINNATI—MORGAN DEFEATED AT BUFFINGTON, HIMSELF AND GREATER PART OF HIS COMMAND CAPTURED—IN THE OHIO PENITENTIARY—MORGAN'S ESCAPE.

We remained at Smithville until the 7th of April, and then returned to Liberty, in obedience to orders from General Wheeler, who had reached Alexandria on the same evening with Wharton's division. Two or three days subsequently, General Wheeler proceeded to Lebanon with all of the troops at his disposal.

General Wheeler remained at Lebanon three days. During that time the enemy advanced once from Murfreesboro, but retreated before reaching our pickets. Upon our return from Lebanon a portion of the forces, only, were sent to Alexandria; more than half, under command of General Wheeler, passed through Rome to the immediate vicinity of Carthage. Remaining here during the night, General Wheeler fell back toward Alexandria, reaching that place about 1 or 2 P. M. Wharton's division was again encamped here and Morgan's division, under my command, was sent to Liberty, except Smith's regiment, which was stationed near Alexandria.

Two or three days after this, the enemy moved out from Carthage as far as New Middleton, ten miles from Alexandria, where General Wheeler attacked them and drove them back to Carthage. On the 19th or 20th the enemy advanced upon McMinnville with a strong force of infantry, cavalry and artillery. There was no cavalry force at the place at all except General Morgan's escort (forty or fifty strong), but there was some ninety infantry under command of Major Wickliffe of the Ninth Kentucky Infantry sta-

tioned there. After a good deal of preliminary reconnoitering and some skirmishing with the men of the escort, the enemy's cavalry dashed into the town, eight abreast, driving out General Morgan and several officers, who happened to be collected at McMinnville upon sick leave, or on special duty of some sort. Among them were Colonel Cluke, Lieutenant-Colonel Martin and Major McCann. Exchanging a few shots with the cavalry, this party retreated upon the Sparta road. McCann's horse was shot in the melee and fell, bringing him to the ground. He sprang to his feet and standing in front of the charging column, shouted "You have got the old chief at last," seeking to produce the impression that he was General Morgan and so favor the latter's escape. He was ridden over, severely sabered and captured; but having been placed in an old stable and allowed a canteen of apple brandy, he got the guard drunk and dug out under the logs during the night, effecting his escape. Lieutenant-Colonel Martin received a bad wound through the lungs. All of the others escaped uninjured. The infantry retreated in perfect order to the mountains, two or three miles distant. The enemy pursued but were driven back by the volleys given them whenever they pressed closely.

A day or two after this affair General Wheeler withdrew, with both divisions, across Caney Fork into Buffalo valley.

The road by which we moved was a rough and bad one, and the ford at which we crossed execrable, making it a tedious affair. Morgan's division during these operations, on account of heavy detachments having been made from it and pretty heavy straggling, was very much reduced.

During a week or ten days' stay in Buffalo valley the stragglers were collected and the regiments were gotten into pretty good order again. Cluke's, Chenault's and Morgan's regiments were still stationed upon the Cumberland, in Wayne, Clinton and Cumberland counties. The latter regiment was driven away from Celina some time in the early part of May; it had been posted there to protect the collection of commissary stores for Wheeler's corps. After tak-

ing the town of Celina, the Federal forces burned it and took position along the Cumberland on the northern side, confronting our forces on the southern. Pegram's Brigade was also stationed at Monticello, in Wayne county, Kentucky. It was attacked and driven away on the 28th of May. General Morgan after these affairs occurred was ordered to move with his division to Wayne county and drive the enemy from the region south of the Cumberland; or if he found him too strong to be driven and he manifested an intention (which was somewhat feared) of pressing into East Tennessee, to at least retard his advance.

When General Morgan reached Monticello, which the enemy had evacuated shortly after the affair with Pegram, he found Cluke, with his own regiment and Chenault's, lying in front of a superior Federal force in Horeshoe bottom on Greasy creek, in the western end of Wayne county. Cluke had been skirmishing with them for two or three days. General Morgan sent couriers to hasten the march of his other regiments—the Second, Third, Fifth and Sixth Kentucky, and Ninth Tennessee and his artillery.

Nothwithstanding that the utmost expedition was used, we did not arrive upon the ground until after 3 P. M., although the order arrived at 9 or 10 A. M. During the day, Cluke and Chenault were fighting with the enemy, at intervals, neither losing nor gaining ground. When we arrived these regiments had almost entirely expended their ammunition, and averaged but two cartridges per man. The rough road over which we had marched and the rapidity with which the march was made had not only caused the artillery to be left far in the rear, but had told severely on the column. Several horses dropped dead. Many gave out so completely that they had to be left. The strength of the five regiments was reduced to eight hundred men when they arrived upon the field.

One instance of uncommon gallantry upon the part of a private soldier—Theodore Bybee of Company C, Second Kentucky—ought to be related. His horse fell dead beneath him and he caught the stirrup of a comrade and ran

eight or ten miles to the scene of the fighting. As soon as we arrived General Morgan ordered us to form for attack. No one in the command was familiar with the ground, and the disposition of the line was made with reference only to what could be seen.

On the left of our position was a deep ravine, with which the road ran parallel. The whole ground was covered, in every direction, with thick timber except for perhaps ten or fifteen acres directly in front of the line formed by Cluke's and Chenault's regiments. In this open space, which was an old field and orchard and nearly square, was situated a small house. Just on the other side of it and in the edge of the woods the enemy were posted. The road ran through the center of it and, immediately after entering the woods at the northern extremity, turned to the left, crossing the ravine.

The mistake General Morgan made in supposing that the road continued to run straight, and thus inducing him to make no inflection of his line on the right of the road toward the enemy's left flank, prevented his capturing a good many prisoners and perhaps the enemy's artillery. Cluke's and Chenault's regiments were together not more than three hundred and fifty strong upon the field. The Fifth Kentucky and Ninth Tennessee were formed about one hundred yards in the rear of Cluke and Chenault. The Third and Sixth Kentucky were formed about two hundred yards in the rear of this line and a little farther to the right. The Second Kentucky and Colonel Morgan's regiment, which had also arrived, were held in reserve, the former on foot, the latter mounted. All of the horses were placed on the left of the road. Just as these dispositions were completed, the enemy opened upon us with two pieces of artillery, which did no damage except to the horses, several of which were killed. As no artillery had been used previously, General Morgan thought that its appearance upon the field betokened the arrival of reinforcements to the enemy, perhaps in considerable numbers, and he thought, for a moment, of withdrawing his troops.

A few seconds of time elapsing, it was demonstrated that

before we could retreat we would be forced to repulse the enemy. At the roar of the guns, they came charging across the open ground, yelling like devils, or rebels. The crash of musketry for a minute, in the limited space, was quite heavy. Cluke's line quickly discharged all of its ammunition, and then gave back before the enemy's determined rush without, however, losing its formation, or any of the men turning their faces from the enemy. These two regiments were exceedingly reliable in battle.

After this line had *backed* some twenty-five paces the second line came to its support, and the men in the latter passing through the intervals between the files of the former poured into the faces of the Federals, at that time almost mingled with the men of Cluke's and Chenault's regiments, a volley which amazed and sent them back. As our line pressed after them across the open ground the artillery, only a short distance off, told severely on it and continued its fire until our foremost participants were close upon the guns.

The enemy made a stand at the point where the road crosses the ravine, to enable the guns to escape, but the Third and Sixth Kentucky coming up they were again driven. So dense was the woods that pursuit was almost impossible. Colonel R. C. Morgan dashed down the road, but secured only a few prisoners. The enemy conducted the retreat with the most perfect coolness. About three hundred yards from the point where the last stand was made one company halted and picketed the road, while all the rest (as we afterward ascertained) continued to rapidly retreat to the river. Our loss in this skirmish, which lasted about half an hour, was, in the first brigade, ten killed and sixteen wounded, and in the second five or six killed and wounded. The enemy lost twenty-one killed, and a smaller number of wounded. Very few prisoners were taken. General Morgan, despairing of being able to surround or rush over the enemy in the rugged, wooded country, sent a flag of truce proposing a surrender. Captain Davis, assistant adjutant-general of the first brigade (who bore the flag) was detained until communication could be had with Colonel Jacobs, who com-

manded all the United States forces in that immediate region. Colonel Jacobs was some distance off, on the other side of the river, and it was growing dark. General Morgan sent another message demanding the release of Captain Davis, and declaring his intention of advancing as soon as that was done. Immediately upon the return of Captain Davis the column was moved forward. The pickets saluted the advance guard with a volley and gracefully fell back, and although we pressed on close to the river, we saw nothing more of them.

The division remained on the line of the Cumberland, picketing from Stagall's ferry to Celina for nearly three weeks. The headquarters of the first brigade was at Albany, county seat of Clinton county; that of the second at Monticello, county seat of Wayne. In that time the ranks filled up again, nearly all absentees, with or without leave, returning. The horses were grazed on the rich grass and carefully attended to and got in excellent condition again. Several scouting expeditions were undertaken, during this period, against the enemy on the north side of the river, the most successful of which were under command of Captain Davis and Captain Thomas Franks, of the Second Kentucky. Each of these officers, with two companies, penetrated far into the enemy's lines, and attacking and routing the forces that they met, with small loss to themselves, brought off prisoners, horses, and captured property of various kinds. These expeditions were not only of essential use in annoying the enemy, but were absolutely necessary to the maintenance of a proper spirit and energy among our men, whose *morale* and discipline were invariably sensibly impaired by an indolent and monotonous life.

This period of the history of Morgan's Cavalry has been generally esteemed one of entire inaction upon the part of both leader and men. It is true that nothing was done in all this period which would at all compare with the dashing, enterprising career of the previous year. But a great deal of useful, if not brilliant service, was performed

and a vast deal of hard work was cheerfully gone through with.

During the winter and spring of 1863 and until nearly the middle of the summer, our command was guarding and picketing a long front and scouting thoroughly a great extent of country besides. For six months the country about Liberty, Alexandria and Lebanon, and that about Monticello and Albany, was in a great measure committed to Morgan's care. This gave him a front of quite one hundred and fifty miles to watch and guard, and at least half of the time he had to do it singlehanded. Then there was a great portion of middle Tennessee and of southern, central and eastern Kentucky, which his scouts constantly traversed. It is fair to say that from January to July, 1863, inclusive, during which time Morgan made no raid nor achieved any very marked success, our division was as constantly serving, fought and won as many skirmishes, guarded and scouted as great an extent of country, captured as many prisoners, and gave the Confederate Government as little trouble on the subject of supplies, as any other cavalry division in the Confederate army.

But in this year its *prestige* began to pass away from the Southern cavalry. It was not that their opponents became their superiors in soldiership any more than in individual prowess. Although the Federal cavalry had greatly improved, had become formidable for its enterprise and fighting capacity, it can yet be said that the Confederate cavalry, when in proper condition, still asserted its superiority upon every field where there was an equality of forces. But it was daily becoming more and more difficult to keep the Confederate cavalry in good condition. An impression prevailed, no doubt a correct one, that as for the great efforts of war the infantry was so much more useful and necessary, a far greater care ought to be taken of it than of the cavalry; and, then an idea obtained that inasmuch as our cavalry supplied itself so often, and occasionally so well, by its own captures, it

ought to do so all the time. But from these two propositions a conclusion was drawn which proved very injurious to the cavalry, viz: that it was highly improper to issue anything which the Government had to furnish to that arm of the service. So it happened that, while to the cavalry were intrusted the most responsible and important duties, scarcely any encouragement or assistance was afforded it; and, on the contrary, a tone and conduct were adopted toward it apparently expressly intended to disgust. I speak in reference to Western cavalry and Western affairs altogether, for I served at no time with the Army of Northern Virginia and know nothing of it but the bare outline of its glorious record.

Cavalry which was expected to be constantly engaging the enemy, and upon whose efficiency and success a vast deal depended, was grudgingly provided with or altogether denied arms and ammunition, unless they could be captured from the enemy. Hard and constant as was the service the cavalryman performed, exposed as he was to the severity of all sorts of climate, without shelter and often without the means of building the fire which stood him instead of tent, and sometimes had to furnish him the strength and cheer of the food he lacked, he was yet snubbed mercilessly and generals commanding stared aghast if he presumed to ask for anything.

One special cause of the degeneracy of the Southern cavalry in the latter part of the war was the great scarcity of horses and the great difficulty of obtaining forage within the Confederate lines, and consequently of keeping the horses which we had in good condition. Morgan's men had the reputation, and not unjustly, of procuring horses with great facility and economy. Adepts as we were in the art of "horse-pressing," there was this fact nevertheless to be said in favor of the system which we adopted: While making very free with the horse-flesh of the country into which we would raid, there was never any wanton waste of the article. We did not kill our discarded horses, as did the Federal commanders on their

"raids," when we got fresh mounts. The men of our command were not permitted to impress horses in a friendly country.

General Morgan took fresh horses to enable his command to make the tremendous marches which insured so much of his success, and to prevent his men from falling into the hands of the enemy, but he hedged around the practice with limitations which somewhat protected the citizen. He required that in every instance where a man desired to exchange his tired horse for a fresh one, he should have his horse inspected by his company commander, who should certify to the condition of the horse and the necessity of the exchange. If the company commander certified that his horse was unfit for service, the man obtained from his regimental commander permission to obtain a fresh one, which had also, before it was valid, to be approved by the brigade commander. Whenever it was practicable, the exchange was required to be made in the presence of a commissioned officer, and, in every case, a horse, if the soldier had it, was ordered to be left in the place of the one impressed. When a man was without a horse, altogether, his company commander could impress one for him.

There existed among the infantry not exactly a prejudice against cavalry (for they all wanted to join it) but that sort of feeling against it, which is perhaps natural upon the part of the man who walks against the man who rides. When the "web-feet" called us "buttermilk rangers," we did not get angry with them, for we knew that they were gallant fellows and that much walking tries the temper; but we did not admire the official prejudice against us, and thought an affected contempt of our arm in very bad taste upon the part of generals who not only never won battles but never tried to win them.

In the spring and summer of 1863 supplies could be obtained for neither men nor horses of the cavalry of Bragg's army without the greatest difficulty and great oppression of the citizens. It was not the custom to issue (out of army

ADAM R. JOHNSON

Commanding 2d Brigade, Morgan's Division

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supplies) rations to the men, or forage to the horses of the cavalry commands; they were required to provide for themselves in these respects. It was impracticable, too, to supply them from the stores collected for army use. Certain regions, therefore, in which, for the proper protection of the lines, it was absolutely necessary to keep large bodies of cavalry—sections of country not fertile and at no time abounding in supplies—were literally stripped of meat, grain and every thing edible. All that would feed man or horse disappeared as if a cloud of Titanic and omniverous locusts had settled upon the land, and after the citizens were reduced to the extremity of destitution and distress, the soldiers and their horses suffered also with slow famine.

One instance of the kind will serve to show how destructive of the efficiency of cavalry was service under such circumstances. When the division was ordered to Wayne and Clinton counties, Kentucky, the Ninth Kentucky, one of the best regiments in the cavalry of the West, was sent to Woodbury to picket that immediate section of country. For many miles around this little place the country had been exhausted of provisions and forage by the constant requisition upon it during the winter and spring. The men of the Ninth Kentucky suffered severely for want of rations, but they esteemed their own sufferings lightly compared with those of their horses. Long forage (oats, fodder, etc.) could not be procured at all; and corn had to be hauled a distance of over thirty miles from a region whence other cavalry commands were also drawing supplies of forage. Consequently, corn was rare at that time at Woodbury; two or three ears per day to each horse was the usual issue. Upon some days none was issued. Every blade of grass in the vicinity of the camp was eaten, and the trees were barked by the poor animals as high as they could reach.

The men stood picket on foot; all of the stock was rendered utterly unserviceable and one-fourth of it died. By such usage (necessary, however) this regiment was made unfit for active and efficient service for months, and its discipline and *morale* were seriously, although only tempo-

rarily, impaired. More than half—at any rate, a large proportion—of the cavalry of General Bragg's army was suffering at that time, precisely as this regiment was. In this condition of things is to be found the explanation of the apparent degeneracy of the Confederate cavalry in the latter part of the war.

Another fact, too, should not be lost sight of. In common with every other arm of the service our cavalry became very greatly reduced in numbers as the war wore on. We could not fill up our regiments as easily as the Federals could fill their wasted organizations. Those who wonder why well known Confederate regiments, brigades, and divisions did not accomplish as much in the latter as in the early part of the war do not know, or do not reflect, that it was because they were reduced to a fraction of their original strength. This, however, was not the case at the period of which I write.

On the 26th, the division was ordered back to Liberty and Alexandria. That country had been occupied and picketed, just before our return from Albany and Monticello, by a brigade of Wharton's division, commanded by Colonel (afterward Brigadier General) Harrison, of the Eighth Texas, a gallant and highly esteemed officer. Breckinridge's regiment (the Ninth Kentucky) was still kept at Woodbury. About this time Colonel A. R. Johnson returned from Texas, and was immediately assigned by General Morgan to the command of the second brigade. This brigade had been ably commanded, since Gano's absence, by Cluke. Colonel Johnson retained none of the former brigade staff, except Lieutenant Sidney Cunningham, a brave and efficient officer, who was afterward lieutenant-colonel of the Fifteenth Kentucky. The effective strength of the division, at this time, was twenty-eight hundred men. The horses were in better condition, and the men were better provided for in every respect, than at any period since the "December raid." New and excellent clothing had been issued them while on the Cumberland—a thing unprecedented in the history of the command—and their general

equipment was much superior to what it had been at the close of the winter. All were well armed, and with the kind of guns which were always preferred in Morgan's cavalry.

Colonel Adam R. Johnson had seen much arduous service before he came to Morgan. He had recruited a very fine command in western Kentucky, where he had acted independently and very successfully. He displayed during his entire military career an unusual degree of soldierly aptitude, enterprise, and daring. He was an absolutely brave man and possessed a firmness of will and character that nothing could shake. He was made a brigadier general during the latter part of the war and was stricken blind by a shot, in his last battle, but did not relinquish command, and remained on the field until the fight was won.

The first brigade made headquarters at Alexandria. The regiments composing it and Morgan's regiment (ordered to temporarily report to it), were encamped on the Lebanon pike and the roads to Carthage and Statesville. The second brigade, with its headquarters at Auburn, was disposed upon the road to Murfreesboro and between Auburn and Statesville. One regiment was posted at Statesville, which little place was nearly equidistant from Auburn and Alexandria. The country around was picketed and scouted thoroughly in every direction, and the disposition of the regiments gave us such command of all the roads that we could have concentrated without difficulty, and as the exigency might require, at Auburn, Alexandria, or Liberty. The period that we remained here was passed in assiduous and diligent instruction of the troops. Drills, dress-parades, inspections, etc., were constantly had; we had never before had so much time for those duties when the division was so nearly concentrated. The strictest vigilance was maintained in our camps to prevent the passage through them of Federal spies, who, at this period and at this quarter of our lines, were unusually numerous, cunning, and audacious. The strict guard and watch maintained to frustrate and detect these parties operated favorably upon our own men,

who were necessarily restricted, by the unusual precautions adopted, of much of the liberty they had previously enjoyed. The division was, perhaps, never in as high and salutary a state of discipline as at this time.

On the 10th of June General Morgan arrived at Alexandria, and orders were at once issued to prepare the division to march on the next day. It soon became known, to all the officers at least, that he was about to undertake an expedition which he had long contemplated and which he had often solicited permission to make. This was the greatest of all his "raids," the one known as the "Ohio raid." Although it resulted disastrously to his own command, it had a great influence upon the pending campaign between Bragg and Rosecrans, and greatly assisted the former.

The military situation in Tennessee, at that time, may be briefly described: General Bragg's army lay around Tullahoma, his cavalry covering his front and stretching far out upon both wings. General Buckner was in east Tennessee with a force entirely inadequate to the defense of that important region. General Bragg, confronted by Rosecrans with a vastly superior force, dared not detach troops to strengthen Buckner. The latter could not still further weaken his small force by sending aid to General Bragg. General Burnside was preparing (in Kentucky) a force variously estimated at from fifteen to more than thirty thousand men, for the invasion of east Tennessee. With this force he could easily drive out Buckner. It was estimated that at various points in southern Kentucky, Bowling Green, Glasgow, and along the Cumberland river and at Carthage in Tennessee, and other points in that vicinity, there were from eight to twelve thousand Federal troops—the greater part of them under the command of a General Judah, whose headquarters were at Glasgow. Of these forces some five thousand were excellent cavalry. General Judah's official papers (captured on the Ohio raid), gave the exact strength of his force but I have forgotten it.

There was perfect unanimity of opinion among the Confederate officers about the plan and method of the antici-

MAP SHOWING ROUTE
TAKEN BY
GEN. MORGAN
THROUGH
Kentucky and Indiana
JULY, 1863.
Indicates Gen Morgan's route
Indicates Federals' route
SCALE 30 MILES TO THE INCH
Columbus
Boyntown
Vernon
Versailles
Aurora
Rising Sun
LAWRENCEBURG
Paris
Lexington
MADISON
Salem
Corydon
Mauckport
New Albany
Jeffersonville
LOUISVILLE
Shepherdsville
Brandenburg
Garnettsville
Hardstown
Elizabethtown
Lawrenceburgo
FRANKFORT
Harrodsburg
Perryville
Danville
Springfield
Lebanon
Macville
Campbellsville
Columbia
Mumfordsville
Bowlinggreen
Glasgow
Tompkinsville
Burkesville
Albany
INDIANA
KENTUCKY
OHIO RIVER
SALT RIVER
ROLLING FORK
GREEN RIVER
CUMBERLAND RIVER

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pated Federal movement. Rosecrans, all believed, would press hard upon General Bragg; Burnsides, simultaneously, as soon afterward as was practicable, would move against Buckner. Judah's force could be used to keep open direct communication between these two armies, and also as a reserve. When the advance was fairly inaugurated, Judah, who in the meantime might guard against the raids of our cavalry, could be concentrated and moved through Burkesville, Livingston and Sparta, turning then, if General Bragg staid to fight, upon the right flank of the army at Tullahoma; or, if General Bragg retreated, pressing down through the Sequatchie valley to Chattanooga. A junction of all forces, it was thought, would be made, and the Confederate army would then confront a host too formidable to be beaten.

This was the belief which prevailed in our army regarding the intentions of the enemy. It may have been incorrect. The feature which we of Morgan's cavalry especially dwelt upon, to wit, the part in the supposed program to be played by Judah, may have been altogether uncontemplated—perhaps he was not a man capable of having executed it. But whatever may have been the Federal *plan* of the campaign, it is certain that great danger menaced the army of General Bragg and all the salient points of his department.

General Bragg regarded the peril with just apprehension —he took in its full proportions. He decided and (as was conceded by all who understood the situation) with good and sufficient reasons to retreat beyond the Tennessee river and then somewhere near Chattanooga, turning upon his foes, fight the battle which had to be delivered for the protection of his department. But that retreat would be very hazardous. He was right in the path of the avalanche, and the least movement upon his part might precipitate it upon him. The difficulty and danger of crossing the Tennessee, with Rosecrans hard upon his rear, would be greatly augmented if these other Federal forces were poured down upon his flank.

General Bragg, it may be repeated, knew how to use, and

generally used his cavalry to good purpose, and in this emergency he resolved to employ some of it to divert from his own hazardous movement and fasten upon some other quarter, the attention of a portion of the opposing forces. He hoped not only to give them enough to do to prevent them from annoying and endangering his retreat, but, also, to draw off a part of their forces from the great battle which he expected to fight. He selected Morgan as the officer who should accomplish this design.

In the conference between them, General Morgan expressed a perfect confidence in his ability to effect all that was desired of him, but dissented from General Bragg in one important particular. The latter wished him to confine himself to Kentucky—giving him *carte blanche* to go wherever he pleased in that State, and urging him to attempt the capture of Louisville. General Morgan declared that, while he could by a dash into Kentucky and a march through that State, protect General Bragg's withdrawal from the position his army then held, he could not thus accomplish the other equally important feature of the plan, and draw off troops which would otherwise strengthen Rosecrans for the decisive battle.

A raid into Kentucky would keep Judah busy and hold Burnsides fast until it was decided, but he contended it would be decided very soon, and he would be driven out or cut to pieces in a few days, leaving the Federal forces so disposed that they could readily commence their previously determined operations. A raid into Indiana and Ohio, on the contrary, he contended, would draw all the troops in Kentucky after him and keep them employed for weeks. Although there might be sound military reasons why Judah and Burnsides should not follow him, but should adhere to what he believed to be the original program of Rosecrans, General Morgan urged that the scare and the clamor in the States he proposed to invade would be so great, that the military leaders and the administration would be compelled to furnish the troops that would be called for. He thought that, even if he lost his command, he could greatly benefit

General Bragg by crossing the Ohio river and only in that way.

General Bragg refused him permission to make the raid as he desired to make it and ordered him to confine himself to Kentucky. I was not present at the interview between them, but General Morgan told me that General Bragg had ordered him to operate in Kentucky, and further stated that he intended notwithstanding his orders, to cross the Ohio. I do not mean to justify his disobedience of orders, but simply to narrate the facts as I learned them, and to explain General Morgan's ideas regarding the movement, which were definite and fixed. This expedition into the Northwestern States had long been a favorite idea with him and was but the practical development of his theory of the proper way to prosecute the war, to-wit: by going deep into the country of the enemy. He had for several weeks foreseen the necessity of some such diversion in General Bragg's behalf, and believed that the period for the accomplishment of his great desire was at hand.

He had ordered me, three weeks previously, to send intelligent men to examine the fords of the upper Ohio—that at Buffington among them—and it is a fact, of which others, as well as myself, are cognizant, that he intended—long before he crossed the Ohio—to make no effort to recross it except at some of these fords, unless he found it more expedient when he reached that region to join General Lee if the latter should still be in Pennsylvania.

Never had I been so impressed with General Morgan's remarkable genius, his wonderful faculty of anticipating the exact effect his action would have upon all other men and of calculating their action, his singular power of arriving at a correct estimate of the nature and capacities of a country which he knew only by maps and the most general description, and the perfect accuracy with which he could foretell the main incidents of a march and campaign, as when he would briefly sketch his plan of that raid. All who heard him felt that he was right in the main, and although some of us were filled with a grave apprehension

we felt an inconsistent confidence when listening to him. He did not disguise from himself the great dangers he encountered, but was sanguine of success. As it turned out, only the unprecedented rise in the Ohio caused his capture; he had avoided or had cut his way through all other dangers.

On the 11th of June, the division marched from Alexandria to the Cumberland and crossed the river not far from the little town of Rome. General Morgan desired to attack the Federal force stationed at Carthage and strongly fortified.

The division encamped two or three miles from the northern bank of the river, and not far from the turnpike which runs from Carthage to Hartsville. Information had been received that the mail passed on this road twice or three times a week, guarded by a small escort, and that comfortably lined sutlers' wagons sometimes accompanied the cavalcade for the benefit of the protection the escort afforded. Colonel Ward was sent, with two or three companies of his regiment, to a point on the pike some eight miles from Carthage and two or three from our encampment. He reached it just before sundown, and shortly afterward the mail train, accompanied by several sutlers' wagons and under charge of an escort eighty or a hundred strong came by, no one apparently suspecting the slightest danger and all keeping careless watch. When the procession came opposite to where Colonel Ward had posted his men (some seventy yards from the road), the Colonel gave the order to fire in a loud voice. At the unexpected command, which so suddenly indicated danger, mail-carriers, sutlers, and guard halted in amazement, and when the answering volley broke upon them they went in every direction in the wildest confusion. Not a shot was fired in return, but the escort manifested plainly that it felt a very inferior degree of interest in the integrity of postal affairs.

Few prisoners were taken but the mail and the wagons were secured. In one of the latter a corpulent sutler was found, wedged in a corner and much alarmed. He was

past speaking when drawn out, but faintly signed that a bottle he had in his pocket should be placed to his lips.

That evening a staff officer arrived from General Bragg with orders to General Morgan. He was instructed to make no attack upon Carthage, but to march as rapidly as possible to Monticello and strive to intercept a Federal raiding party which had broken into east Tennessee, under Brigadier General Saunders, and was threatening Knoxville. Upon the next morning, consequently, we recrossed the Cumberland and marched in the direction ordered. After passing through Gainesboro, we got into a very rugged country and upon the very worst roads. At Livingston we were overtaken by a tremendous rain, which lasted for two or three days and rendered the road almost impassable for artillery. This retarded our march very greatly, and we arrived at Albany three days later than we would otherwise have done, to learn that the enemy had already passed out of east Tennessee by way of Jamestown.

The second brigade was encamped in Turkey-neck Bend of the Cumberland river, some fifteen miles in direct line from Burkesville. The first brigade was encamped along the river from a point opposite Burkesville to Irish Bottom. The division remained here for three or four days, awaiting the return of General Morgan, who had left us at the recrossing of the Cumberland to go to McMinnville and hurry forward some supplies and ammunition. These stores were hauled to our camp in six wagons, which had nearly not gotten to us at all. The heavy rains which had so retarded the march of the division of Albany had made the roads which these wagons traveled perfect quagmires. When they reached the Obie and Wolf rivers, which are six miles apart at the points where the road from Sparta to Monticello crosses them, they met with a very discouraging sight. These little rushing mountain streams were much swollen and too deep for any kind of fording. General Morgan instructed his Acting Inspector Captain D. R. Williams, an officer of great energy, to have the wagons taken to pieces and stowed, with their contents in canoes, and so ferried

across. In this manner all were crossed in a single night. The mules were made to swim.

On the 2d of July the crossing of the Cumberland began, the first brigade crossing at Burkesville and Scott's ferry, two miles above, and the second crossing at Turkey-neck Bend. The river was out of its banks and running like a mill-race. The first brigade had, with which to cross the men and their accoutrements, and the artillery, only two crazy little flats that seemed ready to sink under the weight of a single man, and two or three canoes. Colonel Johnson was not even so well provided. The horses were made to swim.

Just twelve miles distant upon the other side, at Marrowbone, lay Judah's cavalry, which had moved to that point from Glasgow in anticipation of some such movement upon Morgan's part as he was now making. Our entire strength was twenty-four hundred and sixty effective men; more than a third of the division remained in Tennessee. The first brigade numbered fourteen hundred and sixty, the second one thousand. This, however, was exclusive of artillery, of which we had four pieces—a section of three-inch Parrotts attached to the first brigade and a section of twelve-pound howitzers attached to the second. Videttes, posted at intervals along the river bank, would have given General Judah timely information of this bold crossing, and he would have been enabled to strike and crush or capture the whole force. But he depended on the swollen river to deter Morgan, forgetting that Morgan invariably did that which was least expected of him. As soon as the latter learned of the strange supineness and lack of vigilance of his foe, he commenced and hastened the work of crossing the river. About 2 or 3 P. M., the enemy began to threaten both brigades, but did not advance with determination. The Sixth Kentucky and Ninth Tennessee had all been gotten across at Burkesville by this time, and portions of the other regiments were also across, as well as two pieces of artillery. General Morgan formed this entire force and led it to attack the enemy threatening Burkesville. He placed a portion of it in am-

bush at a point about a mile from the town, and, when the head of the enemy's column approached, fired such a volley into it as made it at once recoil. Then charging, he drove the enemy back in confusion and at full speed, never letting them halt until they reached the encampment at Marrowbone. He pursued the force which he had routed into the camp, but was repulsed in an attack upon the latter by the artillery and reserve forces there.

The effect of this bold dash was to draw back the force threatening Johnson, also, and allow him to cross without molestation. Our loss was very slight—among other gallant fellows who were hurt Captain Quirk was so severely wounded that he could go no further upon the expedition. Some prisoners were taken. The enemy, after this hint not to interfere, remained shut up in his encampment until we were no longer in any danger.

The division encamped that night about ten miles from the river, on the road to Columbia. A large party of commissaries of subsistence were with us, sent by General Bragg to collect supplies north of the Cumberland and bring them to Tullahoma escorted by one of Morgan's regiments. A variety of causes conspired to prevent these gentlemen from returning at the time and in the manner contemplated by General Bragg. In the first place, we learned, immediately after we had crossed the Cumberland, by men who came from the rear, that General Bragg had already commenced his retreat; this would considerably lengthen the distance which the commissaries would have to drive their cattle. Secondly, General Morgan came to the conclusion that he had use for all of his troops and that he would not detach the regiment which was to have guarded the cattle. This resolution not only prevented the cattle from being driven to General Bragg, but also decided the commissaries not to return immediately.

The country through which they would have had to pass was infested by a set of bushwhackers, in comparison with whose relentless ferocity that of Bluebeard and the Welch giants sinks into insignificance. Chief among them was

"Tinker Dave Beattie," the great opponent of Champ Ferguson. This patriarchal old man lived in a cove, or valley surrounded by high hills, at the back of which was a narrow path leading to the mountain. Here, surrounded by his clan, he led a pastoral, simple life, which must have been very fascinating, for many who ventured into the cove never came away again. Sometimes Champ Ferguson, with his band, would enter the cove, harry old Dave's stock and goods, and drive him to his retreat in the mountain, to which no man ever followed him. Then, again, when he was strong enough, he would lead his henchmen against Champ and slay all who did not escape. But it must not be understood that he confined his hostility to Captain Ferguson and the latter's men; on the contrary, he could have had, had he so chosen, as many scalps drying in his cabin as ever rattled in the lodge of a Comanche war-chief, and taken with promiscuous impartiality. There were not related of Beattie so many stories, illustrative of his personal strength and bull-dog courage, as of Champ Ferguson. I knew of the latter having gone, on one occasion, into a room where two of his bitter enemies lay before the fire, both strong men and armed, and, throwing himself upon them, he killed both (after a hard struggle) with his knife. But Beattie possessed a cunning and subtlety which the other, in great measure, lacked. Both of these men were known to have spared life on some rare occasions, and perhaps none were so much astonished, thereat, as themselves. On one occasion, Ferguson was called upon to express an opinion regarding the character of a man who had been arrested near a spot where bushwhackers had just fired upon the party he (Ferguson) was with, and, from several suspicious indications, this man was thought to be one of them. By way of giving him a chance it was decided that Ferguson, who knew every man in that country, should declare his doom, influenced by his previous knowledge of him. Ferguson, somewhat to the astonishment of the tribunal, begged that he should be released, saying that he knew he was a Union man, but did not believe that he was a bushwhacker. The

man was released. Subsequently Ferguson said, after a long fit of silence, "I have a great notion to go back and hunt that man. I am afraid I have done wrong, for he is the best shot in this part of the State and, if he does turn bushwhacker, he will kill a man at every shot." Such extreme nicety of conscience was not attributed to Beattie, nor was he said to be as faithful to his friends as was Ferguson.

Such were the kind of men whom our friends of the subsistence department would have had to encounter if they had gone back. There were, at the time, no Confederate troops in that country, and Champ Ferguson was resting in inglorious ease at Sparta. Dave Beattie had broken out of his cove, and was ready to hold "bloody assizes" as soon as he secured his victims. Our friends were not accustomed to "raiding" and to cavalry habits, but, after thorough reflection, they resolved, with a heroism that would have done honor to the heavy artillery service, not to return but to face all the hardships and dangers of the expedition. They were gallant men, and endured the tremendous fatigue and shared the hardships as cheerfully as if they had come legitimately by them.

The chief of this party, Major Higley, was as full of dash and as fond of adventure as a man could be. He sought the front on all occasions, and soon became a thorough cavalryman in all respects. General Morgan placed him temporarily upon his staff and he proved a very efficient officer, and seemed much gratified that his commissaries had been cut off.

There was one case of almost abduction, however, which excited universal regret and commisseration: An old gentleman from Sparta had come with the division to Burkesville to get a barrel of salt, as there was none to be had at Sparta. His benevolent virtues had endeared him to all who knew him, and, so, when it became apparent that he must go back, leaving behind him his purchase and at the risk of fearful dangers, or follow us through the whole raid, he received much and unaffected condolence. He perfectly realized his situation. He knew that if he fell into "Tinker

Dave's" hands, he would be pickled without salt, and he had not the slightest idea of trying it on. And yet he felt a natural sorrow at going so far away from home. Some two weeks later, when we were in Ohio and being peppered by the militia, he said to an officer of the first brigade with tears in his eyes and a touching pathos in his voice: "Captain, I would give my farm in White county, Tennessee, and all the salt in Kentucky to stand once more, safe and sound, on the banks of the Calf-killer creek."

On the morning of the 3rd the division resumed its march, pushing on to Columbia. Colonel Morgan's regiment, although included in the field return of the first brigade, was detached and used as an advance guard for the column. In the afternoon, as we neared Columbia, this regiment came upon the enemy moving out from the town. In the skirmish which ensued, Colonel Morgan lost a few wounded, among the number Captain J. T. Cassell, who was shot in the thigh as he was charging with his accustomed gallantry. He was placed in an ambulance and went in that way through the raid and escaped capture. Captain Cassell had been ordered to report to Colonel Morgan with his company, a few weeks previously, and was acting as second in command of the advance guard. Captain Franks of the Second Kentucky was ordered to report to Colonel Morgan to fill the position left vacant by the disabling of Captain Cassell. After this skirmish had lasted a short time, the Second Kentucky was ordered up to support Colonel Morgan. Major Webber dismounted his men and attacked with great vigor. The enemy did not stand a moment; were driven back into the town, fought a short time from the houses, and were soon dislodged and driven pell-mell out of the town. Major Webber lost two men killed. The enemy's loss was also slight. It was a detachment of Woolford's regiment, and retreated toward Jimtown.

On that evening the division encamped six or eight miles from Columbia. A regiment of Federal infantry was stationed at Green river bridge, where the road from Columbia to Campbellsville and Lebanon crosses the Green river.

General Morgan sent Captain Franks to watch them, who reported that during the entire night he heard the ringing of axes and the crash of falling timber. The next morning we learned what it meant. Early on the 4th the column was put in motion, and the second brigade (marching in front) soon came upon the enemy. Captain Moore, the officer commanding the Federal force (a Michigan regiment), had selected one of the strongest natural positions I ever saw, and had fortified it with a skill equal to his judgment in the selection. The Green river makes here a tremendous and sweeping bend, not unlike in its shape to the bowl of an immense spoon. The bridge is located at the tip of the bowl, and about a mile and a half to the southward, where the river returns so nearly to itself that the peninsula (at this point) is not more than one hundred yards wide—at what, in short, may be termed the insertion of the handle—Colonel Moore had constructed an earthwork crossing the narrow neck of land, and protected in front by an abattis. The road upon which we were advancing runs through this position. The peninsula widens again, abruptly, to the southward of this extremely narrow neck, and just in front of the skirt of woods in which the work and abattis was situated, is an open glade about two hundred yards in extent in every direction. Just in front of, or south of this plat of cleared ground, runs a ravine deep and rugged, rendering access to it difficult, except by the road. The road runs not directly through, but to the left of this cleared place. All around it are thick woods, and upon the east and west the river banks are as steep and impassable as precipices. At the southern extremity of the open ground and facing and commanding the road a rifle-pit had been dug, about one hundred and twenty feet long, capable of containing fifty or sixty men, and about that number were posted in it. When Colonel Johnson's brigade neared the enemy, he sent Cluke with his own regiment and the Tenth Kentucky, then greatly reduced in numbers, to cross the river at a ford upon the left of the road and take position on the northern side of the river, and commanding the bridge.

This was intended to prevent the retreat of the enemy and keep off reinforcements that might approach from the northward. A flag of truce was then sent to Colonel Moore, demanding the surrender of his command. He answered, "The 4th of July is a bad day for surrenders, and I would rather not." Captain Byrnes had planted one of the Parrotts about six hundred yards from the rifle-pits, and skirmishers had been thrown out in front of it. As soon as the bearer of the flag returned, Byrnes opened with the gun. He fired a round shot into the parapet thrown up in front of the trench, knocking the fence rails, with which it was revetted, into splinters and probing the work. One man in the trench was killed by this shot, and the rest ran (just as our skirmishers dashed forward) and retreated across the open ground to the work in the woods beyond. Now the serious business commenced. Artillery could not be used to dislodge them from the position, which was meant to be defended in earnest. This open ground between the points where were constructed the rifle-pit (which was only a blind) and the strong work where Moore intended to fight is the flat summit (for crest, properly speaking, it has none) of a hill, or rather swell of land, which slopes gently away on both the northern and southern sides. Guns planted anywhere except upon this plateau and near its center could not have borne upon the enemy's position at all, and if they had been planted there, every cannoneer would have been killed before a shot could have been fired. The only way to take the work was by a straight forward attack upon it, and Colonel Johnson moved against it his brigade, or rather the two regiments if it, left on the southern side of the river, neither of which was three hundred strong. The men, gallantly led, dashed across the open ground and plunged into the woods beyond.

The Federal force, some four hundred strong, was disposed behind the work and abattis, holding a line not much more than a hundred yards long. The first rush carried the men close to the work, but they were stopped by the fallen timber and dropped fast under the close fire of the enemy.

Colonel Chenault was killed in the midst of the abattis—his brains blown out as he was firing his pistol into the earthwork and calling on his men to follow. The second brigade had started with an inadequate supply of ammunition, and the fire of the attacking party soon slackened on that account. General Morgan ordered me to send a regiment to Colonel Johnson's assistance, and I sent the Fifth Kentucky. Colonel Smith led his men at a double-quick to the abattis, where they were stopped as the others had been and suffered severely. The rush through a hundred yards of undergrowth, succeeded by a jam and crowding of a regiment into the narrow neck, and confronted by the tangled mass of prostrate timber and the guns of the hidden foe, was more than the men could stand. They would give way, rally in the thick woods, try it again, but unsuccessfully. The fire did not seem, to those of us who were not immediately engaged, to be heavy. There were no sustained volleys. It was a common remark that the shots could almost be counted.

Our loss was thirty-six killed, and forty-five or six wounded. The loss of the enemy (according to the most authoritative account) was nine killed, and twenty-six wounded.

Many fine officers were included in our list of casualties. Colonel Chenault, whose death has been described—an officer who had no superior in bravery and devotion to the cause he fought for—was a noble gentleman. Major Brent of the Fifth Kentucky was killed. He was an officer who was rapidly taking—in reputation and popularity—the place among the field officers of the division which Hutchinson had held. He was recklessly brave, and possessed a natural military aptitude and a resolution in exacting duty from his subordinate officers and men which made him invaluable to his regiment. Captain Treble, who a short time previously had been transferred from the Second to the Eleventh Kentucky (Chenault's regiment), was also killed. He displayed, in this, his last battle, the same high courage which ever ani-

mated him.* Lieutenant Cowan, of the Third Kentucky, and Lieutenants Holloway and Ferguson of the Fifth Kentucky—all very fine officers—were also among the killed. Among the wounded officers of the Fifth Kentucky was the gallant and efficient adjutant, Lieutenant Joseph Bowmar.

When General Morgan learned that the men were falling fast and that no impression was being made upon the enemy, he ordered their withdrawal. He had not been fully aware, when the attack commenced, of the exceeding strength of the position although he knew it to be formidable, and he thought it probable that the garrison would surrender to a bold attack. It was his practice to attack and seek to capture all but the strongest of the forces which opposed his advance upon his raids, and this was the only instance in which he ever failed of success in this policy. He believed that the position could have been eventually carried, but (as the defenders were resolute) at a cost of time and life which he could not afford. Colonel Moore ought to have been able to defend his position, against direct attacks, had an army been hurled against him. But this does not detract from the credit of his defense. His selection of ground showed admirable judgment; and, in a brief time, he fortified it with singular skill. He deliberately quitted a strong stockade, near the bridge (in which other officers would probably have staid) and which our artillery would have battered down very soon, to assume the far better position; and his resolute defense showed he appreciated and meant to hold it to the last.

Crossing the river at the same ford at which Cluke had previously crossed, the division marched toward Campbellsville. Our wounded and dead were left under the charge of surgeons and chaplains, who received every assistance that he could furnish, from Colonel Moore, who proved himself as humane as he was skillful and gallant. We passed through Campbellsville without halting.

On that evening a horrible affair occurred. A certain

* When killed he was still suffering from a wound received at Woodbury.

Captain Murphy took a watch from a citizen who was being held, for a short time, under guard to prevent his giving information of our approach and strength to the garrison at Lebanon. Captain Magenis, assistant adjutant-general of the division, discovered that this theft had been perpetrated and reported it to General Morgan, who ordered Murphy to be arrested. Murphy learned that Magenis had caused his arrest, and persuaded the guard (who had not disarmed him) to permit him to approach Magenis. When near him, Murphy drew and cocked a pistol and denounced the other furiously, at the same time striking him. Captain Magenis attempted to draw his saber and Murphy fired, severing the carotid artery and producing almost instant death. Murphy made his escape on the night that General Morgan had ordered a court-martial to try him—the night before we crossed the Ohio. The wretch ought to have been butchered in his tracks, immediately after the murder had been committed. There was no officer in the entire Confederarte army, perhaps, so young who had evinced more intelligence, aptitude and zeal, than had Captain Magenis. Certainly, there was not among them all a more true-hearted, gallant, honorable gentleman. General Morgan deeply regretted him. His successor, Captain Hart Gibson, was in every way qualified to discharge, with ability and success, the duties of the position, doubly difficult in such a command and under such circumstances.

On the night of the 4th the division encamped five miles from Lebanon, upon the ground whence we drove the enemy's pickets. Lebanon was garrisoned by Colonel Hanson's regiment, the Twentieth Kentucky Infantry, U. S. A., and not far off on the road to Harrodsburg, two Michigan regiments were stationed. On the morning of the 5th, the division approached the town and a demand for its surrender was made, which was declined. The first brigade was formed on the right of the road, with two regiments in reserve. The second was assigned the left of the road. The artillery was planted in the center and at once opened upon the slight works which were thrown up south of the town. As the

regiments in the front line advanced, the enemy retreated into the town. Both brigades lost slightly in effecting this, and succeeded, immediately afterward, in dislodging the enemy from the houses in the edge of the town, both on the left and on the right. The enemy, then, concentrated mainly in the large depot building upon the railroad; a few sought shelter in other houses. Grigsby's and Ward's regiments, of the first brigade, held the right of the town and the houses looking upon the depot in that quarter. From these houses they kept up a constant fire upon the windows of the depot. Cluke's and Chenault's regiments, the latter under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Tucker, were as effectively located and employed upon the left. Our artillery, although under able officers, proved of little use to us in this affair. On account of the situation of the depot in low ground the shots took effect in the upper part of the building, doing the occupants little damage. Lieutenant Lawrence, however, at length posted one of his guns—the Parrotts—on a hill immediately overlooking the building, and, greatly depressing it, prepared to fire into it at an angle which threatened mischief. But the sharpshooters prevented his men from working the guns effectively. This state of affairs lasted for two or three hours. The Michigan regiments before mentioned drew near and threatened interference, and General Morgan, who had sought to reduce the garrison without storming their stronghold, in order to save his own men, at length ordered it to be carried by assault. Smith's regiment, at first held in reserve in the first brigade, had, previously to this determination upon the part of the general, been engaged, but the Second Kentucky was still in reserve. Major Webber was now ordered to bring that regiment forward, enter the town and storm the buildings occupied by the enemy. The Second Kentucky had tried that sort of work before, and advanced with serious mien, but boldly and confidently. Major Webber skillfully aligned it and moved it forward. The heavy volley it poured into the windows of the depot drove the defenders away from them just as the regiment reached the

building, and Colonel Hanson surrendered. The other houses occupied by the enemy were surrendered shortly afterward.

At the last moment of the fight a sad loss befell us. Lieutenant Thomas H. Morgan, younger brother of the general, was killed just before the enemy surrendered. He was first Lieutenant of Company I, of the Second Kentucky, but was serving at the time of his death upon my staff. He habitually sought and exposed himself to danger, seeming to delight in the excitement it afforded him. He had repeatedly been remonstrated with on that day regarding his reckless exposure of his person. He was stricken by the fate which his friends feared for him. When the Second Kentuck advanced he rushed in front of it and, while firing his pistol at the windows of the depot, was shot through the heart. He exclaimed to his brother Calvin that he was killed, and fell (a corpse) into the latter's arms. He was but nineteen when killed, but was a veteran in service and experience. The first of six brothers to join the Confederate army, he had displayed his devotion to the cause he espoused in the field and the prison. I have never known a youth of so much promise, and of so bright and winning a temper. His handsome, joyous face and gallant, courteous bearing made him very popular. He was the pet and idol of the Second Kentucky. General Morgan (whose love for the members of his family was of the most devoted character) was compelled to forego the indulgence of his own grief to restrain the Second Kentucky, furious at the death of their favorite. When his death became generally known there was not a dry eye in the command.

Although our loss in killed and wounded was not heavy in numbers, it included some valuable officers and some of our best men. We lost eight or nine killed and twenty-five or thirty wounded. In the early part of the fight, Captain Franks led a party of the advance guard to the southern end of the depot, and set it on fire. He was severely wounded in doing this, making the third officer, occupying the position of second in command of the advance guard,

wounded in four days. The loss in the guard fell principally upon members of the "Old Squadron." Of these were killed Lieutenant Gardner and private Worsham; and Sergeant William Jones and privates Logwood and Hawkins were badly wounded, all very brave men and excellent soldiers. A gallant deed was performed, on that day, by Private Walter Ferguson, one of the bravest men I ever knew; poor fellow, he was hung by Burbridge afterward. His friend and messmate Logwood lay wounded and helpless not far from the depot, and Ferguson approached him under the galling fire from the windows, lifted and bore him off. Several men were lost out of the Second Kentucky; among them Sergeant Franklin, formerly captain of a Mississippi company in the Army of Northern Virginia.

A large quantity of ammunition, many fine rifles, an abundant supply of medicines, and many ambulances and wagons were the fruits of this victory. The prisoners were double-quicked to Springfield, eight miles distant, for the dilatory Michiganders had at length begun to move, and there was no reason for fighting, although we could have whipped them. At Springfield the prisoners were paroled. Company H, of the Second Kentucky, was detached here. Company H was sent to Harrodsburg to occupy the attention of Burnsides' cavalry. The division marched all night, reaching Bardstown at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 6th. During the night Lieutenant-Colonel Alston (acting chief of staff to General Morgan) lay down to sleep in the porch of a house, and awakened to find himself in the hands of the enemy.

When we reached Bardstown we found there Company C of the Second Kentucky, which had been detached at Muldrough's Hill to reconnoitre the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad toward Louisville and ascertain what troops were stationed along it. Captain Sheldon had been kept very busy with stockades and trains. He stopped one train carrying a detachment of troops and demanded their surrender. James B. Bullit, a brave and excellent soldier, was killed, while bearing the flag of truce. Fred Edwards,

Moses Savage and another man, whose name I have forgotten, all veterans of the company and extremely brave men, were killed in the skirmish which ensued. When Sheldon reached Bardstown, he drove the small garrison occupying the town, after a smart skirmish, into a large stable. Not wishing to needlessly sacrifice his men in an attack nor to burn the building, Sheldon summoned the garrison; but remembering the fate of James Bullit on the previous day, the men showed some hesitation to bear the flag. Lieutenant Thos. W. Bullit, one of the very best and most gallant officers in the command, and brother of James Bullitt, at once declared that he would be the messenger. Tying his handkerchief on a ramrod, he proceeded on his mission. When he was close to the stable the doors were thrown open, disclosing a number of armed men, and one of them raised his rifle and seemed about to shoot. Lieutenant Bullit called out that he was bearing a flag of truce and demanded to speak to the officer in command. Captain W. O. Watts, who was commanding, immediately struck down the leveled rifle and sharply rebuked the men who showed a disposition to fire. He, however, positively refused to surrender and held out during the night, a good deal of sharpshooting going on all the time, without, however, much damage. When he heard the tramp of the column coming in at daylight, Captain Watts concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor" and gave up.

Watts and Bullit became subsequently very well acquainted in Louisville after the war, and in discussing this event, Watts gave an explanation of why his man was about to fire on Bullit, which the latter thought only partially satisfactory. It goes without saying that the linen of raiding cavalry is not usually immaculate and of snowy whiteness; and, as I have said, Bullit had used his handkerchief as the emblem of truce. "Now," said Watts, "when my man saw *that,* he didn't know it was a flag of truce, but thought you were displaying the *'black* flag' in token that you intended to give no quarter." Captain Watts remained with us a prisoner until the next day, and

was then paroled. He rode with me at the head of the column and I found him very agreeable; it was the beginning of a long and pleasant acquaintance.

That afternoon, as we were getting near to Lebanon Junction, and had reached a point where the road on which we were marching was within some two hundred yards of the Bardstown branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, I suddenly discovered a hand-car proceeding at a rapid rate along the railroad in the direction of the Junction. Several men were on it, and one was clad in blue clothing, which at that distance, resembled a Federal uniform. Thinking that these men were seeking to beat us to the junction and give information of our approach, I called to the officer commanding the advance guard to send men to intercept them. Five or six of the guard at once leaped a low fence on the side of the road and made at full speed across the meadow in order to head off the hand-car. Instead of halting when ordered to do so, the men on the car increased its speed. Those in chase began to fire, but over the heads of the fugitives. I had joined the chase myself, and was immensely surprised when Captain Watts galloped past me, flourishing his pistol, which I had permitted him to retain, and utttering the direst threats against the fugitives. We soon overtook them, and, ascertaining that they were citizens proceeding on a perfectly legitimate and harmless mission, I merely required them to wait a little while. I could not, however, forbear expressing my amazement at Captain Watts' action.

"It was to be expected, Captain," I said, "that *we* would try to catch these fellows, thinking that they were Federals. But why were *you* so anxious to catch them?"

He looked the picture of bewilderment for a moment, and then broke out, "Well, Colonel, I wish I may be shot, if I hadn't forgot which side I was on."

The column reached Lebanon Junction, thirty miles from Louisville, just at dark and a train from Nashville was captured. A little of Ellsworth's art applied here disclosed

the fact that Morgan was expected at Louisville, and that arrangements had been made to give him a warm reception.

We marched during the entire night, and on the next morning, after crossing the bridge over Salt river, halted for two or three hours. Captains Taylor and Meriwether, of the Tenth Kentucky, were sent forward to capture boats to enable us to cross the Ohio, and went about their errand in good earnest.

On the afternoon of the 6th Captain W. J. Davis, assistant adjutant-general of the first brigade, was sent, with Company D of the Second and Company A of the Eighth Kentucky, to demonstrate in the vicinity of Louisville and produce the impression that we were about to attack the city, so that the enemy's attention might be diverted from our intended crossing of the Ohio at Brandenburg. He was instructed to then cross the river at Twelve Mile Island and rejoin the column at Salem, Indiana. He performed the first part of his work successfully, and detained three river gun-boats which might otherwise have given us great trouble at Brandenburg. These boats, however, prevented his crossing; and while attempting it his detachment was attacked, himself and the greater number captured and the others dispersed. Lieutenant J. B. Gathright, of the Eighth Kentucky, collected thirty-four of these men, only eight of whom were mounted, and led them safely back to Tennessee through the midst of hostile forces.

These two companies,—the two detached at Springfield and Captain Salters of the Sixth Kentucky detached near Columbia to attract the attention of the enemy at Crab Orchard and Stanford, which service he very successfully performed—made five in all which were permanently separated from the column during the remainder of the raid. We reached Garnettsville, which is nine miles from Brandenburg, on the evening of the 7th.

The division marched from Garnettsville shortly after midnight, and by 9 or 10 A. M. we were in Brandenburg upon the banks of the river. Here we found Captains Taylor and Meriwether, awaiting our arrival. They had suc-

ceeded in capturing two fine steamers; one had been taken at the wharf and, manning her, they cruised about the river until they found and caught the other.

We were rejoined here by another officer whose course had been somewhat eccentric, and his adventures very romantic. This was Captain Thomas Hines, of the Ninth Kentucky, then enjoying a high reputation in our command for skill, shrewdness and exceeding gallantry, but destined to become much more widely celebrated. While the division was lying along the Cumberland in May, Captain Hines had been sent to Clinton county with the men of the Ninth Kentucky, whose horses were especially unserviceable, to place them where with good feeding, rest and attention the stock might be recruited—to establish, in other words, what was technically known as a "convalescent camp," and in regimental slang, a "dead horse camp." Captain Hines established his camp and put it into successful operation, but then sought permision to undertake more active and exciting work. He was not exactly the style of man to stay quiet at a "convalescent camp;" it would have been as difficult to keep him there as to confine Napoleon to Elba, or force the "Wandering Jew" to remain on a cobbler's bench. He obtained from General Morgan an order to take such of his men as were best mounted, and scout "north of the Cumberland." He, therefore, selected thirty or forty of his "convalescents" whose horses were able to hobble, and crossed the river with them. Immediately exchanging his crippled horses for good, sound ones, he commenced a very pleasant and adventurous career which lasted for some weeks. He attacked and harassed the marching columns of the enemy and kept the smaller garrisons constantly in fear, and moved about with such celerity that there was no getting at him, occasionally interluding his other occupations by catching and burning a railroad train. He once came very near being entirely destroyed. The enemy succeeded, on one occasion, in eluding his vigilance and surprising him. While he and his men were peacefully bathing in a creek they were suddenly attacked. Several were captured and

the rest were dispersed, but Hines collected them again in a day or two.

After a while, finding Kentucky grow too warm for him and not wishing to return to the command to be remanded to the "convalescent camp," he determined to cross over into Indiana and try and stir up the "copperheads." He thought that (according to the tenor of his instructions) he had the right to do so. The order did not specify when he should return from his scout, and Indiana was certainly "north of the Cumberland." He accordingly crossed into Indiana—made his presence known to the people of the State in various ways—and penetrated as far into the interior of the State as Seymour, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi and Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroads. He here effected a junction with a body of militia greatly outnumbering him, which induced him to retrace his steps rapidly to the Ohio (which he recrossed) and arrived at Brandenburg on the very day that we got there. We found him leaning against the side of the wharf-boat, with sleepy, melancholy look—apparently the most listless, inoffensive youth that was ever imposed upon. I do not know what explanation he made General Morgan of the lively manner in which he had acted under his orders, but it seemed to be perfectly satisfactory, and he was ordered to report to Colonel Morgan to assume the position left vacant by the wounding of Captain Franks.

Just before the crossing of the river was commenced an unexpected fusillade was delivered, from the Indiana shore, upon the men who showed themselves in the little town and upon the boats, which was soon followed by the sharp report of a rifled-cannon. The river at this point is some twelve hundred or more yards wide, and the musketry produced no effect. The shell, however, from the piece of artillery pitched into a group on the river bank, scattering it and wounding Captain Wilson, quartermaster of the first brigade. The mist, hanging thick over the river, had prevented us from seeing the parties who directed this firing take position. Soon the mist lifted, or was dispersed by the

bright sun, and disclosed a squad of combatants posted behind one or two small houses, a clump of hay stacks, and along the brink of the river on the other side. Apparently, from the mixture of uniforms and plain clothes which could be discovered by the glass, this force was composed of militia and some regular troops. Several shots were fired from the gun while we were getting our pieces in readiness to reply; but as soon as Lawrence opened upon them with his Parrotts a manifest disposition to retire was evinced by our friends who had shown themselves so anxious to give us a warm and early welcome. They attempted to carry the piece of artillery off with them, but were induced by Lawrence to relinquish it.

Leaving the piece, they fell back to a wooded ridge five or six hundred yards from the river bank and parallel with it. The Second Kentucky and Ninth Tennessee were immediately put across the river, leaving their horses on the Kentucky shore, and were formed under the bluff bank. As they ascended the bank they were greeted by a volley from the enemy, which did no damage, and Colonel Ward and Major Webber at once pressed on toward the ridge. Scarcely had the steamers returned, and while yet the two regiments on the other side were moving across the open fields between the river and the ridge, when a small boat which had for some minutes been in sight, steaming rapidly down the river, began to take part in the affair. We had watched her with great interest, and were inclined to think from her bold unhesitating advance that she was a river gunboat, and when she came within a mile of the town all doubts upon the subject were dispelled. Suddenly checking her way, she tossed her snub nose defiantly, like an angry beauty of the coal-pits, and commenced to scold. A bluish-white, funnel-shaped cloud spouted out from her left-hand bow and a shot flew at the town, and then changing front forward she snapped a shell at the men on the other side. The ridge was soon gained by the regiments, however, the enemy not remaining to contest it, and they were sheltered by it from the gun-boat's fire. I wish I were sufficienty master of nau-

tical phraseology to do justice to this little vixen's style of fighting, but I can not venture to attempt it. She was boarded up tightly with tiers of heavy oak planking, in which embrasures were cut for the guns, of which she carried three bronze twelve-pounder howitzers. Captain Byrnes transferred the two Parrotts to an eminence just upon the river and above the town, and answered her fire. His solid shot skipped about her in close proximity and his shells burst close to her but none seemed to touch her—although it was occasionally hard to tell whether she was hit or not. This duel was watched with breathless interest by the whole division; the men crowded in intense excitement upon the bluffs near the town to witness it, and General Morgan exhibited an emotion he rarely permitted to be seen, for if the gunboat were not driven away, the crossing could not be effected. Two of his best regiments were separated from him by the broad river and were dismounted, a condition which always appeals to a cavalryman's strongest sympathies; they might at any moment, he feared, be attacked by overwhelming forces, for he did not know what was upon the other side or how large a swarm Hines had stirred up in the hornet's nest. He himself might be attacked, if delayed too long, by the enemy that he well knew must be following his track. Independently of all considerations of immediate danger, he was impatient at delay and anxious to try his fortune in the new field he had selected. There were many with him who could appreciate his feelings.

Behind us two broad States separated us from our friends —a multitude of foes, although we thought little of them, were gathering in our rear. On the other side of the great river were our comrades needing our aid, perhaps never to be received. When we, too, were across, we would stand face to face with the hostile and angry North—an immense and infuriated population and a soldiery outnumbering us twenty to one would confront us. Telegraph lines tracing the country in every direction would tell constantly of our movements; railways would bring assailants against us from every quarter, and we would have to run this gauntlet,

night and day, without rest or one moment of safety for six hundred miles. As we looked on the river rolling before us, we felt that it divided us from a momentous future and were eager to learn our fate. After an hour perhaps had elapsed, but which seemed a dozen, the gunboat backed out and steamed up the river. The boats were put to work again, without a moment's delay, to ferry the command over. First, the horses of the men on the other side were carried to them, affording them exquisite gratification. Although no time was lost and the boats were of good capacity, it was nearly dark before the first brigade was all across. The gunboat returned about 5 P. M., accompanied by a consort, but a few shots from the Parrotts, which had been kept in position, drove them away without any intermission having occurred in the ferriage. The second brigade and the artillery were gotten across by midnight. One of the boats, which was in government employ, was burned; the other was released.

The first brigade encamped that night about six miles from the river. "A great fear" had fallen upon the inhabitants of that part of the State of Indiana. They had left their houses with open doors and unlocked larders and had fled to the thickets and "caves of the hills." At the house at which I stopped every thing was just in the condition in which the fugitive owners had left it, an hour or two before. A bright fire was blazing upon the kitchen hearth, bread half made up was in the tray, and many indications convinced us that we had interrupted preparations for supper. The chickens were strolling before the door with a confidence that was touching but misplaced. General Morgan rode up soon afterward, and was induced to "stop all night." We completed the preparations, so suddenly abandoned, and made the best show for Indiana hospitality that was possible under the disturbing circumstances.

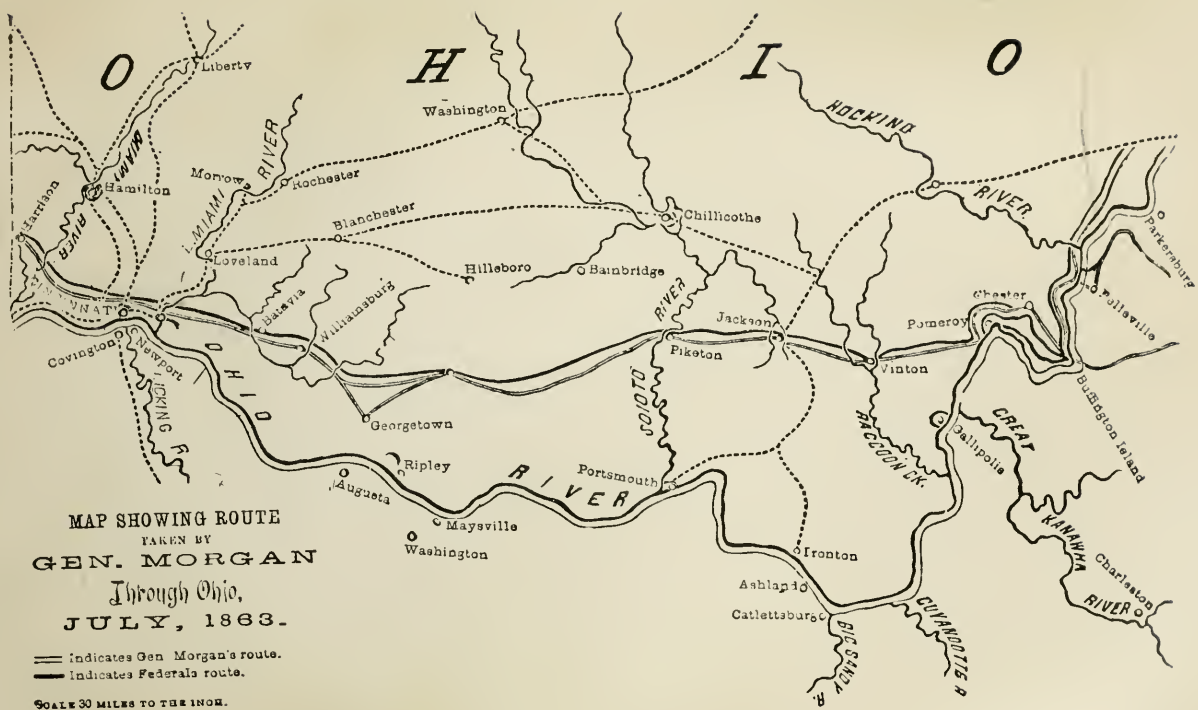
On the next day, the 9th, the division marched at an early hour, the second brigade in advance. At the little town of Corydon Colonel Morgan's advance guard found a body of militia posted behind rail barricades. He charged

them, but they resolutely defended their rail piles, killing and wounding several men, among the latter Lieutenant Thorpe of Company A, Second Kentucky, Colonel Morgan's acting adjutant and a very fine young officer. A demonstration was made upon the flank of the enemy, by one regiment of the second brigade, and Colonel Morgan again advanced upon their front; when, not understanding such a fashion of fighting upon two or three sides at once, the militia broke and ran with great rapidity, into the town, their progress accelerated (as they got fairly into the streets) by a shot dropped among them from one of the pieces.

Passing through Corydon, we took the Salem road and encamped some sixteen or eighteen miles from the latter place. On the morning of the 10th we set out for Salem. Major Webber was ordered to take the advance and let nothing stop him. He accordingly put his regiment at the head of the column and struck out briskly. Lieutenant Welsh, of Company K, had the extreme advance with twelve men. As he neared Salem, he saw the enemy forming to receive him and, without hesitation, dashed in among them. The party he attacked was about one hundred and fifty strong, but badly armed and perfectly raw, and he quickly routed them. He pursued as they fled, and soon, supported by Captain W. J. Jones' company, drove them pell-mell into the town. Here some two or three hundred more were collected, but, as the Second Kentucky came pouring upon them they fled in haste, scattering their guns in the streets. A small swivel, used by the younger population of Salem to celebrate Christmas and the Fourth of July, had been planted to receive us: about eighteen inches long, it was loaded to the muzzle and mounted in the public square by being propped against a stick of fire wood. It was not fired, however, for the man deputed to perform that important duty, somewhat astounded by the sudden dash into the town, dropped the coal of fire with which he should have touched it off and before he could get another the rebels captured the piece.

A short halt was made in Salem to feed men and horses, and during that time several railroad bridges were burned. The provost guard had great difficulty in restraining the men from pillaging, and was unsuccessful in some instances. The men seemed actuated by a desire to "pay off" in the "enemy's country" all scores that the Federal army had chalked up in the South. The great cause for apprehension which our situation might have inspired seemed only to make them reckless. Calico was the staple article of appropriation; each man who could get one tied a bolt of it to his saddle, only to throw it away and get a fresh one at the first opportunity. They did not pillage with any sort of method or reason; it seemed to be a mania, senseless and purposeless. One man carried a bird-cage, with three canaries in it, for two days. Another rode with a chafing-dish, which looked like a small metallic coffin, on the pummel of his saddle until an officer forced him to throw it away. Although the weather was intensely warm, another slung seven pairs of skates around his neck. I saw very few articles of real value taken; they pillaged like boys robbing an orchard. I would not have believed that such a passion could have been developed so ludicrously among any body of civilized men. At Piketon, Ohio, some days later, one man broke through the guard posted at a store, rushed in (trembling with excitement and avarice) and filled his pockets with horn buttons. They would with few exceptions throw away their plunder after awhile, like children tired of their toys.

Leaving Salem at 1 or 2 o'clock we marched rapidly and steadily. At nightfall we reached Vienna, on the Indianapolis and Jeffersonville railroad. General Morgan ascertained that orders had been issued to the militia to fell timber and blockade all of the roads we would be likely to travel; our rapid marching had, hitherto, saved us this annoyance. That night we went into camp near Lexington, a little place six or seven miles from Vienna. We moved at an early hour on the road to Paris. Colonel Smith was detached to feint against Madison, in order to hold there troops who might prove troublesome if they came out. The



MAP SHOWING ROUTE
TAKEN BY
GEN. MORGAN
Through Ohio,
JULY, 1863.

= Indicates Gen Morgan's route.
— Indicates Federals route.

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ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

division moved quietly through Paris, and in the afternoon arrived in sight of Vernon. Here Colonel Smith rejoined us. A strong force was posted in Vernon which General Morgan did not care to attack. Fortunately, there were men in the command who knew the country and the General was enabled to carry the division around the place to the Dupont road. Skirmishers were thrown out on the road leading into Vernon, and also upon the other road, while this movement was being executed. General Morgan sent a demand for the surrender of the place, which was declined, but the officer commanding asked two hours to remove the noncombatants, which reasonable request General Morgan granted. Humane considerations are never inopportune. By the time that the noncombatants were safely removed, the column had become straightened out on the new road and the skirmishers, after they had burned a bridge or two, were withdrawn.

The fatigue of the marches from the date of the crossing of the Ohio to the period of the close of the raid was tremendous. We had marched hard in Kentucky, but we now averaged twenty-one hours in the saddle. Passing through Dupont a little after daylight a new feature in the practice of appropriation was developed. A large meat packing establishment was in this town, and each man had a ham slung at his saddle. There was no difficulty at any time in supplying men and horses in either Indiana or Ohio; forage and provisions were to be had in abundance, stop where we would. There is a custom prevailing in those States which is of admirable assistance to invading soldiery, and should be encouraged—a practice of baking bread once a week in large quantities. The people were still laboring under apprehensions regarding us, and it was a rare thing to see an entire family remaining at home. The men met us oftener in their capacity of militia than at their houses, and the "Copperheads" and "Vallandinghammers" fought harder than the others. Wherever we passed, bridges and depots, water-tanks, etc., were burned and railroads torn up, but I knew of but one private dwelling burned upon the entire

raid, and we were fired upon from that one. The country, for the most part, was in a high state of cultivation, and magnificent crops of wheat, especially, attracted our notice on all sides.

What was peculiarly noticeable, however, to men who were fighting against these people and just from thinned out "Dixie," was the dense population apparently untouched by the demands of the war. The country was full, the towns were full, and the ranks of the militia were full. I am satisfied that we saw often as many as ten thousand militia in one day, posted at different points. They would frequently fight, if attacked in strong position, but could be dispersed by maneuvering. Had they assailed us as the fierce Kentucky Home Guards would have done, if collected in such numbers, we could not have forced our way through them.

Colonel Grigsby was detached with his regiment to press on and burn the bridges near Versailles. He dashed into the town, where several hundred militia were collected devising the best means of defending the place, and broke up the council. He captured a large number of horses, rather better stock than had hitherto been procured in Indiana. Marching on steadily all day and the greater part of the next night, we reached a point on the Ohio and Mississippi road twenty-five miles from Harrison, called Summansville. Here twenty-five hundred militia lay loaded in box cars. We halted to rest, and, unconscious of our presence, although we were close upon them, they moved off in the morning toward Cincinnati. Moving at 5 A. M., we reached Harrison by 1 o'clock of the 13th. Here General Morgan began to maneuver for the benefit of the commanding officer at Cincinnati. He took it for granted (for it was utterly impossible, moving as rapidly as we were forced to do, and in the midst of a strange and hostile population, to get positive information regarding any matter) that there was a strong force of regular troops in Cincinnati. Burnsides had them not far off, and General Morgan supposed that they would, of course, be brought there. If we could get past Cincinnati safely the danger of the expedition, he thought,

would be more than half over. Here he expected to be confronted by the concentrated forces of Judah and Burnsides, and he anticipated great difficulty in eluding or cutting his way through them. Once safely through this peril, his escape would be certain, unless the river remained so high that the transports could carry troops to intercept him at the upper crossings. The cavalry following in his rear could not overtake him as long as he kept in motion, and the infantry could not be transported so rapidly by rail to the eastern part of the State that it could be concentrated in sufficient strength to stop him. His object, therefore, entertaining these views and believing that the great effort to capture him would be made as he crossed the Hamilton and Dayton railroad, was to deceive the enemy as to the exact point where he would cross this road and denude that point as much as possible of troops. He sent detachments in various directions, seeking, however, to create the impression that he was marching to Hamilton.

After two or three hours' halt at Harrison, the division moved directly toward Cincinnati, the detachments coming in in the course of that afternoon. Hoping that his previous demonstration would induce the sending of the bulk of the troops up the road, and that if they were left at Cincinnati his subsequent threatening movements would cause them to draw into the city, remain on the defensive and permit him to pass around it without attacking him, he sought to approach the city as nearly as possible without entering it and involving his command in a fight with any garrison which might be there. He has been sometimes accused of a lack of enterprise in not capturing Cincinnati. It must be remembered that Cincinnati was not the objective point of this raid; it was not undertaken to capture that city. General Morgan knew nothing, and, in the nature of things, could know nothing of the condition of affairs in the city, or whether it was weakly or strongly garrisoned.

Starting that morning from a point fifty miles distant from Cincinnati and reaching the vicinity of the city after nightfall, he must have possessed more than human means

of obtaining information had he known these things then. Moreover, of the twenty-four hundred and sixty effectives with which he had started he had not two thousand left. He could get fights enough to employ this force handsomely without running into a labyrinth of streets and among houses (each one of which might be made a fortification), with the hope that the town might be unoccupied with troops, or that it might be surrendered.

The men in our ranks were worn down and demoralized with the tremendous fatigue which no man can realize or form the faintest conception of until he has experienced it. It is as different from the fatigue of an ordinary long march, followed by some rest, as the pain given by an hour's deprivation of water is unlike the burning, rabid thirst of fever. Had the city been given up to us and had the least delay occurred in getting boats with which to cross the river, the men would have scattered to all quarters of the city, and twenty-four hours might have been required to collect them. In that time the net would have been drawn around us. But it must be borne in mind (independently of all these considerations) that General Morgan had given himself a particular work to accomplish. He determined, as has been stated, to traverse Ohio.

To have recrossed the river at Cincinnati would have shortened the raid by many days, have released the troops pursuing us, and have abandoned the principal benefits to be derived from the expedition.

In this night march around Cincinnati we met with the greatest difficulty in keeping the column together. The guides were all in front with General Morgan, who rode at the head of the second brigade, then marching in advance. This brigade had no trouble consequently. But the first brigade was embarrassed beyond measure. Cluke's regiment was marching in the rear of the second brigade, and if it had kept closed up the entire column would have been directed by the guides. But this regiment, although unsurpassed in fighting qualities, had, from the period of its organization, been under lax and careless discipline and the

effect of it was now observable. The rear companies straggled, halted, delayed the first brigade, for it was impossible to ascertain immediateely whether the halt was that of the brigade in advance, or only of these stragglers, and when forced to move on would go off at a gallop. A great gap would be thus opened between the rear of one brigade and the advance of the other, and we who were behind were forced to grope our way as we best could. When we would come to one of the many junctions of roads which occur in the suburbs of a large city, we would be compelled to consult all sorts of indications in order to hit upon the right road. The night was intensely dark and we would set on fire large bundles of paper, or splinters of wood to afford a light. The horses' tracks (on roads so much traveled) would give us no clue to the route which the other brigade had taken, but we could trace it by noticing the direction in which the dust "settled," or floated. When the night is calm the dust kicked up by the passage of a large number of horses will remain suspended in the air for a considerable length of time, and it will also move slowly in the same direction that the horses have traveled. We could also trace the column by the slaver dropped from the horses' mouths. It was a terrible, trying march. Strong men fell out of their saddles, and at every halt the officers were compelled to move continually about in their respective companies and arouse the men who would drop asleep in the road. Quite a number crept off into the fields and slept until they were awakened by the enemy. The rear of the first brigade was prevented from going to pieces, principally by the energetic exertions of Colonel Grigsby. Major Steele was sent in the extreme advance to drive pickets, scouts, and all parties of the enemy which might be abroad from the road. He was given a picked body of men and executed the mission in fine style.

At length day appeared, just as we reached the last point where we had to anticipate danger. We had passed through Glendale and across all of the principal suburban roads, and were near the Little Miami railroad. Those who have marched much at night will remember that the fresh air of

morning almost invariably has a cheering effect upon the tired and drowsy men and awakens and invigorates them. It had this effect upon our men on this occasion, and relieved us also from the necessity of groping our way.

We crossed the railroad without meeting with opposition, and halted to feed the horses in sight of Camp Dennison. After a short rest here and a picket skirmish, we resumed our march, burning in this neighborhood a park of Government wagons. That evening at 4 P. M. we were at Williamsburg, twenty-eight miles east of Cincinnati, having marched, since leaving Summansville in Indiana, in a period of about thirty-five hours, more than ninety miles.

Feeling comparatively safe here, General Morgan permitted the division to go into camp and remain during the night. One great drawback upon our marches was the inferiority of the Indiana and Ohio horses for such service After parting with our Kentucky stock, the men were compelled to exchange constantly, sometimes three or four times in twenty-four hours. The horses obtained were not only unable to endure the hard marching, but they were unshod and grew lame directly.

After leaving Williamsburg, we marched through Piketon (Colonel Morgan was sent with his regiment by way of Georgetown) Jackson, Vinton, Berlin and several other towns whose names I have forgotten, as well as the order in which they came. In the skirmish at Berlin, Tom Murphy, popularly known as the "Wild Irishman," and technically described by his officers as the "goingest man" in the advance guard, was severely wounded. Small fights with the militia were of daily occurrence. They hung around the column, wounding two or three men every day and sometimes killing one. We captured hundreds of them daily, but could only turn them loose again after destroying their guns.

At Wilkesville we halted again before nightfall, and remained until 3 o'clock next morning. The militia, about this time, turned their attention seriously to felling trees, tearing up bridges and impeding our progress in every conceivable way. The advance guard was forced to carry axes

to cut away the frequent blockades. In passing near Pomeroy on the 18th, there was one continual fight, but, now, not with the militia only, for some regular troops made their appearance and immediately took part in the program. The road we were traveling runs at no great distance from the town of Pomeroy, which is situated on the Ohio river. Many by-roads run from the main one into the town, and at the mouths of these roads we always found the enemy. The road runs, also, for nearly five miles through a ravine, with steep hills upon each side of it. These hills were occupied, at various points, by the enemy and we had to run the gauntlet. Colonel Grigsby took the lead with the Sixth Kentucky and dashed through at a gallop, halting when fired on, dismounting his men and dislodging the enemy and again resuming his rapid march. Major Webber brought up the rear of the division and held back the enemy, who closed eagerly upon our track.

About 1 o'clock of that day we reached Chester and halted for an hour and a half, to enable the column to close up, to breathe the horses, and also to obtain a guide, if possible, General Morgan declaring that he would no longer march without one. That halt proved disastrous; it brought us to Buffington ford after night had fallen and delayed our attempt at crossing until the next morning.

Before quitting Ohio, it is but just to acknowledge the kind hospitality of these last two days. At every house that we approached, the dwellers thereof themselves absent, perhaps, unable to endure a meeting that would have been painful, had left warm pies, freshly baked, upon the tables. This touching attention to our tastes was appreciated. Some individuals were indelicate enough to hint that the pies were intended to propitiate us and prevent the plunder of the houses.

We reached Portland, a little village upon the bank of the river and a short distance above Buffington Island, about 8 P. M., and the night was one of solid darkness. General Morgan was in doubt as to the policy of at once attacking an earthwork, thrown up to guard the ford. From all the

information he could gather, this work was manned with about three hundred infantry—regular troops—and two heavy guns were mounted in it. Our arrival at this place after dark had involved us in a dilemma. If we did not cross the river that night, there was every chance of our being attacked on the next day by heavy odds. The troops we had seen at Pomeroy we at once and correctly conjectured to be a portion of the infantry which had been sent after us from Kentuccky, and they had been brought by the river, which had risen several feet in the previous week, to intercept us. If transports could pass Pomeroy, the General knew that they could also run up to the bar at Buffington Island. The transports would certainly be accompanied by gunboats, and our crossing could be prevented by the latter alone because our artillery ammunition was nearly exhausted —there was not more than three cartridges to the piece— and we could not have driven off gunboats with small arms. Moreover, if it was necessary, the Federal troops could march from Pomeroy to Buffington by an excellent road, and reach the latter place in the morning. General Morgan fully appreciated these reasons for getting across the river that night, as did those with whom he advised; but there were, also, very strong reasons against attacking the work at night; and without the capture of the work, which commanded the ford, it would be impossible to cross. The night, as I have stated, was intensely dark. Attacks in the dark are always hazardous experiments; in this case it would have been doubly so. We knew nothing of the ground and could not procure guides. Our choice of the direction in which to move to the attack would have been purely guess work. The defenders of the work had only to lie still and fire with artillery and musketry directly in their front, but the assailants would have had a line to preserve, and would have had to exercise great care lest they should fall foul of each other in the obscurity. If this is a difficult business at all times, how much is the danger and trouble increased when it is attempted with broken-down and partially demoralized men?

General Morgan feared, too, that if the attacking party was repulsed, it would come back in such disorder and panic that the whole division would be seriously and injuriously affected. He determined, therefore, to take the work at early dawn and instantly commence the crossing, trusting that it would be effected rapidly and before the enemy arrived. By abandoning the long train of wagons which had been collected, the wounded men and the artillery, a crossing might have been made higher up the river at deeper fords, which we could have reached by a rapid march before the enemy came near them. But General Morgan was determined (after having already hazarded so much) to save all if possible, at the risk of losing all. He ordered me to place two regiments of my brigade in position as near the earthwork as I thought proper, and attack it at daybreak. I accordingly selected the Fifth and Sixth Kentucky, and formed them about four hundred yards from the work, or from the point where I judged it to be located. Lieutenant Lawrence was also directed to place his Parrotts upon a tongue of land projecting northward from a range of hills running parallel with the river. It was intended that he should assist the attacking party, if, for any reason, artillery should be needed. Many efforts were made during the night to find other fords, but unsuccessfully.

As soon as the day dawned the Fifth and Sixth Kentucky were moved against the work, and found it unoccupied. It had been evacuated during the night. Had our scouts posted to observe it been vigilant, and had this evacuation, which occurred, as we afterwards learned, about 2 P. M., been discovered and reported, we might have gotten almost the entire division across before the troops coming from Pomeroy arrived. The guns in the work had been dismounted and rolled over the bluff. I immediately sent General Morgan information of the evacuation of the work, and instructed Colonel Smith to take command of the two regiments and move some four or five hundred yards farther on the Pomeroy road, by which I supposed that the garrison had retreated. In a few minutes I heard the rattle of mus-

ketry in the direction that the regiments had moved, and riding forward to ascertain what occasioned it found that Colonel Smith had unexpectedly come upon a Federal force advancing upon this road. He attacked and dispersed it, taking forty or fifty prisoners and a piece of artillery, and killing and wounding fifteen or twenty. This force turned out to be General Judah's advance guard, and his command was reported to be eight or ten thousand strong,* and not far off. Among the wounded was one of his staff, and his adjutant-general was captured. I instructed Colonel Smith to bring the men back to the ground where they had been formed to attack the work, and rode myself to consult General Morgan and receive his orders. He instructed me to hold the enemy in check and call for such troops as I might need for that purpose. This valley which we had entered the night before, and had bivouacked in, was about a mile long and perhaps eight hundred yards wide at the southern extremity (the river runs here nearly due north and south) and gradually narrows toward the other end until the ridge, which is its western boundary, runs to the water's edge. This ridge is parallel with the river at the southern end of the valley, but a few hundred yards further to the northward both river and ridge incline toward each other. About half way of the valley (equidistant from either end) the road, by which we had marched from Chester, comes in.

Colonel Smith had posted his men, in accordance with directions given him, at the southern extremity of the valley with the ridge upon his right flank. At this point the ridge, I should also state, bends almost at right angles to the westward. As I returned from consultation with General Morgan, I found both of the regiments under Colonel Smith in full retreat. When the main body of the enemy (which was now close upon us) appeared, an order had been issued by some one to "rally to horses." While doing this, the line was charged by Judah's cavalry, of which he had three regiments. A detachment of the Fifth Indiana (led by a very gallant officer, Lieutenant O'Neil) headed this charge. The

* It was not nearly so strong as that on the field.

men rallied and turned, as soon as called on to do so, and had no difficulty in driving back the cavalry, but a portion of the Fifth Kentucky was cut off by this charge and did not take part in the fight which succeeded. These two regiments were not more than two hundred and fifty strong each, and they were dismounted again and formed across the valley. The Parrott guns had been captured, and, although our line was formed close to them, they were not retaken. I sent several couriers to General Morgan, asking for the Second Kentucky, a portion of which I wished to post upon the ridge, and I desired to strengthen the thin, weak line with the remainder. Colonel Johnson's rear videttes (still kept during the night upon the Chester road) had a short time previously been driven in, and he had formed his brigade to receive the enemy coming from that direction. Colonel Johnson offered me a detachment of his own brigade with which to occupy the part of the ridge immediately upon my right—the necessity of holding it was immediately apparent to him. Believing that the Second Kentucky would soon arrive, I declined his offer.

The force advancing upon the Chester road was General Hobson's, which our late delays had permitted to overtake us. Neither Judah nor Hobson was aware of the other's vicinity until apprised of it by the sound of their respective guns. We could not have defeated either alone, for Judah was stronger than we were and Hobson had three thousand. We were scarcely nineteen hundred strong, and our ammunition was nearly exhausted—either shot away or worn out in the cartridge-boxes. The men, had on an average not more than five rounds in their boxes. If, however, either Judah or Hobson had attacked us singly, we could have made good our retreat in order, and with little loss.

The attack commenced from both directions, almost simultaneously, and at the same time the gunboats steamed up and commenced shelling us without fear or favor. I heartily wished that *their* fierce ardor, the result of a feeling of perfect security, could have been subjected to the test of two or three shots through their hulls. They were working, as

well as I could judge, five or six guns, Hobson two, and Judah five or six. The shells coming thus from three different directions seemed to fill the air with their fragments. Colonel Johnson's line, confronting Hobson, was formed at right angles to mine, and upon the level and unsheltered surface of the valley each was equally exposed to shots aimed at the other. In addition to the infantry deployed in front of my line, the ridge upon the right of it was soon occupied by one of the Michigan regiments, dismounted and deployed as skirmishers. The peculiar formation we were forced to adopt exposed our entire force engaged to a severe cross fire of musketry. The Second Kentucky and Ninth Tennessee, of the first brigade, were not engaged at all—nor the Eighth and Eleventh Kentucky, of the second brigade. These regiments, however, were as completely under fire, in the commencement of the action, as were the others which were protecting the retreat.

The scene in the rear of the lines engaged was one of indescribable confusion. While the bulk of the regiments which General Morgan was drawing off were moving from the field in perfect order, there were many stragglers from each who were circling about the valley in a delirium of fright, clinging instinctively, in all their terror, to bolts of calico and holding on to led horses, but changing the direction in which they galloped with every shell which whizzed or burst near them. The long train of wagons and ambulances dashed wildly in the only direction which promised escape, and becoming locked and entangled with each other; in their flight many were upset, and terrified horses broke loose from them and plunged wildly through the mass. Some of them, in striving to make their way out of the valley at the northern end, ran foul of the section of howitzers attached to the second brigade, and guns and wagons were rolled headlong into the steep ravine. Occasionally a solid shot or shell would strike one and bowl it over like a tumbled ten-pin. All this shelling did little damage, and only some twenty-odd men were killed by the musketry and, perhaps, fifty or sixty wounded—the enemy lost quite as

many—but the display of force against us, the cross fire, and our lack of ammunition, seriously disheartened the men, already partially demoralized by the great and unremitted fatigue.

The left flank of my line, between which and the river there was an interval of at least three hundred yards, was completely turned and the Sixth Kentucky was almost surrounded. This regiment (under the command of Major William Bullit, an officer of the calmest and most perfect bravery), behaved nobly. It stood the heavy attack of the enemy like a bastion. At length, seeing that General Morgan had gotten out of the valley with the rest of the division, Colonel Johnson and myself, upon consultation, determined to withdraw simultaneously. We had checked this superior force for more than half an hour—which, as much as our assailants boasted of their victory, was quite as good as an equal number of the best of them could have done against such odds.

The men were remounted without confusion, and retreated in columns of fours from right of companies and for quite a mile in perfect order. The Sixth Kentucky formed to the "rear into line" three times, and kept the pursuing cavalry at bay. But when we neared the other end of the valley and saw that there were but two avenues of escape from it the men broke ranks and rushed for them. In a moment each was blocked. The gunboats sought to rake these roads with grape—and although they aimed too high to inflict much injury the hiss of the dreaded missiles increased the panic. The Federal cavalry soon came up and dashed pell-mell into the crowd of fugitives. Colonel Smith, Captain Campbell, Captain Thorpe, and myself, and some fifty other officers and men, were forced by the charge into a ravine on the left of the road and soon afterward captured. Captain Thorpe saved me from capture at an earlier date that day only to ultimately share my fate. He had acted as adjutant-general of the first brigade, since the detachment of Captain Davis, and had performed all of his duties with untiring assiduity and perfect efficiency. On this day there

was allowed opportunity for the display of courage only, and for that he was ever distinguished.

Between six and seven hundred prisoners were taken from us in this fight. Among the officers captured were Colonels Ward and Morgan, Lieutenant-Colonel Huffman, who was also severely wounded, and Majors Bullock and Bullitt.

On the next day, the 20th, we were marched down the river bank some ten miles to the transport which was to take us to Cincinnati, and she steamed off as soon as we were aboard of her. A portion of the Ninth Tennessee had been put across the river, in a small flat, before the fight fairly commenced, and these men, under command of Captain Kirkpatrick, pressed horses and made their escape. Colonel Grigsby and Captain Byrnes also crossed the river here, and succeeded in escaping. About eleven hundred men retreated with General Morgan, closely pursued by Hobson's cavalry —the indefatigable Woolford, as usual, in the lead. Some three hundred of this force crossed the river at a point about twenty miles above Buffington. Colonel Johnson and his staff swam the river here and got safely ashore, with the exception of two or three of the latter, who were drowned in the attempt.

The arrival of the gunboats prevented the entire force from crossing. General Morgan had gained the middle of the river and, having a strong horse, could have gained the other shore without difficulty, but seeing that the bulk of his command would be forced to remain on the Ohio side he returned to it.

At this point, a negro boy named Box, a great favorite in the Second Kentucky, thorough rebel and deeply impressed with a sense of his own importance, entered the river and started across; General Morgan called to him to return, fearing that he would be drowned. "Marse John," said Box, "if dey catches you, dey may parole you, but if dis nigger is cotched in a free State he ain't a gwine to git away while de war lasts." He swam the river safely although nearly run down by a gunboat. From this time, for six days, it was a continual race and scramble. That men could

have endured it, after the previous exhausting marches, is almost incredible.

The brigades were reorganized. Colonel Cluke was placed in command of the second, Major Webber of the first; each was a little more than four hundred strong. "The bold Cluke" had need of all his audacity and vigor during these six days of trial. It is difficult for the reader to appreciate the true condition in which these brave men were placed. Worn down by tremendous and long sustained exertion, encompassed by a multitude of foes and fresh ones springing up in their path at every mile, allowed no rest but driven on night and day; attacked, harassed, intercepted at every moment, disheartened by the disasters already suffered—how magnificent was the nerve, energy and resolution which enabled them to bear up against all this and struggle so gallantly to the very last against capture. Major Webber had long been suffering from a painful and exhausting disease, and when he started upon the raid could not climb into his saddle without assistance. But he could not endure the thought of being absent from such an expedition. He was one of the very best officers in the Confederate cavalry, and his ideas of duty were almost fanatical. All through the long march to Buffington he rode at the head of the "old regulars," without a murmur escaping his lips to tell of the pain which paled his brave, manly face but could not bend his erect form. Of his conduct after the Buffington disaster, General Morgan and his comrades spoke in enthusiastic praise—one officer in describing his unflinching steadiness called him the "Iron man."

One incident will serve to show how constantly the enemy pressed the command. Once, when there seemed leisure for it, General Morgan called a council of his officers. While it was in session the enemy were skirmishing with the advance and rear guards of the column, and were upon both flanks. A bullet struck within two inches of the General's head while he was courteously listening to an opinion. When the council was closed General Morgan moved the column back toward "Blennerhassett's Island," where he

had previously attempted to cross the river. Clouds of dust marked his march (although he quitted the main road) and also the track of his enemies, and in that way the exact position of all the columns was known to each. That night he halted with a bold mountain upon one side of him and the enemy on the other three. His pursuers evidently thought that the morning would witness his surrender, for they made no effort to force him to yield that evening. But when night had fairly fallen and the camp fires of his foes were burning brightly, he formed his men, partially ascended the mountain, stole noiselessly and in single file along its rough slope and by midnight was out of the trap and again working hard for safety.

Here is a description from Major Webber's diary of how General Morgan eluded the enemy posted to ensnare him when he should cross the Muskingum. He had been compelled to drive off a strong force in order to obtain a crossing; after he had crossed he found himself thus situated:

> The enemy had fallen back on all of the roads—guarding each one with a force in ambush much larger than ours—and to make our way through seemed utterly impossible; while Hobson had made his appearance with a larger force on the opposite bank of the Muskingum, so that to retrace our steps would be ruin. Finding every road strongly guarded, and every hill covered with troops, it would have been impossible for any one except Morgan to have led a column out of such a place, and he did it by what the citizens tell us is the only place where a horse can go; and that by a narrow pass leading up a spring branch hundreds of feet below the tops of the hills, the perpendicular sides of which pressed closely on our horses as we passed in single file. And then we went up another hill, or rather mountain side, up which nobody but a Morgan man could have carried a horse. Up that hill, for at least one thousand feet, we led our tired horses, where it seemed that a goat couldn't climb, until we reached the plain, and were soon in the rear of the enemy and on our road again. Colonel Cluke, who was in the rear, lost two men killed.
>
> In looking around for a place to carry the column, Adjutant S. F. McKee and two of our men ran into an ambuscade and were fired on, about thirty yards distant, by three hundred men, without striking either of them or their horses.

But all this brave, persistent effort was unavailing. General Morgan maintained his high spirit to the last, and seemed untouched by the weariness which bore down every one else; but he was forced at last to turn at bay, and a

fresh disaster on the 26th reducing his command to two hundred and fifty men, and a fresh swarm of enemies gathering around this remnant, left him no alternative (in justice to his men) but surrender. I may be permitted to mention (with natural pride), that the last charge made upon this expedition was by Company C of my old regiment, the Second Kentucky, the "Regulars." This company had maintained its organization and discipline without any deterioriation, although greatly reduced in numbers. In this last fight it was ordered to charge a body of Federal cavalry, who were dismounted and lay behind a worm fence, firing upon the column with their Spencer rifles. Led by its gallant Captain Ralph Sheldon, one of the best of our *best* officers, this company dashed down upon the enemy. The tired horses breasted the fence without being able to clear it, knocking off the top rails. But with their deadly revolvers our boys soon accomplished the mission upon which they were sent.

General Morgan surrendered in a very peculiar manner. He had, many days before, heard of the retreat of General Lee, after Gettysburg, from Pennsylvania and of the fall of Vicksburg. In at least twenty towns through which we had passed we had witnessed evidences of the illuminations in honor of these events. He feared that in consequence of the great excess of prisoners thus coming into Federal possession, the cartel (providing for the exchange of prisoners and the paroling of the excess upon either side, within a short period after their capture) would be broken. He was anxious, therefore, to surrender "upon terms." Aware that he was not likely to get such terms as he wished from any officer of the regular troops that were pursuing him, unless he might happen to hit upon Woolford, who was as noted for generosity to prisoners (if he respected their prowess) as for vigor and gallantry in the field, he looked around for some militia officer who might serve his turn. In the extreme eastern part of Ohio (where he now was) he came into the "district" of a Captain Burbeck who had his militia under arms. General Morgan sent a message to Captain

Burbeck, under flag of truce, requesting an interview with him. Burbeck consented to meet him, and, after a short conference, General Morgan concluded a treaty with him by which he (Morgan) engaged to take and disturb nothing and do no sort of damage in Burbeck's district; and Burbeck, on his part, covenanted to guide and escort Morgan to the Pennsylvania line. After riding a few miles, side by side, with his host, General Morgan, espying a long cloud of dust rolling rapidly upon a course parallel with his own (about a mile distant) and gaining his front, thought it was time to act. So he interrupted a pleasant conversation, by suddenly asking Burbeck how he would like to receive his (Morgan's) surrender. Burbeck answered that it would afford him inexpressible gratification to do so. "But," said Morgan, "perhaps you would not give me such terms as I wish." "General Morgan," replied Burbeck, "you may write your own terms and I will grant them." "Very well, then," said Morgan; "it is a bargain. I will surrender to you." He, accordingly, formally surrendered to Captain Burbeck, of the Ohio militia, upon condition that officers and men were to be paroled, the latter retaining their horses, and the former horses and side-arms.

When General Shackelford (Hobson's second in command, and the officer who was conducting the pursuit in that immediate region) arrived, he at once disapproved this arrangement and took measures to prevent its being carried into effect. Some officers, who had once been Morgan's prisoners, were anxious that it should be observed, and Woolford generously interested himself to have it done. The terms of this surrender were not carried out. The cartel (as Morgan had anticipated) had been repudiated, and the terms for which he had stipulated, under that apprehension, were repudiated also.

Although this expedition resulted disastrously, it was, even as a failure, incomparably the most brilliant raid of the entire war. The purposes sought to be achieved by it were grander and more important, the conception of the plan which should regulate it was more masterly, and the skill

with which it was conducted is unparalleled in the history of such affairs.

It was no ride across a country stripped of troops, with a force larger than any it should chance to encounter.

It was not an expedition started from a point impregnably garrisoned, to dash by a well marked path to another point occupied by a friendly army. It differed from even the boldest of Confederate raids, not only in that it was vastly more extended, but also in the nerve with which the great natural obstacles were overcome, and the unshrinking audacity with which that slight force penetrated into a populous and intensely hostile territory, and confidently exposed itself to such tremendous odds and overwhelming disadvantages. Over one hundred thousand men were in arms to capture Morgan, and every advantage in the way of transporting troops, obtaining information and disposing forces to intercept or oppose him, was possessed by his enemy, and yet his wily strategy enabled him to reach the river at the very point where he had contemplated recrossing it when he started from Tennessee; and he was prevented from recrossing and effecting his escape (which would then have been certain) only by the river having risen at a season at which it had not risen for more than twenty years before.

The objects of the raid were accomplished. General Bragg's retreat was unmolested by any flanking forces of the enemy, and I think that military men, who will review all the facts, will pronounce that this expedition delayed for weeks the fall of east Tennessee and prevented the timely reinforcement of Rosecrans by troops that would otherwise have participated in the battle of Chickamauga. It destroyed Morgan's division, however, and left but a remnant of the Morgan cavalry. The companies in Kentucky became disintegrated—the men were either captured or so dispersed that few were ever again available. Two fine companies of the Ninth Tennessee, under Captains Kirkpatrick and Sisson, crossed the river at Buffington; two companies of the Second Kentucky, under Captains Lea and Cooper, effected a crossing a day or two later. Besides

these organized bodies of men, there were stragglers from all the regiments to the number of three or four hundred, who escaped. These men were collected by Colonels Johnson and Grigsby, and marched through Western Virginia to Morristown, in east Tennessee, where all that was left of Morgan's command was rendezvoused. Our entire loss in killed and wounded on the raid was a little more than three hundred.

Although the consequences were so disastrous, although upon the greater part of those who followed Morgan in this raid was visited a long, cruel, wearisome imprisonment, there are few, I imagine, among them who ever regretted it. It was a sad infliction upon a soldier, especially upon one accustomed to the life the "Morgan men" had led, to eat his heart in the tedious, dreary prison existence, while the fight which he should have shared was daily growing deadlier. But to have, in our turn, been invaders, to have carried the war north of the Ohio, to have taught the people, who for long months had been pouring invading hosts into the South, something of the agony and terror of invasion—to have made them fly in fear from their homes although they returned to find those homes not laid in ashes; to have scared them with the sound of hostile bugles, although no signals were sounded for flames and destruction—these luxuries were cheap at almost any price. It would have been an inexpiable shame if, in all the Confederate army, there had been no body of men found to carry the war, however briefly, across the Ohio, and Morgan by this raid saved us, at least, that disgrace.

One of the many articles which filled the Northern papers upon the disastrous termination of this expedition, prophetically declared the true misfortune which would result to Morgan himself from his ill-success, to-wit: the loss of his unexampled prestige—hitherto of itself a power adequate to ensure him victories, but never to be recovered. This writer, more sagacious as well as more fair than others of his class, said:

The raid through Indiana and Ohio has proved an unfortunate business to him and his command. His career hitherto has been dashing

and brilliant, and but few rebel commanders had won a higher reputation throughout the South. He had been glorified by rebels in arms everywhere, but this last reckless adventure will doubtless rob his name of half its potency. The prestige of success is all powerful, while a failure is death to military reputation. It would now be a difficult matter to rally to his standard as many enthusiastic and promising young men, who infatuated and misguided, joined him during the period of his success. Many of them blindly seemed to entertain the opinion that no reverse could befall him, and all he had to do was to march along, and victory after victory would perch upon his banner. They couldn't even dream of a disaster or an end to his triumphs. Many of them have already sadly and dearly paid for their infatuation, while others are doomed to a similar fate. This remarkable raid, certainly the most daring of the war, is about at an end. Morgan is trapped at last and his forces scattered, and if he escapes himself it will only be as a fugitive. The race he has run since crossing the Cumberland river, eluding the thousands of troops which have been put upon his track, proved him a leader of extraordinary ability. The object of the raid is yet a mystery. Time alone will develop the plan, if plan there was. Moving on with such a force, far from all support—at the very time, too, that Bragg's army was falling back and scattering—makes the affair look like one of simple bravado, as if the leader was willing to be captured, provided he could end his career in a blaze of excitement created by his dash and daring. But it is useless to speculate now. Broken into squads, some few of his men will doubtless escape across the river, and make their way singly to the Confederacy, to tell the story of their long ride through Indiana and Ohio; but the power of the noted partisan chieftain and his bold riders is a thing of the past.

The prisoners taken at Buffington were carried to Cincinnati as rapidly as the speed of the little boat upon which we were placed would permit. We were some three days in making the trip. Fortunately for us, the officers and men appointed to guard us were disposed to ameliorate our condition as much as possible. Our private soldiers, crowded on the hurricane decks, were, of course, subjected to inconvenience, but the wish of the guards was evidently to remedy it as much as possible. This crowding enabled a number of them to make their escape by leaping into the river at night, as the sentries could not possibly detect or prevent their efforts at escape. Captain Day, General Judah's inspector, who was in immediate charge of us, while he was rigidly careful to guard against escape, showed us the most manly and soldierly courtesy. As the only acknowledgment we could make him, the officers united in requesting him to accept

a letter which we severally signed declaring our appreciation of his kindness. We trusted that, if he should ever be so unfortunate as to become a prisoner himself, this evidence of his consideration for our situation would benefit him.

It was habitually remarked that there was a prevalent disposition among the men of both armies who served in "the front," to show courtesy to prisoners. The soldiers who guarded us from Buffington to Cincinnati were characterized by this spirit in an unusual degree.

When we arrived at Cincinnati, we met with a grand but not an agreeable ovation. Spectators pressed closely upon the guard of soldiers who were drawn up around us, as we were marched through the streets to the city prison, and attempted many demonstrations of their feeling toward us. There seemed to be little sympathy between the soldiers and the populace. The former muttered pretty strong expressions of disgust for the previous tameness and present boldness of the latter and once or twice, when jostled, plied their bayonets. The privates were immediately sent to Camps Morton and Douglass. The officers were kept at the city prison in Cincinnati for three days. During that time we were reinforced by a good many others taken in the two or three days which succeeded Buffington fight. On the last day of our sojourn here we learned of General Morgan's capture. We had hoped and almost felt confident that he would escape.

We were removed from this prison on the 27th of July and taken to Johnson's Island. At every station on the railroad from Cincinnati to Sandusky, enthusiastic crowds assembled to greet us. The enthusiasm, however, was scarcely of a nature to excite agreeable emotions in our bosoms. There seemed to be a general wish for our instant and collective execution, and its propriety was promulgated with much heat and emphasis. A change seemed to have come over the people of Ohio in the past two weeks. In our progress through the State, before

our capture, the people left their homes—apparently from a modest disinclination to see us. But now they crowded to stare at us.

When we reached Sandusky we were transferred to a small steam tug, and in twenty minutes were put across the arm of the lake which separates Johnson's Island from the mainland. We were marched, as soon as landed, to the adjutant's office, and after roll-call, and a preliminary scrutiny to ascertain if we had money or weapons upon our persons, we were introduced into the prison inclosure. It was the custom, in those days, in the various prisons for the older inmates to collect about the gates of the "Bull-pen" when "Fresh fish," as every lot of prisoners just arrived were termed, were brought in, and inspect them. We, consequently, met a large crowd of unfortunate rebels when we entered, in which were not a few acquaintances, and some of our own immediate comrades. The first man I saw, at least, the first one to whom my attention was attracted, was Lieutenant Charles Donegan of the Second Kentucky. He had been a private in the heroic Fourth Alabama, and, when his term of service had exired in that regiment, he "joined Morgan," becoming a private in Company A of the "Old Squadron." When the Second Kentucky was organized he was made a noncommissioned officer, and was shortly afterward promoted to first lieutenant for gallantry, excellent conduct, and strict attention to duty. In the prison he met his old comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia, and was prompt to welcome all of the "Morgan men" who "happened in," and to initiate them in the art of making life in a prison endurable. A few months before, I had visited his father and he charged me with a message to "Charlie," which I delivered in the barracks at Johnson's Island.

The Gettysburg prisoners had arrived, only a few days before, and from them we heard the first intelligible account of the great battle. Not a whit was the courage and fire of these gallant representatives of the army of

heroes abated. They seemed to have perfect faith in the invincibility of their comrades, and they looked for the millennium to arrive much sooner than for serious discomfiture to befall "Uncle Robert."

Johnson's Island was the most agreeable prison I ever saw—which is much as if a man were to allude to the pleasantest dose of castor oil he ever swallowed. However, there is little doubt but that it *would* have been pleasant (for a short time) if it had not been a prison. The climate in the summer is delightful, and the prospect highly gratifying—except to a man who would like to escape and cannot swim. The winters, there, are said to have been very severe—but then the barracks were open and airy. We, who were shortly afterward transferred to the Ohio Penitentiary, thought and spoke of Johnson's Island as (under the circumstances) a very "desirable location."

The prisoners at Johnson's Island were housed in frame barracks, each capable of accommodating forty or fifty inmates. They were built of long planks set on end, generally two stories in height. Between the planks were interstices half an inch, perhaps, in width, so that the light of candles burning on the inside was plainly visible to those without. Bunks for the occupants were arranged along the sides of each room. Our contingent was assigned to the upper story of one of these buildings, which was about thirty feet from the high plank fence surrounding the prison grounds and facing the parapet on which the sentries paced their beats. This room was provided with a wide entrance, but no door. On the first night of our arrival, we were assembled in this room at nightfall and were permitted, according to the prison rules, to use candles until 9 o'clock. At that hour the sentry on the nearest beat halted just in front of the open entrance and announced that, in compliance with the regulations, our lights must be extinguished. Everyone at once blew out his candle except Captain Hines, who was deeply absorbed in a novel. In a short time the sentry

repeated his order, but Hines gave no heed to it and continued to read. After another minute, the sentry said, very impressively, "I have twice notified you men to put out your lights, telling you it was the rule to do so at 9 o'clock. Now I shall county twenty, and when I've finished counting, if that light isn't out, I shall shoot into the room and as near the man who is burning it as I can." Then he began to count, but quite slowly. I was just on the point of calling out to Hines to blow out his candle, when I heard a sound which induced me to delay doing so. It was the creaking of a bunk, which was exactly opposite the entrance and the sentry. This bunk was occupied by a middle-aged, eccentric and very irascible lieutenant of Ward's regiment, named Leathers; and it seemed almost certain, because of his position, that if the sentry fired the ball would strike him. Therefore, I forebore to speak to Hines, as I wanted to hear what Leathers would say. After a few turns and twists in his bunk, Lieutenant Leathers delivered himself as follows: "Some men," he said, "are the d—dst fools I ever saw. Now, there's that gentleman out thar' on the parapet has pintedly said that if that blamed candle ain't blowed out, he's goin' to shoot. And he's right. I ain't findin' fault with him, for he's got his instructions. He's bound to shoot. But if he does shoot,"—and here his voice sank from the high tone of anger into a profound wail,—"if he does shoot, it's ten to one he kills the wrong man." There was a great shout of laughter, but everybody insisted that Hines should extinguish his candle and save Leathers's life, and when the sentry had reached nineteen in his count Hines blew out the light.

After remaining at Johnson's Island four days, some forty of us were called for one morning and bidden to prepare for departure—whither we were not informed. But our worst fears were realized when we were taken off the cars at Columbus and marched to the penitentiary. It was rumored that Colonel Streight, an officer captured by Forrest, had been placed in the penitentiary in Georgia,

and we were told we were being penitentiaried in retaliation. It turned out subsequently that Colonel Streight was treated precisely as the other prisoners in the South.

When we entered this gloomy mansion of "crime and woe" it was with misery in our hearts, although an affected gaiety of manner. We could not escape the conviction, struggle against it as we would, that we were placed there to remain while the war lasted, and most of us believed that the war would outlast the generation. We were told, when we went in, that we "were there to stay," and there was something infernal in the gloom and the massive strength of the place which seemed to bid us "leave all hope behind." While we were waiting in the hall to which we were assigned before being placed in our cells, a convict, as I supposed, spoke to me in a low voice from the grated door of one of the cells already occupied. I made some remark about the familiarity of our new friends on short acquaintance, when by the speaker's peculiar laugh I recognized General Morgan. He was so shaven and shorn that his voice alone was recognizable, for I could not readily distinguish his figure. We were soon placed in our respective cells and the iron barred doors locked. Some of the officers declared subsequently that when left alone and the eyes of the keepers were taken off of them they came near swooning. It was not the apprehension of hardship or harsh treatment that was so horrible; it was the stifling sense of close confinement. The dead weight of the huge stone prison seemed resting on our breasts. On the next day we were taken out to undergo some of the "usual prison discipline," and were subjected to a sort of dress-parade. We were first placed man by man in big hogsheads filled with water (of which there were two) and solemnly scrubbed by a couple of negro convicts. This they said was done for sanitary reasons. The baths in the lake at Johnson's Island were much pleasanter, and the twentieth man who was ordered into either tub looked ruefully at the water, as if he thought it had already done enough for health. Then we

were seated in barber chairs, our beards were taken off, and the officiating artists were ordered to give each man's hair "a decent cut." We found that, according to the penitentiary code, the decent way of wearing the hair was to cut it all off; if the same rule had been adopted with regard to clothing, the Digger Indians would have been superfluously clad in comparison with our disheveled condition. Some young men lost beards and moustaches on this occasion, which they had assiduously cultivated with scanty returns for years. Colonel Smith had a magnificent beard sweeping down to his waist, patriarchal in all save color—it gave him a leonine aspect that might have awed even a barber. He felt his loss keenly. I ventured to compliment him on his features, which I had never seen till then, and he answered, with asperity, that it was "no jesting matter."

When we returned to the hall, we met General Morgan, Colonel Cluke, Calvin Morgan, Captain Gibson, and some twenty-six others—our party numbered sixty-eight in all. General Morgan and most of the officers who surrendered with him had been taken to Cincinnati and lodged in the city prison (as we had been) with the difference that we had been placed in the upper apartments (which were clean), and he and his party were confined in the lower rooms, in comparison with which the stalls of the Augean stables were boudoirs. After great efforts, General Morgan obtained an interview with Burnsides and urged that the terms upon which he surrendered should be observed, but with no avail. He and the officers with him were taken directly from Cincinnati to the Ohio Penitentiary, and had been there several days when we (who came from Johnson's Island) arrived.

It is a difficult thing to describe, so that it will be clearly understood, the interior conformation of any large building. For my purpose, it is only necessary that the architecture of one part of it shall be understood. Let the reader imagine a large room (or rather wing of a building) four hundred feet in length, forty-odd in width, and

with a ceiling forty-odd feet in height. One-half of this wing, although separated from the other by no traverse wall, is called the "East hall." In the walls of this hall are cut great windows, looking out upon one of the prison yards. If the reader will further imagine a building erected in the interior of this hall and reaching to the ceiling, upon each side of which and between its walls and the walls of the hall, are corridors eleven feet wide and running the entire length of the hall, and at either extremity of this building, spaces twenty feet in width, he will have conceived a just idea of that part of the prison in which General Morgan and his officers were confined. In the interior building the cells are constructed—each about three feet and a half wide and seven feet long. The doors of the cells—a certain number of which are constructed in each side of the building—open upon the corridors which have been described. At the back of each, and of course separating the ranges of cells upon the opposite sides of the building, is a hollow space reaching from the floor to the ceiling, running the whole length of the building and three or four feet wide. This space is left for the purpose of obtaining more thorough ventilation, and the back wall of every cell is perforated with a hole, three or four inches in diameter, to admit the air from this passage.

We were placed in the cells constructed in that face of the interior building which looks toward the town. No convicts were quartered in the cells on that side, except on the extreme upper tiers, but the cells on the other side of the building were all occupied by them. The cells are some seven feet in height, and are built in ranges, or tiers, one above the other. They are numbered, range first, second, third, and so on, commencing at the lower one. The doors are grates of iron, the bars of which are about an inch and a quarter wide and half an inch thick, and are, perhaps, two inches apart. In front of each range of cells were balconies three feet wide, and ladders led from each one of these to the other just above it.

We were permitted to exercise, during the day, in the corridor in front of our cells, although prohibited from looking out of the windows. Twice a day we were taken to meals, crossing (when we went to breakfast) an open space, or court, and passing through the kitchen into the large dining-hall of the institution. Here, seated at tables about two feet wide and the same distance apart, a great many prisoners could be fed at the same time. We were not allowed to breakfast and dine with the convicts, or they were not allowed to eat with us. I could never learn exactly how it was. We crossed the yard, on the way to breakfast, for the purpose of washing our faces, which was permitted by the prison regulations, but a certain method of doing it was prescribed. Two long troughs were filled with water. The inhabitants of the first range washed in one trough, and those of the second range used the other. We soon obtained permission to buy and keep our own towels. In returning from breakfast, and in going to and returning from dinner, we never quitted the prison building, but marched through a wing of the dining-room back to the long wing in our hall.

At 7 P. M. in summer (earlier afterward) we were required to go to our respective cells at the tap of the turnkey's key on the stove, and he passed along the ranges and locked us in for the night. In a little while, then, we would hear the steady, rolling tramp of the convicts, who slept in the hall at the other end of the wing, as they marched in with military step and precision, changing after awhile from the sharp clatter of many feet simultaneously striking the stone floor to the hurried, muffled rattle of their ascent (in a trot) of the stairways. Then when each had gained his cell and the locking-in commenced, the most infernal clash and clang, as huge bolts were fastened, would be heard that ever startled the ear of a sane man. When Satan receives a fresh lot of prisoners he certainly must torture each half by compelling it to hear the other locked into cells with iron doors.

The rations furnished us for the first ten days were in-

ferior to those subsequently issued. The food allowed us although exceedingly coarse was always sufficiently abundant. After about ten days the restriction, previously imposed, preventing us from purchasing or receiving from our friends articles edible, or of any other description, was repealed, and we were allowed to receive everything sent us. Our Kentucky friends had been awaiting this opportunity, and for fear that the privilege would be soon withdrawn hastened to send cargoes of all sorts of food and all kinds of dainties. For a few days we were almost surfeited with good things, and then the trap fell. When piles of delicacies were stacked up in his office, the warden of the prison, Captain Merion, confiscated all to his own use, forbade our receiving anything more, and rather than the provisions should be wasted furnished his own table with them.

For several weeks one or two soldiers were habitually kept in the hall with us during the day. The turnkey who was the presiding imp in that wing—the ghoul of our part of the catacombs—was rarely absent, but passed back and forth, prying and suspicious. Scott was the name of the interesting creature who officiated as our immediate keeper, for the first four months of our confinement in this place. He was on duty only during the day. At night a special guard went the rounds. The gas-burners with which each cell was furnished were put into use as soon as we were locked up, and we were allowed to burn candles for another hour after the hour for which the gas was turned on had expired. We were permitted to buy books and keep them in our cells, and for some weeks were not restricted in the number of letters which we might write. Indeed for a period of nearly three months our condition was uncomfortable only on account of the constant confinement within the walls of the prison, the lack of exercise and sunlight, and free air, and the penning up at night in the close cells. To a man who has never been placed in such a situation no words can convey the slightest idea of its irksomeness. There was not one of

us who would not have eagerly exchanged it for the most comfortless of all the prisons, where he could have spent the days in the open air and some part of the time have felt that the eyes of the gaolers were not upon him. Every conceivable method of killing time and every practical recreation was resorted to. Marbles were held in high estimation for many days, and the games were played first and discussed subsequently with keen interest. A long ladder, which had been left in the hall, leaning against the wall, was a perfect treasure to those who most craved active exercise. They practiced all sorts of gymnastics on this ladder, and cooled the fever in their blood with fatigue. Chess finally became the standard amusement, and those who did not understand the game watched it nevertheless with as much apparent relish as if they did.

One method adopted in the Ohio Penitentiary for punishing the refractory and disobedient was to confine them in cells called the "dungeons," and dungeons indeed they were. Captain Foster Cheatham was the first man of our party who explored their recesses. His private negotiations with one of the military guard for liquids of stimulating properties were not only unsuccessful but were discovered by the warden, and the captain was dragged to a "loathsome dungeon." He remained twenty-four hours and came out wiser on the subject of prison discipline and infinitely sadder than when he went in. The next victim was Major Higley. One of the keepers was rough to him and Higley used strong language in return. Disrespectful language to, or about, officials was not tolerated in the institution and Higley was punished. He also remained in the dungeon for twenty-four hours. He was a man of lean habit and excitable temperament, when in the best state of health—and he returned from the place of punishment, looking like a ghost. Pale and shaking, he gave us a spirited and humorous account of his interview with the superior gaolers, and his experience in the dark, stifling cell.

After we had been in the penitentiary some three or

four weeks, Colonel Cluke and another officer were taken out and sent to McLean barracks, to be tried by court-martial upon the charge of having violated some oath taken before they entered the Confederate service. They were acquitted and Colonel Cluke was sent to Johnson's Island, where during the ensuing winter he died of diphtheria. He was exceedingly popular in the division, and was a man of the most frank, generous and high-toned nature. The news of his death excited universal sorrow among his comrades.

When two or three months had elapsed, General Morgan's impatience of the galling confinement and perpetual espionage amounted almost to frenzy. He restrained all exhibition of his feeling remarkably , but it was apparent to his fellow prisoners that he was chafing terribly under the restraint, more irksome to him than to any one of the others.

The difficulty of getting letters from our families and friends in the South was one of the worst evils of this imprisonment; and if a letter came containing anything in the least objectionable, it was as likely as not, destroyed, and the envelope only was delivered to the man to whom it was written. Generally, the portion of its contents which incurred Merion's censure having been erased, it was graciously delivered, but more than once a letter which would have been valued beyond all price was altogether withheld, and the prisoner anxiously expecting it was mocked, as I have stated, by receiving the envelope in which it came.

The introduction of newspapers was strictly forbidden. If the newspapers, which the convicts who passed through our hall in the transaction of their duties sometimes smuggled into us, were discovered in any man's hand or cell woe be unto him.

Captain Calvin Morgan was once reading a newspaper that had "run the blockade," in his cell at night, and had become deeply interested in it, when the night guard, stealing along with noiseless step, detected him.

The customary taps (by the occupants of the other cells who discovered his approach and thus telegraphed it along the range) had been this time neglected. "What paper is that?" said the guard. "Come in and see," said Morgan. "No," said the guard, "you must pass it to me through the bars." "I'll do nothing of the kind," was the answer. "If you think that I have a paper which was smuggled into me, why unlock the door, come in and get it." The fellow apparently did not like to trust himself in the cell with Captain Morgan, who was much the more powerful man of the two, and he hastened off for reinforcements. During his absence Morgan rolled the paper up into a small compass and, baring his arm, thrust it far up into the ventilator at the back part of the cell. Fortunately there was in the cell a newspaper given him that day by one of the sub-wardens named Hevay, a very kind old man. Morgan unfolded this paper and was seated in the same attitude (as when first discovered) reading it, when the guard returned. The latter brought Scott with him and unlocked the door. "Now give me that paper," he said. "There it is," said Morgan handing it him, "Old man Hevay gave it to me to-day." The guard inspected it closely and seemed satisfied. "Why did you not give it to me before?" he asked. "Because," returned Captain Morgan, "I thought you had no right to ask it, and I had moreover no assurance that you would return it." With a parting injunction to do so no more or the dungeon would reveal him its secrets, the guard, after a thorough search to find another paper, left the cell. He examined the ventilator, but Morgan's arm being the longer the paper was beyond his reach. Captain Morgan's literary pursuits were suspended, however, for that night.

When the news of the battle of Chickamauga was coming in and we were half wild with excitement and eagerness to learn the true version of the reports that prevailed, for everything told us by the prison officials was garbled, we by good luck got in two or three newspapers containing full accounts of the battle. I shall never forget

listening to them read, in General Morgan's cell, while four or five pickets (regularly relieved) were posted to guard against surprise. These papers were read to the whole party in detachments; while one listened the succeeding one waited its turn in nervous impatience.

As I have said, General Morgan grew more restless under his imprisonment every day and finally resolved to effect his escape, at any hazard, or labor. Several plans were considered and abandoned, and at length one devised by Captain Hines was adopted.* This was to "tunnel" out of the prison—as the mode of escape by digging a trench to lead from the interior to the outside of the prisons was technically called. But to "tunnel" through the stone pavement and immense walls of the penitentiary —concealing the tremendous work as it progressed—required a bold imagination to conceive such an idea. Hines had heard, in some way, a hint of an air chamber constructed under the lower range of cells—that range immediately upon the ground floor. He thought it probable that there was such a chamber, for he could account in no other way for the dryness of the cells in that range. At the first opportunity he entered into conversation with old Hevay, the deputy warden mentioned before. This old man was very kind-hearted, and was also an enthusiast upon the subject of the architectural grandeur of that penitentiary. Hines led the conversation into that channel, and finally learned that his surmise was correct. If, then, he could cut through the floor of his cell and reach this air chamber without detection, he would have, he saw, an excellent base for future operations. He communicated his plan to General Morgan, who at once approved it. Five other men were selected (whose cells were on the first range) as assistants.

The work was commenced with knives abstracted from

* Captain L. D. Hockersmith, of the Tenth Kentucky, claims to have originated this plan of escape, and I believe that he and Hines simultaneously conceived it. He would make no claim he did not think just. He had more to do than anyone with its practical execution.

the table. These knives—broad at the end of the blade instead of pointed—made excellent chisels, and were the very best tools for the inauguration of the labor. Putting out pickets to prevent surprise, they pecked and chiseled away at the hard floor, which was eighteen inches thick, of cement and brick—concealing the rubbish in their handkerchiefs and then throwing part of it into the stoves, and hiding the rest in their beds. They soon dug a hole in the floor large enough to permit a man to pass. The iron bedsteads, which stood in each cell, could be lifted up or let down at pleasure. Hines would prop his up, each morning, sweep out his cell (in which the aperture had been cut) and throw a carpet sack carelessly over the mouth of the shaft he had sunk; and when the guard would come and look in, everything would appear so neat and innocent that he would not examine further. One kick given that carpet bag would have disclosed the plot, at any time from the date of the inception of the work to its close. After the air chamber was reached, a good many others were taken into the secret in order that the work might go constantly on.

The method adopted, then, was for two or three to descend and go to work while the others kept watch; in an hour or two a fresh relief would be put on and the work would be kept up in this way throughout the day until the hour for locking up arrived, except at dinner time, when every man who was absent from the table had to give a reason for his absence. The work, conducted underground was tedious and difficult, but all labored with a will. The candles which had been purchased and hoarded now did good service. Without them it would have been almost impossible to finish the task. A code of signals was invented to meet every possible contingency. By pounding a bar of wood upon the stone floor those above communicated to those underneath information of every danger which threatened, and called on them to come forth, if necessary. The walls of the air chamber were two or three feet thick and built of huge stones. Two or three

of these stones were removed, and a tunnel was run straight to the outer wall of the hall. Fortune favored the workmen, at this juncture, and threw in their way an adequate tool with which to accomplish their part of their work. Some one had discovered lying in the yard through which we passed on our way to breakfast an old rusty spade with a broken handle. It was at once determined that the said spade must be secured. Accordingly men were detailed and instructed in their proper parts, and at the first opportunity the spade was transferred to the air chamber and used in digging the tunnel.

When the main wall of the hall was reached the heavy stones of its foundation were removed in sufficient number to admit of the passage of a man. But it was then discovered that the tunnel led right under an immense coal pile. It was necessary that this difficulty should be remedied; but how? Without a view of the ground just outside of the wall, no one could calculate how far or in what direction to run the tunnel, so that when it was conducted to the surface all obstructions might be avoided. In this emergency, General Morgan engaged Scott in conversation about the remarkable escape of some convicts which had occurred a year or two previously, and which Scott was very fond of describing. These convicts had climbed by the balconies, in front of the ranges of cells, to the ceiling, and had passed out through the skylight to the roof of the prison. Scott declared his belief that there were no two other men on the continent who could perform the feat of ascending by the balconies.

"Why," says General Morgan, "Captain Sam. Taylor, small as he is, can do it."

Thereupon a discussion ensued, ending by Scott's giving Taylor permission to attempt it. Taylor, who, although very small, was as active as a squirrel, immediately commenced the ascent, and sprang from one to the other of the balconies until he reached the top one. He was one of the men who had been selected to escape with General Morgan, and comprehended immediately the latter's ob-

ject in having him attempt this feat. It would afford him a chance to glance out of the windows at the ground just beyond the wall. As he leisurely swung himself down, he studied "the position" carefully and his observations enabled them to direct the tunnel aright.

When the tunneling approached its completion, all the other necessary preparations were made. The prison yard, into which they would emerge from the tunnel, was surrounded by a wall twenty-five feet high and means for scaling that had to be provided. There was an inner wall running from the corner of the "east hall" to a smaller building, in which some of the female convicts were imprisoned, but it was comparatively low and they anticipated little difficulty in getting over it. The coverlets of several beds were torn into strips, and the strips were plaited into a strong rope nearly thirty feet in length. A strong iron rod, used for stirring the fires in the stoves, was converted into a hook and the rope was attached to it. Rope and hook were taken down into the air chamber, where all the "valuables" were stored.

General Morgan had managed to get a suit of citizen's clothing, and six men who were going to escape with him were similarly provided. The warden had prohibited the introduction into the prison of uniforms, but occasionally allowed plain suits to be received. The general had also gotten a card of the schedule time on the Little Miami Railroad, and knew when the train left Columbus and when it arrived in Cincinnati; for this he paid $15, the only money used in effecting his escape.

Despite the strict search instituted when we first entered the penitentiary, several of the party had managed to secrete money so that it was not found. This was now divided among the seven who were to escape. These were, besides General Morgan, Captains Thomas H. Hines, Ralph Sheldon, Sam Taylor, Jacob Bennett, L. D. Hockersmith, and Gustavus McGee. It is plain that, as each man was locked in a separate cell and could not get out of it by the door without an interview with the night

guard, it was necessary to cut an opening into the air chamber through the floor of each cell from which each one of the seven would escape. If these apertures were cut from the top of the floors to the cells, the risk of detection would be proportionally increased; so an accurate measurement of the distance between the cells was taken and, with Hines' cell as a point of departure, it was easy to calculate where to commence cutting from underneath, in order that the floors of all these particular cells should be perforated. A thin crust, only, of the cement was left, but to all outward appearance the floor was as sound as ever.

By means of an arrangement which had been perfected for obtaining all absolutely necessary articles, each one of the party about to escape had procured a stout, sharp knife—very effective weapons in case of surprise and an attempt to stop their escape. When everything was ready they waited several nights for rain—trusting to elude the vigilance of the guards more easily in the obscurity of such a night—and taking the chance, also, that the dogs which were turned loose every night in the yard would be driven by the rain into their kennels, which were situated on the other side of the yard from that where they would emerge.

On the 26th of November General Morgan learned that there had been a change of military commandants at Columbus. Well knowing that this would be followed by an inspection of the prison and probably a discovery of the plot, he determined that the effort should be made that very night. His own cell was in the second range, from which it was impossible to reach the air chamber and tunnel, but the cell of his brother, Colonel Richard Morgan, had been prepared for him, and when Scott tapped, as usual on the stove as a signal for each man to retire to his cell, the exchange was effected. There was a sufficient resemblance between them to deceive a man who would not look closely, especially when they were seated with their faces turned away from the door.

At any rate, Scott and the night guard were both de-

ceived, and efforts were made by the occupants of the cells near to both of those, where close inspection would have been dangerous, to attract to themselves the attention of the guard when he went the rounds. As it was especially necessary, on this occasion, to know certainly when the night guard approached, small bits of coal had been sprinkled just before the hour for locking up on the floor of the first range, so that (tread as lightly as he would), he could not help making a noise.

It had been arranged that, just after the 12 o'clock visit from the guard, Captain Taylor should descend into the air chamber and give the signal underneath the floor of each cell. Six hours elapsed after the locking in; regularly during that time the night guard went his rounds, making an awful crackling as he passed along the lower range. Sixty-odd men lay awake, silent and excited—with hearts beating louder and blood rushing faster through their veins than the approach of battle had ever occasioned. Perhaps the coolest of all that number were the seven who were about to incur the risk.

Twelve o'clock struck, and the clang of the bell seemed to be in the hall itself—the guard passed with his lantern—a few minutes elapsed (while the adventurers lay still lest he should slip back), and then at the signal they sprang from their beds. Then stamping upon the floor above the excavations, the thin crust of each gave way and they descended into the air chamber. They passed one by one along the tunnel, until the foremost man reached the terminus and with his knife cut away the sod which had of course been left untouched. Then they emerged into the open air and inner yard.

The early part of the night had been bright and clear, but now it was cloudy and rain was falling. They climbed the low wall and descended into the large yard. The rain had caused the sentries to seek shelter and had driven the dogs to their kennels. They moved cautiously across the yard; if detected, their knives must have saved or avenged them. Discovery would have been hard upon them, but

it would have, also, been unhealthy for the discoverer. They were resolved to be free—they were powerful and desperate men—and if they failed they were determined that others, besides themselves, should have cause for sorrow. But they reached and climbed the outer wall in safety. There was a coping upon it which they grappled with the hook, and they climbed, hand over hand, to the top. When all had ascended, the hook was grappled upon the inner shelf of the coping and they let themselves down. When they were all on the ground they strove to shake the hook loose, but it held fast and they were forced to leave the rope hanging. That circumstance caused the detection of their escape two hours sooner than would otherwise have happened, for the rope was discovered at daylight and the alarm was given. But time enough had been allowed the fugitives to make good their escape. They at once separated.

General Morgan and Hines went straight to the depot. Hines bought tickets to Cincinnati, and when the train came they got on it.

General Morgan was apprehensive that they would be asked for passes or permits to travel, and arrested for not having them. He saw an officer of field rank seated in the car which he entered, and it occurred to him that if he were seen in familiar conversation with this officer, he would not, perhaps, be asked for a pass. He and Hines seated themselves near this officer and courteously addressed him; he replied as suavely. After a short conversation, General Morgan produced a liquor flask (they were very generally carried then) and invited the officer to take a drink of brandy, which invitation was gracefully accepted. Just then the train moved past the penitentiary. "That is the hotel at which Morgan stops I believe," said the officer. "Yes," answered the General, "and *will stop,* it is to be hoped. He has given us his fair share of trouble and he will not be released. I will drink to him. May he ever be as closely kept as he is now."

This officer was a pleasant and well informed gentle-

man, and General Morgan passed the night in an agreeable and instructive conversation with him, asking many questions and receiving satisfactory replies.

When the suburbs of Cincinnati were reached, a little after daylight, it was time to get off. General Morgan pulled the bell rope and moved to one platform; Hines went to the other and they put the brakes down with all their strength. The speed of the train slackened and they sprang off.

Two or three soldiers were sitting on a pile of lumber near where General Morgan alighted. "What in the h—ll are you jumping off the train for?" asked one of them. "What in the d—l is the use of a man going on to town when he lives out here?" responded the general. "Besides what matter is it to you " "Oh, nothing," said the soldier, and paid him no further attention. Reaching the river, which runs close to this point, they gave a little boy two dollars to put them across in a skiff.

In Newport, Ky., they found friends to aid them, and before the telegraph had given to Cincinnati the information of his escape, he was well on his way to Boone county—sure asylum for such fugitives. In Boone fresh horses, guides, and all that was necessary were quickly obtained. He felt no longer any apprehension; he could travel from Boone to Harrison or Scott counties, thence through Anderson to Nelson, and thence to the Tennessee line; and, during all that time no one need know of his whereabouts but his devoted friends, who would have died to shield him from harm.

A writer who described his progress through Kentucky, shortly after it occurred, says, truly: "Everybody vied with each other as to who should show him the most attention—even to the negroes; and young ladies of refinement begged the honor of cooking his meals." He assumed more than one disguise, and played many parts in his passage through Kentucky; now passing as a Government contractor buying cattle; and again as a quartermaster or inspector.

When he reached the Little Tennessee river his serious difficulties began; in passing through a portion of Tennessee he had met friends as truly devoted to him as any of those who had assisted him in Kentucky.

In portions of middle Tennessee he was so constantly recognized, that it was well for him that he was so universally popular there. One day he passed a number of citizens, and one woman commenced clapping her hands and called out: "Oh, I know who it is," then recollecting the necessity of caution, turned away. The region in which he struck the Little Tennessee river was strongly Union, and the people would have betrayed him if they had discovered who he was. The river was guarded at every point, and there was no boat or raft upon it which was not in possession of the enemy. He was, in this vicinity, joined by some thirty nomadic Confederates and they set to work and constructed a raft for him to cross upon.

When it was finished, they insisted that he and Hines should cross first—the horses were made to swim. While General Morgan was walking his horse about, with a blanket thrown over him to recover him from the chill occasioned by immersion in the cold water, he suddenly (he subsequently declared) was seized with the conviction that the enemy were coming upon them, and instantly commenced to saddle his horse, bidding Hines do the same. Scarcely had they done so, when the enemy dashed up in strong force on the other side and dispersed the poor fellows who were preparing to cross in their turn. He and Hines went straight up the mountain at the foot of which they had landed. It grew dark and commenced to rain; he knew that if he remained all night on the mountain his capture would be certain in the morning, and he determined to run the gauntlet of the pickets at the base of the mountain on the opposite side before the line was strengthened. As he descended, leading his horse, he came immediately upon one of the pickets. As he prepared to shoot him he discovered that the fellow slept, and stole by without injuring or awakening him.

At the house of a Union man not far from the base of the mountain the two tired and hunted wanderers found shelter and supper, and General Morgan, representing himself as a Federal quartermaster, induced the host, by a promise of a liberal supply of sugar and coffee, to guide them to Athens. Every mile of his route through this country was marked by some adventure. Finally Hines became separated from him. The General sent him, one evening, to a house to inquire the way to a certain place, while he himself remained a short distance off upon the road. In a few minutes he heard shots and the tramp of several horses galloping in the opposite direction, and he knew at once that Hines was cut off from him. That night he narrowly escaped being shot; that fate befell a man mistaken for him. At length, after hazard and toil beyond all description, he reached the Confederate lines.

Hines was captured by the party which pursued him from the house and he was confined in a little log hut that night, in which his captors also slept. He made himself very agreeable; told a great many pleasant stories with immense effect. At length the sentry, posted at the door, drew near the fire at the other end of the room, to hear the conclusion of a very funny anecdote. Hines seized the opportunity and sprang through the door, bade the party good night, and darted into the bushes. He effected his escape and reached Dixie in safety.

When the escape of General Morgan was discovered on the morning after it was effected, there was an extraordinary degree of emotion manifested by the penitentiary officials. The rope, hanging upon the wall, was seen by someone at daylight; it was apparent that somebody had escaped, the alarm was given to the warden and his suspicions at once turned toward the prisoners of war.

About 6 A. M. a detachment of guards and turnkeys poured into the hall and began running about, unlocking doors and calling on various men by name, in the wildest and most frantic manner. For some time they were puzzled to determine who had escaped. Colonel Morgan was

still taken for the General, and the "dummies" in the cells which had been vacated, for a while, deceived them into the belief that those cells were still occupied. But at length a more careful and calm examination revealed the fact and the method of the escape, and then the hubbub broke out afresh.

It was generally feared that Colonel Morgan would be severely dealt with, and he expected a long term in the dungeon; but to the surprise and gratification of all of us it was announced that he was thought no more guilty than the rest, and should be punished no more harshly. The first step taken was to remove all of the first range men to the third range. Then a general, thorough search was instituted. Every cell was carefully examined, every man was stripped and inspected, every effort was made, after the bird was flown, to make the cage secure.

It was the desire of every prisoner to secure General Morgan's escape; that was of paramount importance. We were now constantly locked up in our cells, night and day, except when we were marched to our meals and straight back. The cells were, I have already said, very small, and the bed took up half of each. The only method we had of exercising was to step sideways from one end of the cells to the other. The weather was intensely cold, and when the stone flooring of the hall was removed and a deep trench cut, in order that the damage done by the tunneling might be repaired, the chill arising from the damp earth was terrible.

Everything which we had been allowed in the way of luxuries was now forbidden, except books. We were forbidden to speak while at the table, to speak aloud in our cells after the gas was lit at night, to address one of the convicts, even those who frequented the hall in which we were confined, no matter what the necessity might be. It would be difficult to enumerate the restrictions which were now imposed upon us, confinement in the dungeon being the inevitable penalty attached to the violation of any of these rules. These cells were rather smaller than those in

which we were habitually confined and the doors were half a foot thick, with sheet-iron nailed on the outside and so contrived that (extending beyond the edges of the door) it excluded every ray of air and light. In all seasons the air within them was stagnant, foul, and stifling, and would produce violent nausea and headache. In summer, these places were said to be like heated ovens, and in winter they were veritable refrigerators.

After some three weeks of close confinement, we were permitted to exercise in the hall for four hours during the day, and were locked in the rest of the time. The nervous irritability induced by this long and close confinement sometimes showed itself in a manner which would have amused a man whose mind was in a healthy condition. Just as soon as we were permitted to leave our cells in the morning and meet in the hall, the most animated discussions upon all sorts of topics would begin. These would occasionally degenerate into clamorous and angry debates. The disputants would become as earnest and excited over subjects in which perhaps they had never felt the least interest before, as if they had been considering matters of vital and immediate importance.

Two of the officers who escaped with General Morgan, Captains Sheldon and Taylor, were recaptured and brought back to the penitentiary. They ventured into Louisville, where they were well known, were recognized, and arrested.

A military guard was placed at the prison immediately after the General's escape, and for some time sentinels (with bayonets fixed) paced the hall. None of us had imagined that we could welcome the presence of Federal soldiers with so much satisfaction. The difference in the tone and manner of the soldiers from that of the convict drivers made it a relief to have anything to say to the former. They were evidently disgusted with their associate gaolers.

In February I was removed, at the solicitation of friends, to Camp Chase. Having made no application for

this removal nor having heard that one had been made in my behalf, I was surprised when the order for it came, and still more surprised when I learned at Camp Chase that I was to be paroled. I was permitted to go freely where I pleased within the limits of the camp, excellent quarters were assigned me, and my condition was, in all respects, as comfortable as that of the officers on duty there. Colonel Richardson, the commandant, was a veteran of the Army of the Potomac, and had accepted the charge of the prison after he had been disabled by wounds. If the treatment which I received at his hands was a fair sample of his conduct toward prisoners generally, it is certain that none had a right to complain of him, and it would have been a fortunate thing if just such men had been selected (upon both sides) to be placed over those whose condition depended so entirely upon the will and disposition of the officers in charge of them. Finding that my parole was not likely to result in my exchange and that there was no other Confederate officer similarly indulged, I applied to be sent back to the penitentiary.

After I left Camp Chase, where every one had been uniformly polite and respectful in demeanor and I had enjoyed privileges which amounted almost to liberty, the gloom of the penitentiary and the surly, ban-dog manner of the keepers were doubly distasteful, and the feeling was as if I were being buried alive. I found that, during my absence, the prisoners had been removed from the hall which they had all the time previously occupied to another in which the negro convicts had formerly slept, and this latter was a highly-scented dormitory. The cause of the removal was that (desperate at their long confinement and the treatment they were receiving) a plan had been concocted for obtaining knives and breaking out of the prison by force. A thorough knowledge of the topography of the entire building was by this time possessed by the leaders in this movement. They had intended to secure Merion and as many as possible of the underlings by enticing them into the hall upon some pretext, and

then gagging, binding, and locking them up in the cells. Then, giving the signal for the opening of the doors, they expected to obtain possession of the office and room where the guns were kept. One of the party was to have been dressed in convict garb to give the necessary signal, in order that all suspicion might have been avoided. It is barely possible that, with better luck, the plan might have succeeded, but it was frustrated by the basest treachery. Among the sixty-eight prisoners of war confined in the penitentiary, there were four whose nerve gave way and they took the oath of allegiance to the United States. One of this four betrayed the plan to the warden.

Search was at once made for the knives which the prisoners had obtained and for other evidence which might corroborate the informer's report. Fifteen knives had been introduced into the hall and were in the hands of as many prisoners. The search was inaugurated secretly and conducted as quietly as possible, during the time that the prisoners were locked in the cells, but information was gotten along the ranges that it was going on and only seven knives were discovered. The remaining eight were hidden so ingeniously, that, notwithstanding the strict hunt after everything of the kind, they were not found. All of the party were at once closely confined again, and the seven who were detected with the knives were sent to the dungeons, where they were kept seven days, until the surgeon declared that a longer stay would kill them.

They passed the period of their confinement in almost constant motion (such as the limits of the cell would permit), and said that they had no recollection of having slept during the whole time. When they came out they were almost blind and could scarcely drag themselves along.

One of the party, Captain Barton, was so affected that the blood streamed from under his finger nails. When I returned (after a month passed at Camp Chase) I was startled by the appearance of those, even, who had not been subjected to punishment in the dungeon. They had

the wild, squalid look and feverish eager impression of eye which lunatics have after long confinement.

At last, in March, 1864, all were removed to Fort Delaware, and the change was as if living men, long buried in subterranean vaults, had been restored to upper earth. About the same time one hundred and ten officers of Morgan's division, who had been confined in the Pennsylvania Penitentiary, were transferred to Point Lookout. These officers described the treatment which they received as having been much better than that adopted toward us, yet one of their number had become insane. All that I have attempted to describe, however, must have been ease and luxury compared with the hardship, hunger and harsh cruelty inflicted upon the Confederate private soldiers imprisoned at Camps Morton and Douglass and at Rock Island.

At Fort Delaware, General Schoeff, the commandant, placed some eighteen or twenty of us in the rooms built in the casements of the fort, and allowed us, for some time, the privilege of walking about the island upon our giving him our paroles not to attempt escape.

General M. Jeff. Thompson, of Missouri, was the only Confederate officer at that prison before our party arrived, but many others from Camp Chase came about the same time. General Thompson's military career is well known to his countrymen, but only his prison companions know how kind and manly he could be, under circumstances which severely try the temper. His unfailing flow of spirits kept every one else, in his vicinity, cheerful and his hopefulness was contagious. He possessed, also, an amazing poetical genius. He wrote with surprising fluency, and his finest compositions cost him neither trouble nor thought. Shut him up in a room with plenty of stationery and in twenty-four hours he would write himself up to the chin in verse. His muse was singularly prolific and her progeny various. He roamed recklessly through the realm of poesy. Every style seemed his—blank verse and rhyme, ode and epic, lyric and tragic, satiric and elegiac,

sacred and profane, sublime and ridiculous, he was equally good at all. His poetry might not perhaps have stood a very strict classification, but he produced a fair, marketable sample which deserved (his friends thought) to be quoted at as liberal figures as some about which much more was said.

At Fort Delaware the prevailing topic of conversation was exchange; men who were destined to many another weary month of imprisonment sustained themselves with the hope that it would soon come. At last a piece of good fortune befell some of us. It was announced that General Jones, the officer in command at Charleston, had placed fifty Federal officers in a part of the city where they would be exposed to danger from the batteries of the besiegers. An order was issued that fifty Confederate officers, of corresponding rank, should be selected for retaliation. Five general and forty-five field and line officers were accordingly chosen from the different prisons, Fort Delaware furnishing a large delegation for that purpose. The general officers selected were Major-General Frank Gardner, Major-General Edward Johnson, Brigadier-General Stewart, Brigadier-General Archer, and Brigadier-General Thompson. Among the field officers who went, were seven of the penitentiary prisoners—Colonels Ward, Morgan, and Tucker, Majors Webber, Steele, and Higley, and myself.

We left our comrades with a regret felt for their bad fortune, for we felt assured that our apparent ill-luck would terminate in an exchange. Colonel Coleman, who had been confined in the Fort with the party of which so many were sent on this "expedition," was bitterly disappointed at being left behind and we regretted it equally as much. Three of our companions through so many vicissitudes we never saw again—three of the worthiest—Captains Griffin, Mullins, and Wardour died shortly afterward.

On the 26th of June, we were put on board of a steamer, and puffed away down the Delaware river. It was confidently affirmed that we were going to be placed on Morris

Island, where the Charleston batteries would have a fair play at us; so that our friends (blissfully unconscious of how disagreeable they were making themselves) might speedily finish us. The prospect was not absolutely inviting, but after the matter was talked over and General Gardner, especially, consulted (as he had most experience in heavy artillery) we felt more easy. General Thompson, who had fought that way a good deal, said that "a man's chance to be struck by lightning was better than to be hit by a siege gun." This consoled me very little, for I had all my life been nervously afraid of lightning. However, we at last settled it unanimously that, while we would perhaps be badly frightened by the large bombs, there was little likelihood of many being hurt, and, at any rate, the risk was very slight compared with the brilliant hope of its resulting in exchange.

After we got fairly to sea very little thought was wasted on other matters. The captain of the vessel said that there was "no sea on," or some such gibberish, and talked as if we were becalmed, at the very time that the tipsy old boat was bobbing about like a green rider on a trotting horse. It is a matter of poetical surmise what sort of metal encased the hearts of those who first tempted the fury of the seas, but they must have had stomachs lined with mahogany. It is difficult to believe men when they unblushingly declare that they go to sea for pleasure.

Ten of us were lodged in a cabin on the upper deck where we did very well, except that for one-half of the time we were too sick to eat anything, and for the other half we were rolling and tumbling about in such a manner that we could think of nothing but keeping off of the ceiling. The others were stowed away "amidships," or in some other place down stairs, and as all the ports and air-holes were shut up, when the steamer began to wallow about, they were nearly smothered and their nausea was greatly increased. They were compelled to bear it, for they could not force their way on deck and they had nothing with which to scuttle the ship.

When we reached Hilton Head we were transferred to the brig *"Dragoon"* (a small vessel lying in the harbor) and she was then anchored under the guns of the frigate *Wabash*. Here we remained five weeks. The weather was intensely hot. During the day we were allowed to go on deck in reliefs of twenty-five each, and stay alternate hours, but at night we were forced to remain below decks. The ports were kept shut for fear that some of the party would jump out and swim eight miles to the South Carolina shore. As there were fifty soldiers guarding us and three ship's boats (full of men) moored to the vessel, there was little reason to apprehend anything of the kind. The sharks would have deterred any of us from attempting to escape in that way. There was a difference of opinion regarding their appetite for human flesh, but no man was willing to personally experiment in the matter. A constant negotiation was going on during these five weeks, between the authorities at Hilton Head and Charleston, which seemed once or twice on the point of being broken off, but fortunately managed each time to survive.

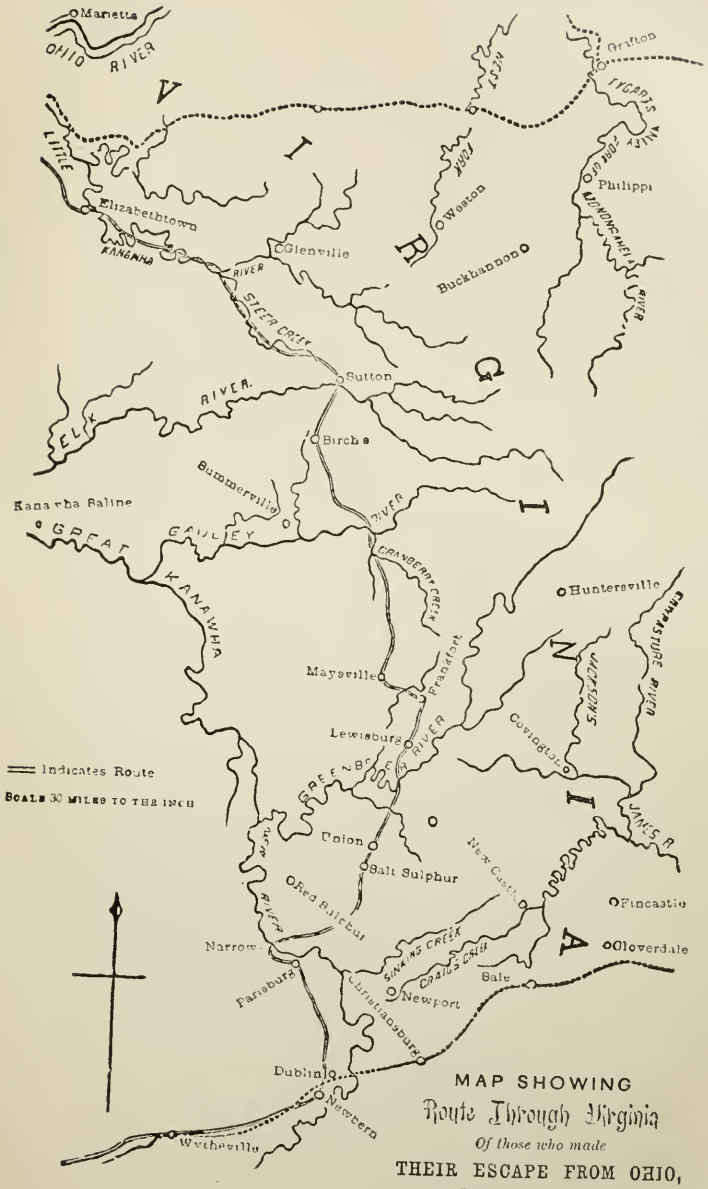
We were never taken to Morris' Island, although our chances for that situation seemed more than once extremely good. At last, on the 1st of August, it was authoritatively announced that we were to be taken on the next day to Charleston to be exchanged. Only those who have themselves been prisoners can understand what our feelings then were—when the hope that had become as necessary to our lives as the breath we drew was at length about to be realized. That night there was little sleep among the fifty, but they passed it in alternate raptures of congratulation at their good luck, or shivering apprehension lest, after all, something might occur to prevent it.

But when the next day came, and we were all transferred to a steamer and her head was turned to Charleston, we began to master all doubts and fears. We reached Charleston harbor very early on the morning of the 3d, lay at anchor for two or three hours, and then steamed

slowly in toward the city until we had passed the last monitor, and halted again. In a short time a small boat came out from Charleston, with the fifty Federal prisoners on board and officers of General Jones' staff authorized to conclude the exchange. When she came alongside the final arrangements were effected, but not until a mooted point had threatened to break off the negotiation altogether. Happily for us, we knew nothing of this difficulty until it was all over, but we were made very nervous by the delay. When all the details were settled we were transferred to the Confederate boat and the Federal officers were brought on board of the steamer which we left; then touching hats to the crew we parted from we bade our captivity farewell.

Twelve months of imprisonment, of absence from all we loved, was over at last. No man of that party could describe his feelings intelligibly—a faint recollection of circumstances is all that can be recalled in such a tumult of joy. As we passed down the bay the gallant defenders of those works around Charleston, the names of which have become immortal, stood upon the parapets and cheered us, and we answered like men who were hailing for life. The huge guns, which lay like so many grim watch-dogs around the city, thundered a welcome, the people of the heroic city crowded to the wharves to receive us. If anything could repay us for the wretchedness of long imprisonment and our forced separation from families and friends, we found it in the unalloyed happiness of that day.

General Jones had then (and has now) the profound gratitude of fifty of his comrades. Ever doing his duty bravely and unflinchingly, he had, now, ransomed from the enemy men who would have consented to undergo any ordeal for that boon. The citizens of Charleston hastened to offer us the traditional hospitality of their city. General Jones had informed them of the names of our party, and they had settled among themselves where each man was to be taken care of.



MAP SHOWING

Route Through Virginia

Of those who made

THEIR ESCAPE FROM OHIO,

July and August, 1863.

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But the recollection of our gallant comrades left behind would intrude itself and make us sad, even in the midst of our good fortune. Some of them were not released until the summer after the close of the war. No men deserve more praise for constancy than the Confederate prisoners, *especially* the private soldiers, who in the trials to which they were subjected steadfastly resisted every inducement to violate the faith they had pledged to the cause.

CHAPTER IX.

Remnant of Morgan's Men Serve Faithfully while Their Leader is in Prison—Their Conduct at Chickamauga—Morgan's Own Service after His Escape—Fights With Averill and at Dublin Depot and Crockett's Cave—Last Raid into Kentucky—March through the Mountains—Bloody Combat at Mt. Sterling—Capture of Lexington—Morgan Wins a Victory at Cynthiana—On the Next Day is Defeated—Retreats from Kentucky—Death of Morgan—Subsequent Service of His Old Command—Battle of Bull's Gap—A Battle by Moonlight—The Stoneman Raid—Battle of Marion—After Lee's Surrender—Escorts Jefferson Davis from Charlotte, N. C., to Washington, Ga.—Last Council of War—Surrender at Woodstock.

The men who made their escape from Ohio, after the disastrous fight at Buffington, marched for many a weary mile through the mountains of Virginia. At last, worn down and half famished, they gained the Confederate lines, and first found rest at the beautiful village of Wytheville, in southwestern Virginia.

Thence they passed leisurely down the fair valley, not then scarred by the cruel ravages of war, to the vicinity of Knoxville. Colonel Adam R. Johnson then endeavored to collect and organize them all.

Says an officer* who was a valuable assistant in this work:

On the — of August, 1863, Colonel Johnson issued orders, under instructions from General Buckner, department commander, for all men belonging to Morgan's command to report to him (Colonel J.) at Morristown, in east Tennessee. These orders were published in the Knoxville papers, and upon it becoming known that there was a place of rendezvous every man who had been left behind when General Morgan started on the Ohio raid now pushed forward eagerly to the point designated. In a week or ten days, Colonel Johnson had collected between four and five hundred men (including those who made their escape from Ohio) in his camp at Morristown. These men were organized into two battalions—one commanded by Captain Kirkpatrick, representing the first brigade of the division, and the other commanded by Captain Dortch, representing the second brigade.

* Captain James E. Cantrill.

The camp was well selected, with wood and water in abundance, and plenty of forage in the neighborhood. Colonel J. was making great efforts to have the men paid off, and properly armed, clothed, etc., when the enemy moved upon Knoxville. The evacuation of that place by our troops made it necessary for us to leave our comfortable resting place. We immediately broke camp at Morristown, and joined General Buckner, who was moving to reinforce General Bragg in front of Chattanooga. * * * * At Calhoun, the men were paid off, and received a scanty supply of clothing. Many of them had not been paid before for fourteen months. From Calhoun we were ordered to Lafayette, from Lafayette to Dalton, thence to Tunnel Hill. On the morning of the 18th of September, the whole army moved out for battle. Our small force was ordered to report to General Forrest, and did so about 10 A. M. on the field. We were immediately deployed as skirmishers, mounted, in front of Hood's division of Longstreet's corps, just come from Virginia. As the men galloped by Forrest, he called to them in language which inspired them with still higher enthusiasm. He urged them to do their whole duty in the battle. He spoke of their chief, who had been insulted with a felon's treatment and was then lying in the cell of a penitentiary. He gave them "Morgan" for a battle-cry. and bade them maintain their old reputation.

The infantry objected to having "the d—d cavalry" placed in front of them in a fight. But they did not easily catch up with "the d—d cavalry." After moving briskly forward for perhaps half a mile, through the tangled undergrowth of pine, the clear crack of rifles told that the enemy was on the alert. Driving in their pickets, we pushed on and found a regiment of cavalry in line to receive us. This fled upon the receipt of the first volley. The undergrowth was too thick for maneuvering on horseback, and we were dismounted and advanced at double-quick. Our boys were anxious to drive the enemy and keep them going without letting the infantry overtake us. The enemy first engaged fell back upon a supporting regiment. We soon drove both back upon a third. By this time our small "lay out" found the fighting rather interesting. Engaging three times our number and attacking every position the enemy chose was very glorious excitement, but rather more of it than our mouths watered for. Yet no man faltered—all rushed on as reckless of the opposing array of danger as of their own alignment. * * *

The enemy had formed in the edge of a woods, in front of which was an open field. This field was fought over again and again, each side charging alternately and forced back. At last a charge upon our part, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, was successful. The enemy fell back still farther. We now saw clearly from many indications, and were told by prisoners, that the Federal line of battle, the main force, was not far off. We, therefore, moved more cautiously. Just about sundown, we found the enemy's cavalry drawn up directly in front of the infantry, but they made little resistance. After one or two volleys they fell back behind the protecting "web-feet." Night falling stopped all further operations for that day. We camped in line of battle, and picketed in front. On the morning of the 19th, we were ordered to report to Colonel Scott, and found him engaging the enemy on our extreme right at the "Red House." Colonel Scott gave us position, dis-

mounted, and put us in. The fighting continued at intervals throughout the day.

Late in the evening Scott made a vigorous charge and drove the enemy handsomely. We learned from prisoners that we had been fighting a select body of infantry commanded by General Whitaker, of Kentucky, which had been detailed to guard the ford, here, across the Chickamauga. The fighting ceased at nightfall and we were again camped in line of battle. The fighting of the next day was very similar to that of the previous ones—the enemy falling back slowly with his face toward us. But late in the evening the retreat became a rout. The army made no attack on the 21st. In the afternoon Colonel Scott was sent with his brigade over Missionary Ridge into the valley and engaged a few scattered cavalry and an Illinois regiment of infantry—capturing nearly all of the latter before they could reach the works around Chattanooga. Forming his brigade Colonel Scott sent a portion of our command, on foot, to reconnoiter the enemy's position. The reconnoitering party drove in the pickets, took the outside rifle pits, and forced the enemy to their breastworks and forts.

This closed the battle of Chickamauga—Morgan's men firing the *first* and *last* shot in that terrible struggle.

General Forrest and Colonel Scott both complimented our little command more than once during the battle. Immediately after the battle, the entire cavalry of the Army of Tennessee was actively employed. The two battalions of our command were separated, Dortch going with Forrest up the Chattanooga and Knoxville railroad. Kirkpatrick went with Wheeler on his raid through Middle Tennessee. Dortch was in the fight (against Woolford) at Philadelphia—in the skirmishes at Loudon and Marysville, and was at the siege of Knoxville. Kirkpatrick's battalion was in the fights at McMinnville, Murfreesboro, Shelbyville and Sugar creek. In the latter fight Wheeler's whole force fell back rapidly, and Kirkpatrick was kept in the rear until we reached the Tennessee river. When we returned to the army, Kirkpatrick's battalion was placed on severe picket duty—its line extending from the mouth of the Chickamauga up the Tennessee some three miles, where it connected with the line of the First Kentucky Cavalry.

This duty was exceedingly heavy. The pickets stood in squads of three every four hundred yards with mounted patrols to ride the length of the whole line. One would suppose that men who had ridden through the States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Virginia and Georgia, and been in as many as twenty-five or thirty engagements in the space of three months, would be completely worn out, discouraged, and disheartened. Not so, however, the few left were willing and anxious to thoroughly do soldier's duty.

The writer goes on to narrate how after all these trials came the order to dismount Morgan's men—generous reward for their toil and sacrifices. He speaks of Forrest's gallant stand against it. He speaks, too, of unhappy dissensions among officers which added to the discouraging condition of the little command.

But the brave fellows patiently endured all—watching and hoping fondly for the return of the imprisoned leader. The two battalions were at length placed in a brigade commanded by Colonel Grigsby, in which were the Ninth and First Kentucky.

The writer describes the dreary days and long cold nights of that winter. The arduous duty, men shivering through the dark, dragging hours, with eyes fixed on the enemy's signal lights burning on Waldron's Ridge and Lookout Mountain. Then the Federal battalions pouring, one night, across the river—the bright blaze and quick crash of rifles suddenly breaking out along the picket line. The hurried saddling and rapid reinforcement, but the steady Federal advance driving the cavalry back. Even amid the snarl of musketry and roar of cannon could be heard the splash of the boats plying from shore to shore. Couriers were sent to army headquarters with the information, but, losing their way in the pitch darkness, did not report until daylight. Next day came the grand Federal attack and the terrible and unaccountable "stampede" of the entire Confederate army from Missionary Ridge—that army which a few weeks before had won the great victory of Chickamauga.

When General Bragg halted at Dalton, this brigade was again posted in front and suffered, hungry, half clad (many bare-footed) through that awful winter.

General Morgan made his way safely after his escape to the Confederate lines. All along his route through South Carolina and Georgia he was met by a series of heart-felt ovations. All the people united in greeting him. The highest and lowest in the land were alike eager to do him honor. The recollection of his former career and the romantic incidents of his escape combined to create a wonderful interest in him. Perhaps no man ever received such a welcome from the people of his choice. At Richmond, the interest manifested in him knew no bounds. He was the guest of the city for weeks, but none others felt the true and earnest satisfaction at his deliverance and

return which repaid the devoted band of his followers who had so anxiously looked for him. The Morgan men felt, in the knowledge that their idolized leader was safe, a consolation for all that they had endured.

General Morgan's first care, upon arriving at Richmond, was to strongly urge measures which he thought would conduct, if not to the release, at least to a mitigation of the rigorous treatment of his officers and men in prison. He repeatedly brought the subject to the notice of the Confederate authorities.

General Morgan was naturally desirous of having all of the men of his old command assigned him, but in this he was greviously disappointed. Breckinridge's regiment, the Ninth Kentucky, was positively refused him; nor was he permitted to have Dortch's battalion, although it was composed of men from more than one regiment of his old division, the bulk of which was in prison. Kirkpatrick's battalion petitioned to be assigned to him, immediately that the news of his arrival within the Confederate lines was known. General Morgan was, in this respect, the victim of an utterly absurd policy regarding organization and discipline, which was prevalent about this time among the military sages at Richmond. Some other equally insane idea having just gone out of date, this one was seized on with all the enthusiasm with which theorists adopt fancies costing them nothing but the exercise of a crazy imagination. It is hard to combat a fantasy. Three years of warfare had elapsed, and the red-tape and closet warriors suddenly discovered and gravely declared a reform which was to produce a military millennium. All officers were to be removed from the commands with which they had served during these three years and placed elsewhere. This *reform* was to pervade the army. This separation of officers and men who had learned mutual trust in each other was intended to produce a perfect and harmonious discipline. A commander who had acquired the confidence and love of his men was, in the opinion of the Richmond gentry, a dangerous man. Such a feeling between

troops and officers was highly irregular and injurious. They thought that the best way to improve the *morale* of the army was to destroy all that (in common opinion) goes to make it. They said that this policy would make the army "a machine," and it would be difficult to conceive of a more utterly worthless machine than it would have then been.

In the spring of 1864, General Morgan was sent to take command of the Department of Southwestern Virginia, and which included also a portion of east Tennessee. The forces at his disposal were two Kentucky cavalry brigades and the militia, or "reserves," of that region. One of these brigades of cavalry had been previously commanded by General George B. Hodge, and was subsequently commanded by General Cosby. The other was commanded by Colonel Giltner. Both were composed of fine material and were together some two thousand or twenty-five hundred strong.

Kirkpatrick's battalion had passed the latter part of the winter and early spring at Decatur, Ga., a small village near Atlanta. Here it enjoyed comparative rest and comfort. The men recovered from the effects of previous hardships, and the effective strength of the command was more than doubled by men who escaped from prison, or who, having been absent upon various pretexts, hurried back as soon as they learned of General Morgan's return.

Leaving Decatur in April, the battalion marched leisurely through Georgia and South and North Carolina—receiving everywhere the greatest kindness at the hands of the citizens—and reported, in early May, to General Morgan at Saltville in western Virginia. Almost immediately after its arrival it was called upon to again confront the enemy.

Upon the 8th or 9th of May, the intelligence was received of the advance of strong columns of the enemy; the department was threatened, simultaneously, by a raid upon the salt works and the approach of a heavy force of infantry and cavalry to Dublin depot, not far from New

River bridge. The cavalry column advancing upon Saltville was commanded by General Averill, and the other by General Crook. It was of the utmost importance to repulse both. The former, if successful, would capture the salt works and the lead mines near Wytheville, and the loss of either would have been a great and irreparable disaster; the latter, if established at New river or that vicinity, would entirely cut off communication with Richmond, prevent the transmission of supplies, from all the region westward, to General Lee's army and might do incalculable damages besides.

The dismounted cavalry of the department—most of which were men of Morgan's old division—about four hundred strong, were sent to reinforce the troops under General Jenkins. The latter had fallen back before Crook to Dublin depot. General Morgan prepared with Giltner's brigade and the mounted men of his old command, now formed into two battalions commanded by Captains Kirkpatrick and Cassell and about six hundred strong in all, to fight Averill. The two battalions of Kirkpatrick and Cassell, or the "Morgan Brigade," as the organization was then called, were placed under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Alston.

On the 9th General Morgan became convinced, from reports of his scouts, that Averill did not intend to attack Saltville but that he was about to march on Wytheville. Leaving Saltville on the 10th, General Morgan followed upon the track of the enemy to the junction of the Jeffersonville and Wytheville and Jeffersonville and Crab Orchard roads. Here Averill had taken the Crab Orchard road, designing, Morgan believed, to induce a close pursuit. Had Morgan followed upon his track, Averill, by the judicious employment of a comparatively small force, could have held him in check in the mountains and could himself have turned upon Wytheville, captured the provost guard there, destroyed the military stores, the lead mines, and torn up the railroad, rendering it useless for weeks. Morgan therefore moved directly through

Burk's garden to Wytheville, thus (taking the shorter road) anticipating his wily adversary. Reaching Wytheville some hours in advance of his command, General Morgan placed a small detachment of General Jones' brigade of cavalry, which he found there, under Colonel George Crittenden and ordered that officer to occupy a small pass in the mountain between "Crocket's Cove" and Wytheville, through which the enemy would have to advance upon the town or else be forced to make a wide detour.

On the afternoon of the 11th, the command reached Wytheville and were received by the terrified citizens with the heartiest greetings. The little town had been once captured by the Federals and a portion of it burned. The ladies clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs joyfully in response to the assurances of the men that the enemy should not come in sight. Fortunately, while the men were resting near Wytheville, their attention was attracted by the efforts of a squad of citizens to handle an old six-pounder which "belonged to the town." A good deal of laughter was occasioned by their impromptu method.

General Morgan, having no artillery, at once took it and called for volunteers to man it. Edgar Davis and Jerome Clark of Captain Cantrill's company, and practical artillerists, came forward and were placed in charge of the piece.

About 3.30 P. M. the enemy engaged Colonel Crittenden at the gap. The column was immediately put in motion and marched briskly in the driection of the firing. When near the gap, it filed to the left and moving around the mountain and through the skirting woods was soon in line, upon the right flank and threatening the rear of the enemy. Alston's brigade was formed on the right, occupying an open field extending from Giltner's left to the mountain. The enemy at the first intimation of this movement had withdrawn from the mouth of the gap and was advantageously posted upon a commanding ridge. Both brigades were dismounted, under a smart fire from sharpshooters, and advanced rapidly, driving in the skirmishers;

and coming down upon the enemy (before his formation was entirely completed) they dislodged him from his position.

Falling back about five hundred yards he took position again around the dwelling and buildings upon Mr. Crockett's farm, and maintained it obstinately for some time. The piece of artillery, well served by the gallant volunteers, did excellent service here. General Morgan, himself, assisted to handle it. The enemy were dislodged from this position also. The fight continued until after nightfall, and was a succession of charges upon the one side and retreats upon the other. The Federal troops were well trained and their officers behaved with great gallantry.

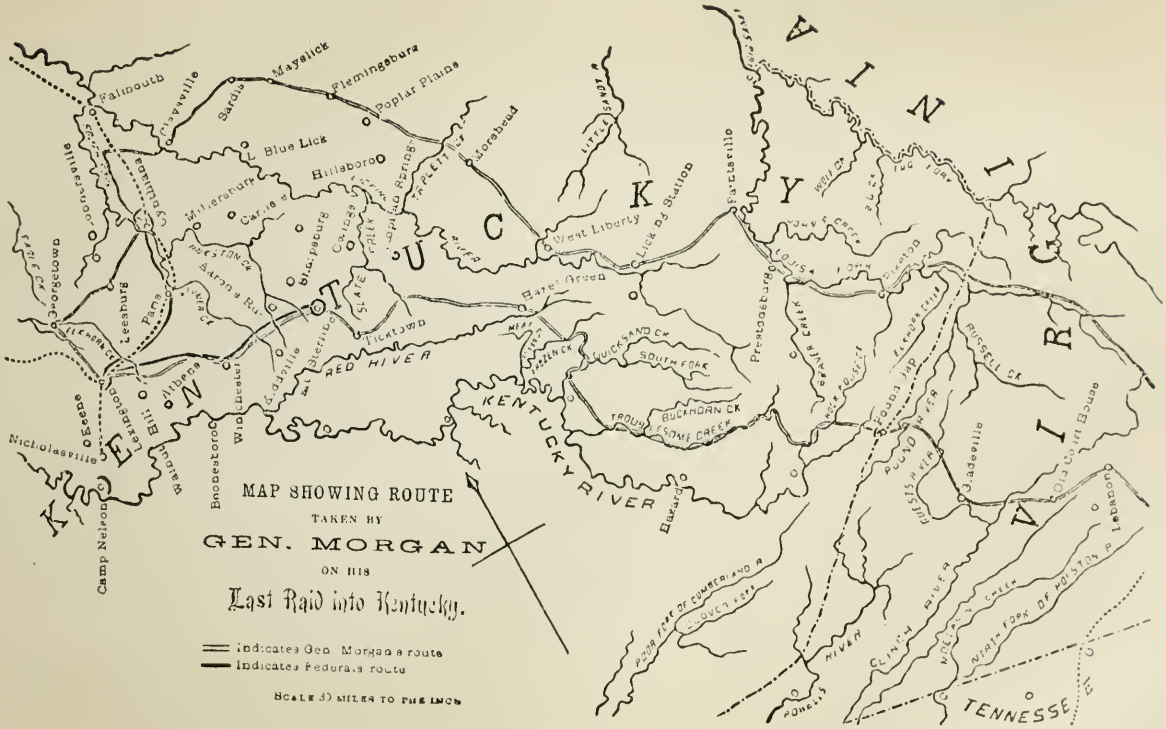
General Morgan's loss in this engagement, in killed and wounded, was about fifty. The enemy's loss was more severe. Nearly one hundred prisoners were taken and more than that number of horses. General Morgan was cordial in his praise of the alacrity, courage, and endurance of officers and men. It was, indeed, a very important affair and a defeat would have been exceedingly disastrous.

The dismounted men who had been sent under Colonel Smith to reinforce General Jenkins were engaged in the hotly contested action at Dublin depot and behaved in a manner which gained them high commendation.

Colonel Smith reached Dublin about 10 A. M. on the 10th, and learned that the forces under the command of General Jenkins were being hard pressed by the enemy and that the gallant general was severely wounded.

Colonel Smith immediately marched with his command, about four hundred strong, toward the scene of the action. After proceeding a short distance, he found the Confederate forces in full retreat and some disorder. He pressed on toward the front, through the retreating mass.

Reporting to Colonel McCausland (who assumed command upon the fall of General Jenkins) and who was bravely struggling with a rear guard to check the enemy's pursuit, Colonel Smith was instructed to form his com-


Falmouth
Maysville
Flemingsburg
Poplar Plains
Sardis
Blue Lick
Hillsboro
Millersburg
Carlisle
Bloomfield
Georgetown
Lexington
Paris
Versailles
Nicholasville
Camp Nelson
Boonesboro
Winchester
Richmond
Irvine
Mt. Sterling
Owingsville
West Liberty
Lick Log Station
Farmers
Prestonsburg
Paintsville
Harts Grove
Quicksand Ck
South Fork
Buckhorn Ck
Troublesome Creek
Jackson
Russell Ck
Grayson
Catlettsburg
Ashland
Ohio River
Kentucky River
Hazard
Pound Gap
Cumberland Gap
Middlesboro
Barbourville
Pineville
Poor Fork of Cumberland R
South Fork
Clinch River
North Fork of Holston R
Tennessee
Virginia
MAP SHOWING ROUTE
TAKEN BY
GEN. MORGAN
ON HIS
Last Raid into Kentucky.
Indicates Gen. Morgan's route
Indicates Federal's route
SCALE 30 MILES TO THE INCH

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mand in the woods upon the left of the road and endeavor to cover the retreat. This was promptly done, and in a few minutes Smith received the pursuing enemy with a heavy and unexpected volley. Driving back the foremost assailants, Colonel Smith advanced in turn and pressed his success for an hour. Then the entire hostile force coming up, he was forced back slowly and in good order to Dublin, which had already been evacuated by the troops of Colonel McCausland.

Colonel Smith followed thence after McCausland to New River bridge, crossing the river just before sunset and encamping on the opposite bank. After some skirmishing on the next morning, the Confederates retreated, giving up the position. The fight on the 10th was a most gallant one—highly creditable to the commanding officer, subordinates and men. Among the killed was C. S. Cleburne (brother of General Pat Cleburne), one of the most promising young officers in the army. General Morgan had made him a captain, a short time previously, for unusual gallantry.

In the latter part of May General Morgan undertook the expedition known as the "last" or "June raid" into Kentucky. He had many reasons for undertaking it. He was impatient to retrieve, in some manner, the losses of the Ohio raid by another campaign of daring conception and, he hoped, successful execution. He wished to recruit his thinned ranks with Kentuckians, and to procure horses for the men who had none. Moreover, there were excellent military reasons for this movement. Averill and Cook were not far off and could pounce down at any moment, but were supposed to be awaiting reinforcements, without which they would not return. These reinforcements were coming from Kentucky under Burbridge and Hobson, and consisted of all or nearly all the troops in Kentucky available for active service.

General Morgan despaired of successfully resisting all these forces if they united and bore down on the department. But he believed that, if he could move into Ken-

tucky and gain the rear of those coming thence before the junction with the others was effected, he could defeat the plan. The Kentucky troops would turn and pursue him, and the attack upon the department would not be made. In short, he hoped to avoid invasion and attack by assuming the offensive.

He wrote on the 31st of May to General S. Cooper, adjutant-general, detailing his plan and the information upon which it was based. In this letter, he said:

> While General Buckner was in command of this department, he instructed me to strike a blow at the enemy in Kentucky.
>
> As I was on the eve of executing this order, the rapid movement of the enemy from the Kanawha valley, in the direction of the Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, made it necessary that I should remain to cooperate with the other forces for the defense of this section. Since the repulse of the enemy, I have obtained the consent of General Jones to carry out the original plan agreed on between General Buckner and myself.
>
> I have just received information that General Hobson left Mount Sterling on the 23rd inst., with six regiments of cavalry (about three thousand strong), for Louisa, on the Sandy. This force he has collected from all the garrisons in middle and southeastern Kentucky. At Louisa there is another force of about two thousand five hundred cavalry under a colonel of a Michigan regiment, recently sent to that vicinity. It is the reported design of General Hobson to unite with this latter force, and cooperate with Generals Averill and Crook in another movement upon the salt works and lead mines of southwestern Virginia. This information has determined me to move at once into Kentucky, and thus distract the plans of the enemy by initiating a movement within his lines. My force will be about two thousand two hundred men. I expect to be pursued by the force at Louisa, which I will endeavor to avoid. There will be nothing in the State to retard my progress but a few scattered provost guards.

In the latter part of May General Morgan commenced the movement indicated in this letter. His division consisted of three brigades. The first, under command of Colonel Giltner, was between ten and eleven hundred strong, and was a magnificent body of hardy, dashing young men, drawn chiefly from the middle and eastern counties of Kentucky. The second brigade was composed of the mounted men of the old Morgan division. It consisted of three small battalions, commanded respectively by Lieutenant-Colonel Bowles and Majors Cassell and Kirkpatrick. It was between five and six hundred strong

and was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Alston. The third brigade was composed of the dismounted men of both commands, the greater number, however, being from the second brigade. It was organized into two battalions, commanded respectively by Lieutenant-Colonel Martin and Major Geo. R. Diamond, a brave and exceedingly competent officer of Giltner's brigade. This brigade was about eight hundred strong and was commanded by Colonel D. Howard Smith. No artillery was taken; it could not have been transported over the roads which General Morgan expected to travel. The column reached Pound Gap on the 2d of June and found it occupied by a force of the enemy. Colonel Smith was ordered to clear the path, and pushing his brigade forward he soon did it. Several horses were captured, which was accepted as a happy omen.

Sending a scouting party to observe the direction taken by the retreating enemy and to ascertain if they joined a larger force and turned again, General Morgan pressed on, hoping to reach Mount Sterling—the general Federal depot of supplies and most important post in that portion of Kentucky—before General Burbridge could return from the extreme eastern part of the State. As Burbridge was encumbered with artillery and would be two or three days in getting the news, General Morgan confidently believed that he could reach Mount Sterling first. The mountainous country of southeastern Kentucky, so rugged, steep and inhospitable as to seem almost impossible of access, had to be traversed for this purpose. More than one hundred and fifty miles of this region was marched over in seven days. The dismounted men behaved heroically. Straining up the steep mountain sides, making their toilsome way through gloomy and deep ravines, over tremendous rocks and every formidable obstacle which nature collects in such regions against the intrusion of man, footsore, bleeding, panting, they yet never faltered or complained, and richly won the enthusiastic eulogy of their commander. They marched from

twenty-two to twenty-seven miles each day. This march was terribly severe upon the mounted commands also. The fatigue and lack of forage caused many horses to break down, and the dismounted brigade was largely augmented. Colonel Giltner stated that he lost more than two hundred horses in his brigade.

On the 6th of June Colonel Smith was transferred to the command of the second brigade. Lieutenant-Colonel Martin was then assigned to command of the third. On the 7th, finding that he would succeed in anticipating Burbridge at Mount Sterling and that he would not require his whole force to take the place, General Morgan dispatched Captain Jenkins with fifty men to destroy the bridges upon the Frankfort and Louisville Railroad to prevent troops from arriving from Indiana for the defense of Lexington and central Kentucky. He sent Major Chenoweth to destroy bridges on the Kentucky Central Railroad to prevent the transportation of troops from Cincinnati, and he sent Captain Peter Everett with one hundred men to capture Maysville. General Morgan instructed these officers to accomplish their respective commissions thoroughly but promptly, to create as much excitement as possible, occasion the concentration of forces already in the State at points widely apart, magnify his strength and circulate reports which would bewilder and baffle any attempt to calculate his movements, and to meet him within three of four days at Lexington.

When the command emerged from the sterile country of the mountains into the fair lands of central Kentucky, the change had a perceptible and happy effect upon the spirits of the men. Night had closed around them, on the evening of the 7th, while they were still struggling through the ghastly defiles or up the difficult paths of the "Rebel trace" and still environed by the bleak mountain scenery. During the night, they arrived at the confines of the beautiful "Blue Grass country," and when the sun arose, clear and brilliant, a lovely and smiling landscape had replaced the lowering, stony, dungeon-like region

whence they had at last escaped. The contrast seemed magical; the song, jest, and laugh burst forth again and the men drew new life and courage from the scene.

In the early part of the day, the 8th, the column reached the vicinity of Mount Sterling, and preparations were made for an immediate attack upon the place. On the previous day Captain Lawrence Jones, commanding the advance guard, had been sent with his guard to take position upon the main road between Mount Sterling and Lexington, and Captain Jackson was sent with one company to take position between Mount Sterling and Paris. These officers were instructed to prevent communication, by either telegraph or courier, between Mount Sterling and the other two places. The enemy was simultaneously attacked by detachments from the first and second brigades and soon forced to surrender with little loss on either side. Major Holliday, of the first brigade, made a gallant charge upon the encampment which drove them in confusion into the town. Three hundred and eighty prisoners were taken, a large quantity of stores and a number of wagons and teams.

Leaving Colonel Giltner to destroy the stores and provide for the remounting, upon the captured horses, of a portion of the dismounted men, General Morgan marched immediately for Lexington with the second brigade. Burbridge, making a wonderful march—moving ninety miles in the last thirty hours—reached Mount Sterling before daybreak on the 9th. Then occurred a great disaster to General Morgan's plans and it fell upon the brave boys who had so patiently endured, on foot, the long, painful march. Some of these men had marched from Huyter's gap in Virginia to Mount Sterling, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles, in ten days. Their shoes were worn to tatters and their feet raw and bleeding, yet on the last day they pressed on twenty-seven miles. Encamping not far from the town but to the east of it, Colonel Martin directed Lieutenant-Colonel Brent, who had been left with him in command of some forty or fifty men to act as

rear guard, to establish his guard at least one mile from the encampment and picket the road whence the danger might come. Lieutenant-Colonel Brent had been assigned to General Morgan's command a short time previously to this expedition and was not one of his old officers. Information which had been received a day or two before had induced the belief that Burbridge was not near. Scouts sent by General Morgan to observe his movements had returned, reporting that he had moved on toward Virginia. This information convinced General Morgan that he would not arrive at Mount Sterling for two or three days after the 8th, although satisfied that he would come.

Colonel Giltner's command was encamped some distance from Martin's and upon a different road, and was not in a position to afford the latter any protection. Brent, neglecting the precaution enjoined by Martin, posted his guard only one or two hundred yards from the encampment of the dismounted men and extended his pickets but a short distance farther.

On the next morning, about 3 o'clock, the enemy dashed into the camp, the pickets giving no warning, and shot and rode over the men as they lay around their fires. Many were killed before they arose from their blankets. Notwithstanding the disadvantage of the surprise, the men stood to their arms and fighting resolutely, although without concert, soon drove the assailants out of the camp. Being then formed by their officers, they presented a formidable front to the enemy, who returned, in greater strength, as fresh numbers arrived, to the attack. The fight was close and determined upon both sides. Colonel Martin's headquarters were at a house nearby. He was awakened by the rattling shots and springing upon his horse rode toward the camp to find the enemy between himself and his men. Without hesitation he rode at full speed through the hostile throng, braving the volleys of both lines, and rejoined his command. The enemy brought up a piece of artillery, which was taken by a desperate effort, but was soon recaptured. The poor fellows,

undaunted by weariness, the sudden attack upon them, and their desperate situation, fought with unflinching courage for more than an hour.

At length Colonel Martin fell back, cutting his way through Mount Sterling, which was occupied by the enemy. Two miles from the town he met Colonel Giltner and proposed to the latter that, with their combined forces, the fight should be renewed. Giltner acceding, it was arranged that he should attack in front, while Martin, moving around to the other side of the town again, should take the enemy in the rear. This being done, the fight was pressed again with energy until Martin's ammunition failing he was compelled to withdraw. The enemy was too much crippled to pursue. In this affair, although inflicting severe loss on the enemy, Martin's command lost heavily. Fourteen commissioned officers were killed and forty privates. Eighty were so severely wounded that they could not be removed, one hundred were captured and more than that number cut off and dispersed. Colonel Martin was twice wounded.

On the morning of the 10th, General Morgan entered Lexington after a slight skirmish. He burned the government depot and stables and captured a sufficient number of horses to mount all of the dismounted men, who were then returned to their respective companies in the first and second brigades.

Moving thence to Georgetown, General Morgan sent Captain Cooper with one company to demonstrate toward Frankfort. Captain Cooper ably executed his orders, alarming and confining to the fortifications around the town a much superior force of the enemy.

From Georgetown General Morgan directed his march to Cynthiana, reaching that place on the morning of the 11th. After a sharp fight the garrison, four hundred strong, was captured. Unfortunately a portion of the town was burned in the engagement, the enemy having occupied the houses. While the fight was going on in town, Colonel Giltner engaged a body of the enemy,

fifteen hundred strong, under General Hobson. General Morgan, after the surrender of the garrison, took Cassell's battalion and, gaining Hobson's rear, compelled him also to surrender.

A large quantity of stores were captured and destroyed at Cynthiana. General Hobson was paroled and sent, under escort of Captain C. C. Morgan and two other officers, to Cincinnati, to effect, if possible, the exchange of himself and officers for certain of General Morgan's officers then in prison and, failing in that, to report as prisoner within the Confederate lines. He was not permitted to negotiate the exchange and his escort were detained for some weeks.

On the 12th, the command numbering, after all losses and deducting details to guard prisoners and wagon train and to destroy the track and bridges for some miles of the Kentucky Central Railroad, some twelve hundred men, was attacked by a force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery under General Burbridge which General Morgan estimated at five thousand two hundred strong. Giltner's command had been encamped on the Paris road and was first engaged by the enemy. This brigade was almost entirely out of ammunition. The cartridges captured the day before did not fit the guns with which it was armed. Giltner soon became hotly engaged with the advancing enemy and although the second brigade moved to his support, their united strength could oppose no effectual resistance.

General Morgan ordered the entire command to retreat upon the Augusta road and charged with the mounted reserve to cover the withdrawal. The action was very disastrous. Colonel Giltner, cut off from the Augusta road, was forced to retreat upon the Leesburg road. Colonel Smith, at first doubtful of the condition of affairs, did not immediately take part in the fight. His gallant and efficient adjutant, Lieutenant Arthur Andrews, rode to the scene of the fight and, returning, declared that Colonel Giltner required his prompt support. Colonel

Smith instantly put his brigade in motion and was soon in front of the enemy.

He says:

My brigade, gallantly led by its battalion commanders, attacked the enemy with great spirit and drove him back along its entire length. The first battalion moved with more rapidity than the third, doubtless on account of the better nature of the ground it had to traverse, until it swung around almost at right angles with the line of the third battalion. Hastening to correct this defect, I rode to Colonel Bowles, but before he could obey my instructions a heavy force was massed upon him, and after a desperate contest he was forced back. I directed him to reform his command behind a stone fence on the Ruddle's Mill road, which he did promptly and checked the enemy with heavy loss. At this juncture I looked for Kirkpatrick, who had been holding his line with his usual energy and determination. I found that his battalion had been separated—two companies, commanded respectively by Captain Cantrill and Lieutenant Gardner, had been fighting hard on his left, while the other two were acting with the first battalion. Captain Kirkpatrick, severely wounded, was forced to quit the field. About the same time, gallant Bowles was driven from his second position, strong as it was, by overpowering numbers.

Colonel Smith now retreated through Cynthiana, seeking to rejoin General Morgan on the Augusta road. He suddenly found himself intercepted and surrounded on three sides by the enemy, while upon the other side was the Licking river. Seeing the condition of affairs, the men became unmanageable and dashed across the river. Having been reformed on the other side, they charged a body of cavalry which then confronted them and made good their retreat, although scattered and in confusion.

Collecting all the men who could be gathered upon the Augusta road, General Morgan paroled his prisoners and rapidly retreated. His loss in this action was very heavy, and he was compelled to march instantly back to Virginia. Moving through Flemingsburg and West Liberty, he passed on over the mountains and reached Abingdon on the 20th of June. On this raid, great and inexcusable excesses were committed, but, except in two or three flagrant instances, they were committed by men who had never before served with General Morgan. The men of his old division and Giltner's fine brigade were rarely guilty. General Morgan had accomplished the result he

had predicted, in averting the invasion of southwestern Virginia, but at heavy cost to himself.

Upon his return to southwestern Virginia, General Morgan applied himself assiduously to collect all of his men, however detached or separated from him, and correct the organization and discipline of his command. It was a far less easy task then than ever before. Not only was a conviction stealing upon the Confederate soldiery (and impairing the efficiency of the most manly and patriotic) that the fiat had gone forth against us, and that no exercise of courage and fortitude could avert the doom, but the demoralizing effects of a long war, and habitude to its scenes and passions, had rendered even the best men callous and reckless, and to a certain extent intractable to influences which had formerly been all potent with them as soldiers. Imagine the situation in which the Confederate soldier was placed. Almost destitute of hope that the cause for which he fought would triumph and fighting on from instinctive obstinate pride, no longer receiving from the people—themselves hopeless and impoverished almost to famine by the draining demands of the war—the sympathy and hearty encouragement once accorded him; almost compelled (for comfort if not for existence) to practice oppression and wrong upon his own countrymen, is it surprising that he became wild and lawless, that he adopted a rude creed in which strict conformity to military regulations and a nice obedience to general orders held a not very prominent place? This condition obtained in a far greater degree with the cavalry employed in the "outpost" departments than with the infantry or the soldiery of the large armies.

Many Confederate cavalrymen so situated left their commands altogether and became guerrillas, salving their consciences with the thought that the desertion was not to the enemy. These men, leading a comparatively luxurious life and receiving, from some people, a mistaken and foolish admiration, attracted to the same career young men who (but for the example and the sympathy accorded

the guerrilla) would never had quitted their colors and their duty. Kentucky was at one time, just before the close of the war, swarming with these guerrillas. It was of no use to threaten them with punishment; they had no idea of being caught. Besides Burbridge shot all that he could lay hands on, and (for their sins) many prisoners (guilty of no offense) selected at random or by lot, from the pens where he kept them for the purpose, were butchered by this insensate bloodhound. Not only did General Morgan have to contend with difficulties thus arising, but now, for the first time, he suffered from envy, secret animosity, and detraction within his own command. Many faithful friends still surrounded him, many more lay in prison, but he began to meet with enmity in his own camp. Reports of excesses committed by some of the troops in Kentucky had reached Richmond and created much feeling. General Morgan had instructed his inspector-general, Captain Bryant H. Allen, to investigate the accusations against the various parties suspected of guilt and to prefer charges against those who should appear to be implicated. All sorts of communications, the most informal, irregular and some of them improper, were forwarded to Richmond by General Morgan's subordinates, often unknown to him because not passing through his office, and they were received by the Secretary of War, Mr. Seddon, without questioning and with avidity. It was at length announced that a commission would be appointed to sit at Abingdon and inquire into these charges, and also into the charge that General Morgan had undertaken the raid into Kentucky without orders.

While in daily expectation of the arrival of these commissioners, the sudden irruption of the enemy into that part of the country which was occupied by his command caused General Morgan to proceed to the threatened points. Colonels Smith and Giltner and a portion of General Vaughan's brigade which was stationed in east Tennessee under Colonel Bradford, were driven back to Carter's Station, on the Wetauga river, some thirty-five miles

from Abingdon. When General Morgan reached that place and took command of the troops assembled there, the enemy were retreating. He followed as closely as possible until he had reoccupied the territory whence the Confederates had been driven. While at Greenville, a small town upon the Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, seventy-two miles from Abingdon and eighteen from Bull's Gap, where a portion of his troops was stationed, he had occasion to revoke the parole granted a few days previously to a wounded Federal officer, assistant adjutant-general to General Gillem, who was staying at the house of a Mrs. Williams, where General Morgan had made his headquarters. The daughter-in-law of this lady, Mrs. Lucy Williams, a Union woman and bitterly opposed to the Confederate cause and troops, was detected with a letter written by this officer, accurately detailing the number, condition and position of General Morgan's forces, which letter she was to have sent to Colonel Gillem. Dr. Cameron, General Morgan's chaplain, discovered the letter in a prayer book where it had been deposited by the lady. This being a clear violation of his parole, General Morgan sent the officer to Lynchburg, to be placed in prison. The younger Mrs. Williams (his friend) resented this treatment very much, declaring that in his condition it might prove fatal to him.

This incident is related because it has been thought to have had a direct influence in causing General Morgan's death. When General Morgan returned to Abingdon, he found an excitement still prevailing regarding the investigation but the members of the commission had not yet arrived.

I met him, then, for the first time since he had made his escape or I had been exchanged. He was greatly changed. His face wore a weary, care-worn expression and his manner was totally destitute of its former ardor and enthusiasm. He spoke bitterly, but with no impatience, of the clamor against him and seemed saddest about the condition of his command. He declared that if he had been

successful in the last day's fight at Cynthiana he would have been enabled to hold Kentucky for months; that every organized Federal force which could be promptly collected to attack him could have then been disposed of, and that he had assurance of obtaining a great number of recruits. He spoke with something of his old sanguine energy only when proclaiming his confidence that he could have achieved success unparalleled in his entire career, if fortune had favored him in that fight. But no word of censure of any one escaped him. It had never been his habit to charge the blame of failure upon his subordinates, and tried so sorely as he was at this time by malignant calumny, he was too proud to utter a single reproach. A letter which he intended to forward to the Secretary of War, but the transmission of which his death prevented, shows his sense of the treatment he had received. This letter was written just after the conversation above mentioned occurred, while he was again confronting the enemy and immediately before he was killed. I can not better introduce it than by first giving the letter of the officer who forwarded it to me, and who was for more than a year adjutant-general of the Department of Southwestern Virginia and East Tennessee, and served for some months on General Morgan's staff. He is well known to the ex-Confederates of Kentucky as having been an exceedingly intelligent, competent, and gallant officer, and a gentleman of the highest honor:

COVINGTON, *December* —, ——.

DEAR GENERAL: In looking over some old papers (relics of the late war), a few days ago, I discovered one which, until then, I did not know was in my possession. It is the last letter written by General Morgan, and, in a measure, may be considered his dying declaration. I can not recollect how it came into my possession, but believe it to have been among a bundle of papers that were taken from his body after he was killed, and forwarded to department headquarters; the letter of Captain Gwynn, which I will also inclose you, leaves hardly a doubt upon that point.

I have noticed through the press that you were engaged in writing a history of "Morgan's Command," and under the impression that this paper will be of service to you, I herewith forward it. I am familiar with the embarrassments that surrounded the General for some time previously to his death, and in reading this last appeal to the powers

that had dealt with him so unjustly the remembrance of them still awakens in my bosom many emotions of regret. If the General acted adversely to his own interests, in endeavoring to adjust quietly the unfortunate affairs that he refers to, those who understood his motives for so doing would excuse this error of his judgment when they realized the feelings that prompted it. He saw his error when it was too late to correct it, and died before opportunity was given to vindicate his character. I remember distinctly the last conversation I had with him, only a few days before his death, and the earnest manner in which he spoke of his trouble would have removed from my mind all doubt of the perfect rectitude of his intentions, if any had ever existed. I remember, too, my visit to Richmond during the month of August, 1864, on which occasion, at the general's request, I called upon the Secretary of War to lay before him some papers intrusted to my care, and also to make some verbal explanations regarding them. The excited, I may say the exasperated, manner in which the Honorable Secretary commented upon the documents left but one impression upon my mind, and that was that the War Department had made up its mind that the party was guilty and that its conviction should not be offended by any evidence to the contrary. The determination to pursue and break the general down was apparent to every one, and the Kentucky expedition was to be the means to accomplish this end (the reasons for a great deal of this enmity are, of course, familiar to you). I endeavored to explain to Mr. Seddon the injustice of the charge that General Morgan had made this expedition without proper authority (I felt this particularly to be my duty, as I was the only person then living who could bear witness upon that point), but being unable to obtain a quiet hearing, I left his office disappointed and disgusted.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

With the hope that you may succeed in the work you have undertaken, believe me,

Very truly, your friend,

J. L. SANDFORD.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DEPARTMENT, EAST TENNESSEE,

JONESBORO', *Sept. 1, 1864.*

SIR: I have the honor to ask your early and careful consideration of the statements herein submitted, and, although I am aware that the representations which have been made you concerning the matters to which these statements relate have so decided your opinion that you do not hestitate to give it free expression, I yet feel that it is due to myself to declare how false and injurious such representations have been and to protest against the injustice which condemns me unheard.

You will understand that I allude to the alleged robbery of the bank of Mount Sterling, Ky., and other outrages which my command is charged with having committed during the late expedition into that State. I will not, myself, countenance a course of procedure against which I feel that I can justly protest, by citing testimony or waging my own affirmation in disproof of the accusations which have been filed against me at your office; but I will demand a prompt and thorough

investigation of them all, and will respectfully urge the propriety of yourself instituting it.

If, as has been asserted, I have obstructed all examination into the truth of these imputations, a proper regard for the interests of the service as well as the ends of justice requires that some higher authority shall compel an exposure. Until, very recently, I was ignorant how the rumors which had already poisoned the public mind had been received and listened to in official circles, and I can not forbear indignant complaint of the injury done my reputation and usefulness by the encouragement thus given them.

Allegations, directly implicating me in the excesses above referred to, that I had connived at, if I did not incite them, and that I had striven to shield the perpetrators from discovery and punishment; allegations, the most vague and yet all tending to impeach my character, have obtained hearing and credence at the department.

I have not been called on; indeed I may say I have not been permitted one word in my defense. Permit me to say that an officer's reputation may suffer from such causes in official and public opinion, and that he may find it difficult, if not impossible, to vindicate it unless his superiors assist him by inviting inquiry. I am informed that communications and documents of various kinds, relating to the alleged criminal transactions in Kentucky, have been addressed you by certain of my subordinates; and I have been profoundly ignorant of their existence until after their receipt and the intended impression had been produced. I have but little acquaintance with the forms and regulations of your office, and I would respectfully ask if communications so furnished are not altogether irregular and prejudicial to good order and proper discipline? If these parties believe my conduct culpable, is it not their plain duty to prefer charges against me and bring me before a court-martial? And if failing to adopt measures suggested alike by law, justice and propriety, they pursue a course which tends to weaken my authority, impair my reputation and embarrass my conduct, have I not the right to expect that their action shall be condemned and themselves reprimanded? Indeed, sir, discipline and subordination have been impaired to such an extent in my command by proceedings such as I have described that an officer of high rank quitted a responsible post, without leave and in direct disobedience to my orders, and repaired to Richmond to urge in person his application for assignment to duty more consonant with his inclinations. It is, with all due respect, that I express my regret that his application was successful.

Permit me again, sir, to urge earnestly, that the investigation, which can alone remove the difficulties which I now experience, shall be immediately ordered.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN H. MORGAN.

To HON. JAMES A. SEDDON, *Secretary of War.*

On the 28th or 29th of August, General Morgan left Abington, and taking command of the troops at Jonesboro on the 31st, immediately prepared to move against the

enemy. Our forces had again been driven away from their positions at Bull's Gap and Rogersville, and had fallen back to Jonesboro. After two or three days' delay for refitment, etc., General Morgan marched from Jonesboro with the intention of attacking the enemy at Bull's Gap. If he could drive them from that position, by a sudden and rapidly executed movement, he would, in all probability, cut off that force at Rogersville and either force it to surrender or compel it to retreat into Kentucky. In the latter event, the enemy's strength would be so much reduced that all of east Tennessee, as far down as Knoxville, would be for some time in possession of the Confederates. General Morgan's strength, including the portions of General Vaughan's brigade, was about sixteen hundred and two pieces of artillery. The men were badly armed and equipped and had been much discouraged by their late reverses, but reanimated by the presence of their leader, whom they loved all the more as misfortunes befell them, they were anxious for battle.

A small frame house upon the left side of the road leading from Jonesboro to Greenville was pointed out to me subsequently as the spot where General Morgan received (as he rode past the column) the last cheer ever given him by his men. Reaching Greenville about 4 P. M. on the 3rd of September, he determined to encamp there for the night and move on Bull's Gap the next day. The troops were stationed on all sides of the place, and he made his headquarters in town at the house of Mrs. Williams. The younger Mrs. Williams left Greenville, riding in the direction of Bull Gap at the first rumors of the approach of our forces, to give, we have always believed, the alarm to the enemy.

The Tennesseeans of Vaughan's brigade (under Colonel Bradford) were encamped on the Bull's Gap road, and were instructed to picket that road and the roads to the left. Clark's battalion of Colonel Smith's brigade and the artillery were encamped on the Jonesboro road, about five hundred yards from the town. The remainder of Colonel Smith's brigade was encamped on the Rogersville road.

Colonel Giltner's command was also stationed in this quarter and the two picketed all the roads to the front and right flank. The town, had all instructions been obeyed and the pickets correctly posted, would have been perfectly protected. The enemy gained admittance unchallenged, through an unaccountable error in the picketing of the roads on the left. It is said that the enemy, who left Bull's Gap before midnight, quitted the main road at Blue Springs, equidistant from Greenville and Bull's Gap, and marched by the Warrensburg road until within one mile and a half of the town.

At this point a by-road leads from the Warrensburg to the Newport road. The pickets on the Warrensburg road were not stationed in sight of this point, while on the Newport road the base of the pickets was beyond the point where the by-road enters and there were no rear videttes between the base and town. The enemy (it is stated) took this little by-road, and turning off in front of one picket came in behind the other. At any rate, about daylight, a body perhaps of one hundred cavalry dashed into Greenville and were followed in a short time by Gillem's whole force. It was the party that came first which killed General Morgan. His fate, however, is still involved in mystery. Major Gassett, of his staff, states that they left the house together and sought to escape, but found every street guarded. They took refuge once in the open cellar of a house, expecting that some change in the disposition of the Federal forces would leave an avenue for escape, or that they would be rescued by a charge from some of the troops at the camps. They were discovered and pointed out by a Union woman. Gassett succeeded in effecting his escape. General Morgan made his way back to the garden of Mrs. Williams' house. Lieutenant X. Hawkins, a fearless young officer, charged into town with fifteen men and strove to reach the point where he supposed the general to be, but he was forced back. General Morgan was killed in the garden—shot through the heart. It is not known whether he surrendered or was offering resistance.

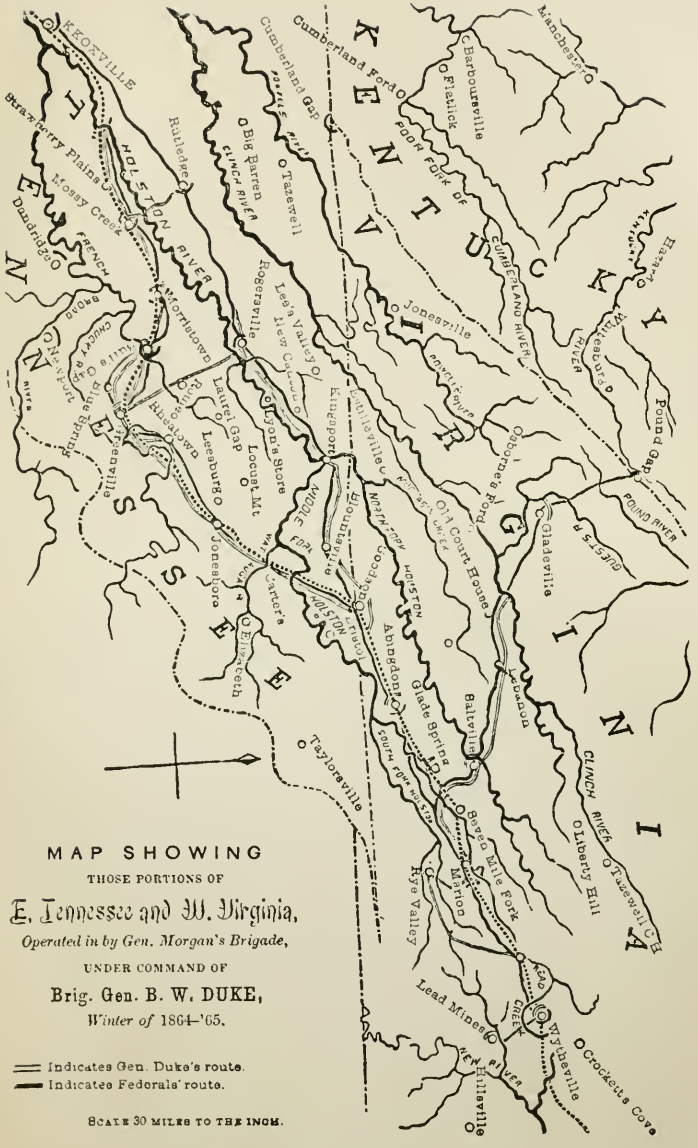
His friends have always believed that he was murdered after his surrender. Certain representations by the parties who killed him, their ruffianly character and the brutality with which they treated his body, induced the belief; and it was notorious that his death, if again captured, had been sworn. His slayers broke down the paling around the garden, dragged him through and, while he was tossing his arms in his dying agonies, threw him across a mule and paraded his body about the town, shouting and screaming in savage exaltation. No effort was made by any one except Lieutenant Hawkins to accomplish his rescue. The three commands, demoralized by General Morgan's death, became separated and were easily driven away.

Thus, on the 4th of September, 1864, in a little village of east Tennessee, fell this almost unequaled partisan leader. But not only was the light of genius extinguished then and a heroic spirit lost to earth—as kindly and as noble a heart as was ever warmed by the constant presence of generous emotions was stilled by a ruffian's bullet.

As the event is described the feelings it excited come back almost as fresh and poignant as at the time. How hard it was to realize that his time, too, had come—that so much life had been quenched. Every trait of the man we almost worshiped, recollections of incidents which showed his superb nature, crowd now, as they crowded then, upon the mind. When he died the glory and chivalry seemed gone from the struggle and it became a tedious routine, enjoined and sustained only by pride and duty. Surely men never grieved for a leader as Morgan's men sorrowed for him. The tears which scalded the cheeks of hardy and rugged veterans who had witnessed all the terrible scenes of four years of war attested it and the sad faces told of the aching hearts within.

His body was taken from the hands which defiled it by General Gillem, as soon as that officer arrived at Greenville, and sent to our lines under flag of truce.

The troops again returned to Jonesboro, the enemy returning after a short pursuit to Bull's Gap. Immediately



MAP SHOWING

THOSE PORTIONS OF

E. Tennessee and W. Virginia,

Operated in by Gen. Morgan's Brigade,

UNDER COMMAND OF

Brig. Gen. B. W. DUKE,

Winter of 1864–'65.

Indicates Gen. Duke's route.

Indicates Federals' route.

SCALE 30 MILES TO THE INCH.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

upon learning of General Morgan's death, General Echols, then commanding the department, ordered me to take command of the brigade composed of his old soldiers—the remnant of the old division. I found this brigade reduced to two hundred and seventy-three effective men, and armed in a manner that made it a matter of wonder how they could fight at all. There were scarcely fifty serviceable rifles in the brigade, and the variety of calibers rendered it almost a matter of impossibility to keep on hand a supply of available ammunition. They were equipped similarly in all other respects. Every effort was at once instituted to collect and procure arms, and to provide suitable equipments. General Echols kindly rendered all the assistance in his power, and manifested a special interest in us, for which we were deeply grateful. Our friends at Richmond and throughout the Confederacy seemed to experience fresh sympathy for us after General Morgan's death.

In this connection it is fitting to speak of a gentleman to whom we were especially indebted, Mr. E. M. Bruce, one of the Kentucky members of the Confederate Congress. It would, indeed, be unjust as well as ungrateful to omit mention of his name and his generous, consistent friendship. Not only were we, of Morgan's old command, the recipients of constant and the kindest services from him, but his generosity was as wide as his charity, which seemed boundless. His position at Richmond was such as to enable him to be of great assistance to the soldiers and people from his State, and he was assiduous and untiring in their behalf. The wealth which his skill and nerve in commercial speculations procured him was lavished in friendly ministrations and charitable enterprises. An intelligent and useful member of the Congress, a safe and valuable adviser of the administration in all matters within the province of his advice, he was especially known and esteemed as the *friend* of the soldiery, the patron of all who stood in need of aid. At one time he maintained not only a hospital in Richmond for the sick and indigent, but a sort of hotel, kept up at his own expense, where the Kentucky soldiers returning from prison were ac-

commodated. It is safe to say that he did more toward furnishing the Kentucky troops with clothing, etc., than all of the supply department put together. The sums he gave away in Confederate money would sound fabulous; and, after the last surrender, he gave thousands of dollars in gold to the Kentucky troops who lacked means to take them home. His name will ever be held by them in grateful and affectionate remembrance.

My command remained encamped near Jonesboro for nearly two weeks. The commands of Vaughan, Cosby (that formerly commanded by General George B. Hodge) and Giltner were also stationed in the same vicinity, all under command of General John C. Vaughan.

Upon the 15th of September, I received my commission as brigadier-general. During the time that we remained near Jonesboro the brigade improved very much. Fortunately several of the best officers of the old command, who had escaped capture, were with it at the time that I took command. Captains Cantrill, Lea and Messick, and Lieutenants Welsh, Cunningham, Hunt, Hawkins, Hopkins, Skillman, Roody, Piper, Moore, Lucas, Skinner, Crump and several others equally as gallant and good, and there were some excellent officers who had joined the command just after General Morgan's return from prison. The staff department was ably filled by the acting adjutants, Lieutenants George W. Hunt, Arthur Andrews, James Hines, and Daniels. These were all officers of especial merit.

Colonels Ward, Morgan and Tucker, and Majors Webber and Steele had been exchanged at Charleston, and their valuable services were secured at a time when greatly needed. The gallant Mississippi company, of my old regiment, was there, all, at least, that was left of it; and Cooper's company, under Welsh, as staunch and resolute as ever, although greatly reduced in numbers. All the old regiments were represented.

Daily drills and inspections soon brought the brigade into a better state of efficiency and the men longed to return to the debatable ground and try conclusions with the enemy

which had boasted of recent triumphs at their expense. An opportunity soon occurred. In the latter part of September, General Vaughan moved with all of these commands stationed about Jonesboro, in the direction of Greenville. One object of the movement was to attempt, if cooperation with General John S. Williams, who was known to be approaching from toward Knoxville, could be secured, the capture of the Federal forces at Bull's Gap. General Williams had been cut off, in middle Tennessee, from General Wheeler, who had raided into that country. His command consisted of three brigades. One, under command of Colonel William C. P. Breckinridge, was the brigade of Kentucky cavalry which had won so much reputation in the retreat from Dalton and the operations around Atlanta. In this brigade were Colonel Breckinridge's own regiment, the Ninth Kentucky, and Dortch's battalion. Another of these brigades was a very fine one of Tennessee troops under General Debrell, an excellent officer. The third, commanded by General Robertson, a young and very dashing officer, was composed of "Confederate" battalions—troops enlisted under no particular State organization. General Vaughan, learning of General Williams' approach, dispatched him a courier offering to co-operate with him and advised that General Williams should attack the rear, while he (Vaughan) would attack in front.

Passing through Greenville at early dawn upon the second day after we left Jonesboro, the column marched rapidly toward the gap. My brigade was marching in advance. It was at this time three hundred and twenty-two strong and was organized into two battalions, the first, commanded by Colonel Ward and the second by Colonel Morgan. About four miles from Greenville, Captain Messick, whose Company A of the second battalion was acting as advance guard, encountered a scouting party of the enemy fifty or sixty strong. Messick immediately attacked, routed the party and chased it for several miles, taking eight or ten prisoners. Pressing on again in advance, when the column had overtaken him, he discovered the enemy in stronger force than

before, advantageously posted upon the farther side of a little stream about two miles from Lick creek. Halting his command here, Captain Messick accompanied by Lieutenant Hopkins galloped across the bridge and toward the enemy to reconnoitre. Approaching, despite the shots fired at them, to within forty or fifty yards of the enemy, they were then saluted by a volley from nearly two hundred rifles. Thinking it impossible, or impolitic, to procure "further information," they rapidly galloped back. Upon the approach of the column this party of the enemy fell back to Lick creek, where it met or was reinforced by some two or three hundred more. Lick creek is some three mlies from Bull's Gap. There were no fords in the vicinity of the road and it was too deep for wading except at one or two points. A narrow bridge spanned it at the point where it crossed the road. On the side that we were approaching there is a wide open space like a prairie, perhaps half a mile square. Thick woods border this opening in the direction that we were coming and wooded hills upon the left—running down to the edge of the creek.

Perceiving the enemy show a disposition to contest our crossing, my brigade was at once deployed to force a passage. A portion of the second battalion was double-quicked, dismounted, across the open to the thickets near the bank of the creek. One company of the second battalion was also sent to the right, and took position near the creek in that quarter. The greater part of the first battalion was sent, on foot, to the left, and, concealed by the thickets upon the hills, got near the creek without attracting the attention of the enemy. Lieutenant Conrad was ordered to charge across the bridge with two mounted companies. As he approached it at a trot a battalion of the enemy galloped down on the other side (close to the bridge) to dispute his passage. The dismounted skirmishers, who had taken position near the creek, prevented Conrad's column from receiving annoyance from the remainder of the Federal force.

When within so short a distance of the bridge that the features of the Federal soldiers at the other extremity were

plainly discernible, Conrad suddenly halted and threw one company into line, keeping the other in column behind it, and opened fire upon the enemy, which was returned with interest. Just then Lieutenant Welsh carried his company across the creek on the extreme left, followed by Lea (the water coming up to the men's shoulders) and attacked the enemy in flank and rear. This shook their line. General Vaughan, at the same time, brought up a piece of artillery and opened fire over the heads of our own men. Conrad seized the moment of confusion and darted across the bridge with the company which was in column, and the other following. It was then a helter-skelter chase until the enemy took refuge in the gap.

General Vaughan marched on, but hearing nothing of General Williams and knowing the strength of the position, did not attack. He had a brass band with him which he made play "Dixie," in the hope that it would lure the enemy out; but this strategic banter was treated with profound indifference.

General Williams had marched on the north side of the Holston river to Rogersville and thence to Greenville, where we met him upon our return next day. His command was about two thousand strong, but a part of it badly armed and his ammunition was exhausted. It turned out that his advent in our department was most opportune and fortunate. With him was the Ninth Kentucky, which had done arduous and brilliant service during the past year.

We remained at Greenville several days, and then marched to Carter's Station. This withdrawal was occasioned by information of the approach of Burbridge, from Kentucky, with a heavy column. His destination was supposed to be the salt-works, and General Echols judged it expedient to effect a timely concentration of all forces in the department. The system of procuring information from Kentucky, the most dangerous quarter to the department, was so well organized that it was nearly two weeks after the first intimation of danger before Burbridge entered Virginia. Giltner's brigade had been moved very

early to Laurel Gap, or some position in that vicinity, between the salt-works and the approaching enemy. Leaving General Vaughan with his own brigade at Carter's Station, General Echols ordered General Cosby and myself to Bristol. General Williams who, with great exertion, had rearmed his command, moved a few days subsequently to the salt-works, where the "reserves" of militia were now, also, collecting. Simultaneously with Burbridge's advance, the enemy approached from Knoxville (under Generals Gillem and Ammon), marching over the same ground which we had traversed shortly before.

General Vaughan was attacked and was compelled to divide his brigade, the greater part remaining at Carter's Station, and a part being sent, under Colonel Carter, to Duvault's ford, five miles below on the Wetauga, where the enemy sought to effect a passage. Upon the night after the first demonstration against General Vaughan, General Cosby and I were sent to reinforce him, and, marching all night, reached the position assigned early the next morning. General Cosby was posted where he could support most speedily whichever point needed it, and I was instructed to proceed directly to Duvault's ford. Upon arriving there, I found Colonel Carter making all the preparations within his power to repel the attack which he anticipated. About 9 A. M., the enemy recommenced the fight at Carter's Station; and toward 1 or 2 P. M. made his appearance again upon the other side of the river, opposite our position. The firing by this time had become so heavy at Carter's Station that I feared that General Vaughan would not be able to prevent the enemy from crossing the river there, and became anxious to create a diversion in his favor. I thought that if the force confronting me could be driven off and made to retreat on Jonesboro, that confronting General Vaughan would also fall back, fearing a flank attack, or it would, at least, slacken its efforts. The steep and difficult bank just in our front forbade all thought of attack in that way upon an enemy so superior in numbers, but there was a ford about a mile and a half below, from which a good road led

through level ground to the rear of the enemy's position. I instructed Captain Messick to select fifty picked men, cross at this ford, and take the enemy in the rear and requested Colonel Carter to cause one of his battalions to dash down to the brink of the river, as soon as the firing commenced, and cross and attack if the enemy showed signs of being shaken by Messick's movement.

Captain Messick had crossed the river and gotten two or three hundred yards upon the other side, when he met a battalion of Federal cavalry approaching, doubtless to try a flank movement on us. They were marching with drawn sabers, but foolishly halted at sight of our men. Messick immediately ordered the charge and dashed into them. The impetus with which his column drove against them made the Federals recoil, and in a little while entirely give way. Stephen G. Sharp, of Cluke's regiment, rode at the color-guard and shooting the color-bearer through the head, seized the flag. While he was waving it in triumph the guard fired upon him, two bullets taking effect, one in the left arm, the other through the lungs. Dropping the colors across his saddle, he clubbed his rifle and struck two of his assailants from their horses, and Captain Messick killed a third. Twelve prisoners were taken, and ten or fifteen of the enemy killed and wounded. Messick, pressing the rout, whirled around upon the rear of the position. Colonel Carter ordered the Sixteenth Georgia to charge the position in front, when he saw the confusion produced by this dash, and the whole Federal force went off in rapid retreat, pursued by the detachment of Captain Messick and the Georgia battalion for four or five miles.

Shortly afterward the demonstration against Carter's Station ceased. Lieutenant James Roody, a brave and excellent young officer, lost a leg in this charge. Stephen G. Sharp, whose name has just now been mentioned, was perhaps the hero of more personal adventures than any man in Morgan's command. He had once before captured a standard by an act of equal courage. He had made his escape from prison by an exercise of almost incredible daring. With a companion, named Hecker, he deliberately scaled the

wall of the prison yard and forced his way through a guard assembled to oppose them. Sharp was shot and bayoneted in this attempt, but his wounds were not serious and both he and his companion got away. When, subsequently, they were making their way to Virginia through the mountains of Kentucky, they were attacked by six or seven bushwhackers. Hecker was shot from his horse. Sharp shot four of his assailants and escaped. His exploits are too numerous for mention. Although the wounds he received at Duvault's were serious, he survived them to marry the lady who nursed him.

On the next day, we received orders from General Echols to march at once to Saltville, as Burbridge was drawing near the place. In a very short time the energy and administrative skill of General Echols had placed the department in an excellent condition for defense. But it was the opportune arrival of General Williams which enabled us to beat back all assailants. When we reached Abingdon, we learned that General John C. Breckinridge had arrived and had assumed command. After a short halt, we pressed on and reached Saltville at nightfall, to learn that the enemy had been repulsed that day in a desperate attack. His loss had been heavy.

General Williams had made a splendid fight—one worthy of his very high reputation for skill and resolute courage. His dispositions were admirable. The Virginia reserves, under General Jackson and Colonel Robert Preston, behaved with distinguished gallantry. Upon the arrival of our three fresh brigades it was determined to assume the offensive in the morning. But that night the enemy retreated. General Cosby and I were ordered to follow him. We overtook his column beyond Hyter's Gap, but owing to mistakes in reconnoissance, etc., allowed it to escape us. General Williams coming up with part of his command, we pressed the rear but did little damage. After this, my brigade was stationed for a few days at Wytheville.

In the middle of October, I was directed to go with two hundred men to Floyd and Franklin counties, where the de-

serters from our various armies in Virginia had congregated and had become very troublesome. In Floyd county they had organized what they called the "New State" and had elected a provisional governor and lieutenant governor. I caught the latter. After a little discipline the gang broke up and some two hundred came in and surrendered.

In order to hasten such action, I had made a great many threats, which I had no intention of executing, and the majority of these men, becoming alarmed, went to Dublin depot, to report to General Echols. One day when I entered my headquarters at a little place called Locust Grove, I found a stranger seated in the room whose appearance suggested that he might be one of the parties of whom I was in search. He was a well-built, muscular man, apparently thirty-two or three years of age, with a good face and resolute soldierly bearing. As I entered, he rose from his chair, and, without a word, saluted.

In response to my inquiries, he stated that his name was "Miles," that he was a deserter, and that he was ready to surrender and return to duty. General Lee's proclamation had promised amnesty to all who should return to the army before a specified date. I asked him why he came to me, inasmuch as so many others, thinking that I would deal harshly with them, had preferred to surrender to General Echols. He answered that he had no such fear, that he believed my purpose was simply to force deserters back into service, and that I would harm no one who did not offer resistance.

"Well, Miles," I said, "you are a man of sense. But why did you desert? I should take you, from your looks, to be a good soldier."

His manner, while perfectly respectful, had previously been stern and rather sullen; but when I said this, his eyes moistened, and he showed agitation.

"I was a good soldier, General Duke," he replied. "General Lee had no better soldier in his army than I once was."

"Very well," I said; "tell me how you came to desert. I'd like to know, and you will not suffer by it."

"Well, sir, when the war began, although I was a poor man with a wife and two children, I thought I ought to fight for my State and I enlisted. I remained in the ranks for two years and a half, without asking leave to go home, and was in nearly every battle fought by the army of Northern Virginia during that time. Finally my wife wrote me, begging me to come home, if I could, and make some provision for herself and the children, as they were almost destitute. I applied for a furlough and my application was approved, until it reached army headquarters, but was thence returned with the endorsement that no furloughs could be then granted because battle was expected. I was willing to stay for the battle, but afterwards renewed my application and it was again disapproved. In the meantime I got another letter from my wife, saying that she and the children were living on the charity of neighbors almost as poor as themselves. I then determined to leave. My wife and children were the best part of my country to me, and I meant to take care of them. It was not my intention to desert permanently, but to return to the army when I had provided for my family and take my chance of punishment. I planted a small crop of corn and penned a few hogs. I was about ready to harvest the corn and was waiting for a cold spell to kill and cure the hogs, when General Lee issued the order for the arrest of all deserters. You came here and threatened to destroy everything if we didn't surrender and go back. I was at first inclined to resist and kill any man who interfered with me, but I reflected that this would do no good and only bring more trouble to my wife, so I am here to surrender."

His story and manner affected me to an extent that was hard to conceal. I said, "How long, Miles, will it take you to get in your corn, kill your hogs and prepare the meat?"

He could have all fixed, he said, in ten or twelve days, especially if the weather turned cooler.

"If I give you a furlough for twenty days, will that be enough? And will you, at the expiration of that time, report to General Echols at Dublin?"

"My God, yes," he shouted, "and I'll thank you as long as I live. I ask nothing better than that."

I gave him the furlough, and then inquired if he knew other men among the deserters in that immediate vicinity whose cases resembled his own; who had families dependent upon them. He said he knew about twenty such. I asked if he could readily communicate with them. He answered that he could; that, if necessary, he would ride all that day and night to find them. I told him that I would prepare and sign that number of furloughs, leaving blanks for the names, which he could fill in, but said, "I will expect you to bring them to Dublin."

"I'll bring 'em or kill 'em," he said. "If any man takes a furlough from me under these circumstances and breaks his word, you won't have to come after him again."

I notified General Echols of the arrangement I had made, and subsequently inquired how the matter had turned out. I learned that Miles had reported on time with quite a substantial squad.

Captain Cantrill, of my brigade, was sent with some forty men to Grayson county about the same time. In this county the deserters and bushwhackers had been committing terrible outrages. Upon Cantrill's approach they retreated just across the line into North Carolina and bantered him to follow. He immediately did so. His force was increased by the reinforcement of a company of militia to about eighty men. He came upon the deserters (mustering about one hundred and twenty-five strong), posted upon the side of a mountain, and attacked them. Turning his horses loose after finding that it was difficult to ascend mounted, he pushed his men forward on foot. The horses galloping back, induced the enemy to believe that he was retreating. They were quickly undeceived. Letting them come close to a belt of wood in which his men were posted, Cantrill poured in a very destructive fire. The leader of the gang was killed by the first volley and his men soon dispersed and fled.

Twenty-one men were killed in this affair, and the others were chased away from that region. They gave no further

trouble. Captain Cantrill's action justified the high esteem in which his courage and ability were held by his superiors. Almost immediately after the return of these detachments, the brigade was ordered back to east Tennessee again.

General Vaughan, supported by Colonel Palmer's brigade of North Carolina reserves, had been attacked at Russelville, six miles below Bull's Gap, and defeated with the loss of four or five pieces of artillery. General Breckinridge, immediately upon hearing of this disaster, prepared to retrieve it. The appointment of General Breckinridge to the command of the department was a measure admirably calculated to reform and infuse fresh vitality into its affairs. He possessed the confidence of both the people and the soldiery. His military record was a brilliant one, and his sagacity and firmness were recognized by all. With the Kentucky troops, who were extravagantly proud of him, his popularity was of course unbounded. Although this unfortunate department was worse handled by the enemy after he commanded it than ever before, he came out of the ordeal, fatal to most other generals, with enhanced reputation. His great energy and indomitable resolution were fairly tried and fully proven. He could personally endure immense exertions and exposure. If, however, when heavy duty and labor were demanded, he got hold of officers and men who would not complain he worked them without compunction, giving them no rest, and leaving the reluctant in clover. He could always elicit the affection inspired by manly daring and high soldierly qualities, and which the brave always feel for the bravest.

Leaving Wytheville on the night of the 19th of November the brigade marched nearly to Marion, twenty-one miles distant. A blinding snow was driving in our faces, and about midnight it became necessary to halt and allow the half-frozen men to build fires. Marching in through Abindgon and Bristol, we reached Carter's station on the 22d. Here General Vaughan's brigade was encamped, and on the same day trains arrived from Wytheville, bringing dismounted men of my brigade and of Cosby's and Giltner's.

The bulk of these two latter brigades were in the Shenandoah valley, with General Early. There were also two companies of engineers. The dismounted men numbered in all between three and four hundred. They were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Alston, who was assisted by Major Chenoweth, Captain Jenkins and other able officers. Six pieces of artillery also arrived, commanded by Major Page. On the 23d, the entire force was marched to Jonesboro. From Jonesboro two roads run to Greenville, or rather to within three miles of Greenville, when they join. These roads are at no point more than three miles apart. My brigade was ordered to march upon the right hand, or Rheatown road, and General Vaughan took the other. The dismounted men marched along the railroad, which runs between them. A short distance beyond Rheatown Captain Messick, who was some ten miles in front of the column with the advance guard of twenty men, came upon an encampment of the enemy. He immediately attacked and drove in the pickets. Privates Hi Rogers, Pat Gilroy, Porter White, and another brave fellow of Ward's battalion, followed them into the encampment and came back unhurt. Messick halted his guard about four hundred yards from the encampment and awaited the movements of the enemy. His men were all picked for their daring and steadiness and could be depended on. In a little while the enemy came out, but continued, for a while, to fire at long range. Fearing that arrangements were being made to surround him, Messick began to retreat. The enemy then pursued him, and a battalion continued the pursuit for ten miles. Although closely pressed, this gallant little squad repeatedly turned and fought, sometimes dismounting to fire more accurately, and repeatedly checked their pursuers. Every round of their ammunition was exhausted and they were at no time disordered or forced into flight. Captain Messick lost not a single man captured and only one wounded.

When the column at length came up the enemy had abandoned the chase and returned. That evening we marched through their deserted camp. Passing through Greenville

the next morning, which the enemy had evacuated the night before, we reached Lick creek about 4 P. M. The enemy showed themselves on the further side, but did not contest our passage. A mile or a mile and a half in front of the gap we came upon them again, about twelve hundred strong. General Breckinridge ordered me to attack. I did so and in a short time drove them into the gap. They came out twice and were as often driven back. General Vaughan had been sent to demonstrate in the rear of the gap, and the dismounted men had not gotten up. After the third trial outside of the works the enemy contented himself with shelling us. I witnessed, then, a singular incident. One man was literally set on fire by a shell. I saw what seemed a ball of fire fall from a shell just exploded and alight upon this poor fellow. He was at once in flames. We tore his clothing from him and he was scorched and seared from head to foot.

All that night we stood in line upon the ground which we occupied when it fell. The enemy's pickets were a short distance in our front and fired at every movement. During the night the artillery arrived and was posted upon a commanding position protected by my line. The dismounted men also arrived during the night.

On the next morning, at daylight, the dismounted men and one hundred and fifty of my brigade, in all five hundred men, were moved to the extreme right to assault the gap from that quarter. General Vaughan was instructed to attack it in the rear and Colonel George Crittenden was posted to support the artillery, with one hundred and eighty men, and to demonstrate in front. The right was the real point of attack. General Breckinridge hoped to carry the works there, and the other movements were intended as diversions. The enemy's force, as shown by captured field returns, was about twenty-five hundred men.

The troops sent to make the assault on the right were under my command. Ascending the steep hillside, this force reached the point where it was to attack soon after daylight. The position to be assaulted was very strong. Two spurs or ridges of the hill on which the forts occupied

by the enemy were erected connect with the high ground where we formed for the attack. Earthworks had been erected across each ridge, not formidable in themselves, but protected by the fire from the forts and strongly manned. These ridges are, perhaps, fifty or sixty yards in breadth, their sides steep and rugged and between them is a deep and wide ravine, or rather chasm. The forts were situated about one hundred yards in the rear of the earthworks, and in attacking the latter, the assailants were subjected to the fire from the forts also. A direct and cross fire of both artillery and musketry swept every inch of the approach. About the time that we reached the ground, Major Page opened fire with his pieces on the plain beneath in front of the gap, and we immediately moved against the works. General Breckinridge had accompanied the troops and virtually commanded the assault. He went with Colonel Ward, who I had directed to attack upon the right ridge with the greater part of the men, while I attacked on the left ridge with the remainder.

Colonel Ward pressed on vigorously and carried the earthwork on the right, but was driven back by the fire from the fort, which he could not take. He returned repeatedly to the assault but without avail. On the left, driving in the skirmishers, we advanced rapidly until we had gotten within twenty or thirty yards of the earthwork, where the men, staggered by the fire, halted and could go no further. The enemy, apparently divining our purpose to penetrate at this point, had concentrated on these ridges and in the immediate vicinity to oppose us, and greatly outnumbered us. Both ridges were now completely swept by a galling fire and the men were falling fast under it. The enemy once sprang over the earthwork upon the left and attacked in turn, but was forced back.

Major Webber had but one company of his battalion present. It was twenty-eight strong and lost fourteen. After failing to carry the works we remained close to them, upon both the ridges for more than an hour, replying as effectively as we could to the enemy's fire. Several instances of great

gallantry occurred. Sergeant James Cardwell, of my old regiment, when the men hestitated to again attack, walked deliberately toward the enemy, declaring that he would show them what a soldier's duty was. He fell before he had taken a dozen steps, his gallant breast riddled with balls. Gordon Vorhees, a brave young soldier, scarcely out of his boyhood, was mortally wounded when Colonel Ward carried the work upon the right. His comrades strove to remove him, but he refused to permit them to do so, saying that it was their part to fight and not too look after dying men.

Battle has its ludicrous as well as tragic episodes. While my line was still close to the earthwork, "Lige" True, one of the best soldiers I ever knew, concluded that he would try a flank movement on his own account. He accordingly descended the steep side of the hill until he had obtained a position where he could fire comfortably on the defenders of the work, who were then entirely unprotected from his bullets. Unfortunately, however, Lige was equally exposed to the fire of the enemy, and was so near them that some of the shots directed at him were bound to take effect. One struck him in the middle of the nose, passing through it. His nose was unusually large, and the ball instead of tearing it away, as might have been expected, drilled a neat perforation which had a margin of perhaps a quarter of an inch around it. The blood gushing abundantly out of both orifices, effectually spoiled his shooting for a while, and compelled him to retreat. When he got back into line, one of the boys said: "They came mighty near gettin' you that time, Lige!" "Yes," answered Lige, in deep disgust, "and they came d—m nigh missin' me, too."

Colonel Crittenden had pressed his slight line and Page's guns close to the front of the gap, during our attack, and did splendid service. But the attack in the rear was not made in time and almost the entire Federal force was concentrated on the right; and this, and the strength of the position, was some excuse for our failure to take it. General Breckinridge exposed himself in a manner that called forth almost indignant remonstrance of the men, and it is a matter of wonder

that he escaped unhurt. He spoke in high terms of the conduct of the men who pressed the attack, although much disappointed at its failure, and especially commended Colonel Ward's cool, unflinching, and determined bravery. The latter officer was wounded, and when we withdrew was cut off from the command but found his way back safely. Our loss was very heavy.

After our retreat, which was not pressed by the enemy, Colonel Crittendon was in a very critical situation. It was necessary that he should also withdraw and as he did so he was exposed for more than half a mile to the Federal artillery. Six guns were opened upon him. The chief aim seemed to be to blow up Page's caissons, but, although the shelling was hot they were all brought off safely.

That afternoon Colonel Palmer arrived from Asheville, N. C., with four or five hundred infantry. General Breckinridge decided to make no further attack upon the position, but to march through Taylor's Gap, three miles to the west, and get in the rear of the Federals and upon their line of retreat and communication with Knoxville. Accordingly, we broke camp and marched about 10 o'clock that night. Vaughan, who had returned, moved in advance. Palmer's infantry, the dismounted men, and the artillery were in the rear.

As we passed through Taylor's Gap, information was received that the enemy were evacuating Bull's Gap and that an opportunity would be afforded us to take him in flank. General Breckinridge at once ordered Vaughan to post a strong detachment at Russellville, in their front, and to attack with his whole command immediately upon the detachment becoming engaged. I was ordered to turn to the left before reaching Russellville, go around the place and cut the enemy off upon the main road, a mile or two below, or, failing to do this, take him in flank.

The enemy broke through the detachment stationed in his front, but was immediately attacked by Vaughan. "Fight, d—n you!" yelled a Federal officer to his men, as the firing

commenced; "it's only a scout." "No, I'll be d—d if it is," shouted one of Vaughan's men; *"we're all here."*

The greater part of Gillem's column and his artillery escaped here, but one regiment was cut off and driven away to the right. Moving very rapidly, my brigade managed to strike the main body again at Cheek's Cross Roads, about two miles from the town, and drove another slice from the road and into the fields and woods. While the column was scattered and prolonged by the rapid chase, we came suddenly upon the enemy halted in the edge of a wood and were received with a smart fire, which checked us.

Captain Gus Magee, one of the best and most dashing officers of the brigade, commanding the advance guard, charged in among them. As, followed by a few men, he leaped over the fence behind which the enemy were posted he was shot from his horse. He surrendered and gave his name, and was immediately shot again and sabered. He lived a short time in great agony. One of his men, Sergeant Sam Curd, avenged his death that night. Curd saved himself when Magee was killed by slipping into the Federal line, and in the darkness escaped unnoticed. Some twenty minutes after the murderer of Magee was captured, and Curd, recognizing his voice, asked him if he were not the man. He at once sprang upon Curd and tried to disarm him. The latter broke loose from his grasp and killed him.

Vaughan, after we moved on, kept the road, and I moved upon the left flank, endeavoring to gain the enemy's rear and intercept his retreat. Colonel Napier, who kept in the advance with a small detachment, succeeded in this object.

Three or four miles from Morristown the enemy halted and, for half an hour, offered resistance. We, who were moving up to take them in flank and rear, then saw a beautiful sight. The night was cloudless and the moon at its full, shedding a brilliant light. The dark lines of troops could be seen almost as clearly as by day. Their positions were distinctly marked, however, by the flashes from the rifles coming thick and fast, making them look, as they moved along bending and oscillating, like rolling waves of

flame throwing off fiery spray. When my brigade had moved far around upon the left and had taken position, obliquing toward the enemy's rear, it suddenly opened. The Federal line recoiled and closed from both flanks toward the road, into one dense mass, which looked before the fighting ceased and the rout fairly commenced like a huge Catherine wheel spouting streams of fire.

The enemy retreated rapidly and in confusion from this position, pursued closely by Vaughan's foremost battalions. At Morristown a regiment, just arrived upon the cars, and a piece of artillery checked the pursuit for a short time, and enabled the enemy to reform. They were again driven and making another and a last stand a short distance beyond the town, abandoned all further resistance when that failed to stop us.

Then the spoils began to be gathered and were strewn so thickly along the road that the pursuit was effectually retarded. Major Day, of Vaughan's brigade, followed, however, beyond New Market, more than twenty-five miles from the point where the affair commenced, and the rest of us halted when day had fairly broken. More than one hundred ambulances and wagons were captured, loaded with baggage; six pieces of artillery, with caissons and horses, and many prisoners. The rout and disintegration of Gillem's command was complete.

On the next day we moved to New Market, and, when all the troops had gotten up, proceeded to Strawberry Plains, seven miles beyond. Here the enemy, posted in strong fortifications, were prepared to contest our further advance. We remained here three or four days.

Shelling and sharpshooting were almost constantly kept up during the day, and a picket line, which required almost our entire strength, was maintained at night. The Holston river was between us and the enemy. The enemy held the long, covered bridge, and neither of the combatants ventured an attack. On the second night that we were at Strawberry Plains, General Breckinridge ordered me to take a small fort or redoubt which was just upon the river

bank and not far from the bridgehead; and which was the only position on our side of the river which was held by the enemy. The troops occupying it kept themselves concealed, except when our people approached it, when they would open a smart fire. A little before midnight I made a rush on the fort, and much to my gratification found that it had been evacuated.

I would not mention this affair but for an incident which immediately followed, and which was the sequel of one that had occurred at Bull's Gap; the two in connection convinced me that the opinion, so often expressed, that even brave men have their moments of panic is correct.

When, during the fight at Bull's Gap, my attack on the earthwork had failed, and I found it useless to renew it with a force so numerically inferior to that of the enemy, I thought that if I could rally the stragglers or in any way reinforce the line, we might make another assault with some hope of success. With that purpose I had gone a short distance to the rear, and had succeeded in collecting and sending back to the line some twenty or thirty men. Just as I was about to return I caught sight of a lieutenant crouching behind a tree, at least a hundred yards to the rear of the line, and apparently dazed with fear. I approached him and was so angry that I threatened to shoot him; but at the first words I uttered he seemed to recover his senses and ran to the line at full speed. During the remainder of the fight he showed no sign of demoralization. This officer has always before borne an excellent reputation, having on many occasions behaved very gallantly. I was therefore surprised by this conduct, and, while indignant, was reluctant to disgrace him by exposure, especially as no one but myself had witnessed it; and concluded to take no immediate action.

At Strawberry Plains, however, I mentioned the matter to General Breckinridge and asked him what course he thought I ought to pursue, taking into consideration the man's previous record. Breckinridge was, as a rule, lenient to offences against discipline, but he showed no disposition to be forgiving in a matter of this kind. He at once declared

that I ought to prefer charges and have him dismissed the service, saying that when so many brave private soldiers had given their lives in the fight, such conduct should not be condoned on the part of an officer. I was much of the same opinion, but could not forget that for three years the offender had been uniformly brave, zealous, and efficient.

When we found the fort, of which I have spoken, abandoned by the enemy and entered it, we obtained, by the bright moonlight, a fair view of what was going on across the river in the Federal encampment. Everything seemed to be in motion there, and this in connection with the evacuation of the work, induced me to think that possibly they were preparing to retreat, and I concluded to make further investigation. With a small detail, I moved cautiously along the river bank under the bluff, until I reached a point just under the end of the bridge. The bridge, as I have stated, was held by the enemy, and their sharpshooters had been exceedingly aggressive whenever we had come near its entrance or within easy range. It occurred to me that if the enemy were really retreating, the troops posted in the bridge would be withdrawn to the other side, and I felt a strong desire to ascertain if this had been done. To make this discovery, however, someone must enter and explore the bridge; and such an experiment meant almost certain death to the man who attempted it if the enemy were still there. I was not inclined to try it myself, and was not willing to send another man where I was not disposed to go.

While I was in this frame of mind, my eye fell on the lieutenant, whose case was still unsettled. I called him to one side and reminded him of his conduct at Bull's Gap, telling him what General Breckinridge had said. He replied that he expected to be court-martialed, but declared that he would not survive the disgrace and would kill himself.

I then said, "Lieutenant, I have mentioned this matter to no one but General Breckinridge and I have not given him your name. No one, therefore, knows anything about it except you and I. I have not made up my mind what I shall do about the matter; and I may, in any event, let it

drop and do nothing. But I will say this. I wish to learn whether the Yankees are in that bridge. If you will go in and ascertain whether or not they are there, I will not only overlook your conduct of the other day, but you shall have all the credit which such an act would deserve had you volunteered to do it." Without perceptible hesitation he answered, "I'll go."

"But understand," I said, "the chances are all against you. If they are there, you will not be likely to get out alive."

"Don't say anything more, General. I am glad of this chance to redeem myself in my own estimation. I'd go, if I knew I would be killed."

He climbed the bank and I heard him enter the bridge. The others in the detachment soon realized what he was attempting; the bridge was just overhead and we listened eagerly to his scarcely audible footsteps as he proceeded on his quest. He had gotten half way across and I thought he would make the entire distance, when suddenly the order, "Halt!" rang out, repeated by twenty or thirty voices. He turned and came swiftly back and, to my great relief a few seconds later, sprang down the bank in safety. Why the Yankees did not fire on him, I, of course, never knew. But probably they supposed him to be one of their own stragglers. It is certain, however, that no coward would have deliberately and wittingly taken such a risk. I believed in him and was extremely gratified by this vindication of his courage and resolution.

On the last day of our stay at Strawberry Plains, Gillem came out from Knoxville with a part of his command which he had collected and reorganized. Vaughan crossed the river and attacked and easily drove him back. General Breckinridge was called to Wytheville by rumors of an advance of the enemy in another quarter, and leisurely retired to New Market and thence to Mossy creek, eleven miles from Strawberry Plains.

Some ten days after our arrival from the latter place reports reached us that a large force was being collected at Bean's Station, upon the north side of the Holston. These

reports were shortly confirmed. We withdrew to Russellville, and subsequently to Greenville. To have remained farther down would have exposed the rest of the department entirely. Having the short route to Bristol, the enemy could have outflanked and outmarched us, and getting first to the important points of the department, which they would have found unguarded, they could have captured and destroyed all that was worth protecting without opposition. General Vaughan was stationed at Greenville, and my brigade was stationed, under command of Colonel Morgan, at Rogersville.

Five or six days after these dispositions were made, the enemy advanced upon Rogersville in heavy force, drove Colonel Morgan away and followed him closely. He retreated without loss, although constantly skirmishing, to Kingsport, twenty-five miles from Rogersville, and crossing Clinch river at nightfall prepared to dispute the passage of the enemy. He believed that he could do so successfully but his force was too small to guard all of the fords, and the next morning the enemy got across, attacked and defeated him, capturing him, more than eighty men, and all of our wagons. Colonel Napier took command and retreated to Bristol. I met the brigade there and found it reduced to less than three hundred men.

General Vaughan was hurrying on to Bristol, at this time, but had to march farther than the enemy, who also had the start of him, would be required to march in order to reach it. On the night of the 13th, the enemy entered Bristol at 3 or 4 P. M. Vaughan was not closer than twelve or fifteen miles and was completely separated from the forces east of Bristol. We now had tolerably accurate information of the enemy's strength. Burbridge's Kentucky troops composed the greater part of his force, and Gillem was present with all of his former command, that he could collect, and one other fine regiment, the Tenth Michigan. General Stoneman commanded. His column numbered in all, as well as we could judge, between six and seven thousand men.

After the enemy occupied Bristol I fell back to Abingdon.

At Bristol a large amount of valuable stores were captured by the enemy, and more clerks and attaches of supply departments caught or scared than at any precedent period of the departmental history. They scudded from town with an expedition that was truly astonishing to those who had ever had business with them.

Not caring to make a fight which I knew I must lose, and well aware that there was hard work before us, I left Abingdon at nightfall, and encamped about three miles from the town on the Saltville road. At 10 o'clock the enemy entered Abingdon, driving out a picket of thirty men I had left there and causing another stampede of the clerical detail. The brigade was at once gotten under arms in expectation of an advance upon the road where we were stationed, but the enemy moved down the railroad toward Glade Springs and by the main road in the same direction.

After having ascertained their route we moved rapidly to Saltville, reaching that place before 10 A. M. General Breckinridge had already concentrated there all of the reserves that could be collected, and Giltner's and Cosby's brigades, which had just returned from the valley. Vaughan had retreated, when he found himself cut off, toward the North Carolina line and was virtually out of the fight from that time. Our force for the defense of Saltville was not more than fifteen hundred men; for offensive operations not eight hundred.

The enemy made no demonstration against Saltville on that day, and at nightfall General Breckinridge instructed me to move with one hundred and fifty men of my brigade, through McCall's Gap, and passing to the right of Glade's Springs, where the enemy was supposed to be, enter the main stage road and move toward Wytheville. He had received information that three or four hundred of the enemy had gone in that direction toward the lead mines, and he wished me to follow and attack.

Moving as directed, I found the enemy not at Glade Springs, as was expected, but at the point at which I wished to enter the main road. Driving in the pickets, I advanced

my whole force to within a short distance of the road and discovered convincing proof that the entire Federal force was there. I did not attack, but withdrew to a point about a mile distant, and, permitting the men to build fires, and posting pickets to watch the enemy at the cross-roads, awaited daylight.

Just at daylight a force of ten or twelve hundred of the enemy appeared in our rear, and between us and Saltville. This force had passed through Glade Springs and far around to the rear. Fortunately the men were lying down in line and by their horses, which had not been unsaddled. They were at once formed, and sending to call in the pickets I moved my line slowly toward the enemy, who halted. The noise of the pickets galloping up the road perhaps made them believe that reinforcements were arriving to us. Not caring to fight when directly between two superior bodies of the enemy, and but a short distance from either, I wheeled into column, as soon as the picket detail arrived, and moved toward a wood upon our right. I was satisfied that I could check pursuit when there and that some sort of trace led thence over the mountain to Saltville.

The enemy did not pursue vigorously. Only one shot was fired, and that by one of my pickets, who killed his man.

Learning that the enemy had crossed at Seven-Mile Ford and gone on toward Wytheville, General Breckinridge determined to follow. He wished to harass him, and prevent, as well as he could with the limited force at his command, the waste and destruction which was the object of the raid. He accordingly marched out from Saltville on the night of the 16th, with eight hundred men, leaving the reserves and the men belonging to the cavalry whose horses were unserviceable.

On the 17th, Colonel Wycher, who had been sent in advance of the column commanded by General Breckinridge, attacked a body of the enemy near Marion, and drove it to Mount Airy, eight miles from Wytheville. General Breckinridge pressed on to support him, and when we reached Marion we found Wycher coming back, closely pursued by

a much stronger party of the enemy. Cosby's brigade, which was in the front of our column, at once attacked, and the whole command having deployed and moved up, the enemy were easily driven back across the creek, two miles beyond Marion. Giltner and Cosby halted without crossing the creek. My brigade crossed and pressed the Federals back some distance farther on the right of our line of advance. Night coming on, I took a position on a commanding ridge which stretches from the creek in a southeasterly direction. My left flank rested near the ford at which we had crossed, and my line was at an obtuse angle with that of the other brigades, which had not crossed, and inclining toward the position of the enemy. During the night I kept my men in line of battle.

On the next morning it became evident that Stoneman's entire force, or very nearly all of it, had arrived during the night and was confronting us. After feeling the line, commencing on our left, the enemy apparently became impressed with the belief that the proper point to attack was upon our right, and he accordingly made heavy rushes in rapid succession upon my position. I had but two hundred and twenty men, and was reinforced at mid-day by Colonel Wycher with fifty of his battalion.

The line we were required to hold was at least half a mile long, and I say without hesitation that troops never fought more resolutely and bravely than did those I commanded on that day. The men were formed in a single slim skirmish line, with intervals of five or six feet between the files, and yet the enemy could not break it. We were forced to receive an attack where the enemy chose to make it, not daring, with our limited number and the important responsibility of holding our position, to attack in turn. Had the position been taken, the ford would have fallen into the possession of the enemy and he would have been master of the entire field. The fire which met the advancing Federals at every effort which they made was the most deadly I ever saw. Our ammunition gave out three times, but, fortunately, we were enabled to replenish it during the lulls in the

fighting. The sharpshooting upon both sides, in the intervals of attack, was excellent. Charlie Taylor, the best shot in my brigade, and one of the bravest soldiers, killed a man at almost every shot. I would gladly mention the names of those who deserved distinguished honor for their conduct, but it would require me, to do so, to give the name of every officer and private in the brigade.

One of the Federal sharpshooters was unusually daring and efficient. He had advanced some distance in front of his own line and taken position behind a large sycamore tree, about two hundred and fifty yards from ours, whence he was keeping up a persistent fire. About the time he was most active I reached that part of the line and was admonished to be cautious. "Look out, General," several shouted. "He's already shot two men." I selected a comparatively safe place, and watched with a good deal of interest the measures taken to silence him. He kept himself pretty well concealed, but we could see his arm moving when he reloaded and catch a glimpse of his body when he fired. Three or four of our fellows were crawling through the dry weeds and grass in different directions, trying to get a fair shot at him; and Lieutenant Omar, an excellent officer of Ward's battalion, was giving them instructions. Omar was standing behind a small tree a little distance to the front, flourishing both arms in the vehemence of his advice and enforcing it with a flow of profanity I never heard equalled. Suddenly the sharpshooter hit the palm of his extended right hand and pierced it, causing the blood to gush in a stream. I never saw a man more astonished and disgusted than Omar seemed to be. He stood for a moment like a statue, with his arm still extended, and then called out, "General, if he ain't hit me, I'll be d—d."

I had not seen Omar for years, when one day, twenty years after the close of the war, a middle-aged, grizzled, but stalwart man, with the unmistakable look of a veteran, entered my office in Louisville and accosted me like one who knew me well. I knew that he was an old comrade, his face and voice were familiar, but I could not "place him," as we

say in the South. I frankly told him so, expressing my regret that I had failed to recognize him. He straightened himself up, without a word, and extended his right arm with open palm. In the center of it I saw a scar, and the scene I have described flashed into my memory. "If you ain't Omar," I said, "I'll be d—d."

About 3 o'clock, Colonel Napier, who was commanding upon the extreme left, advanced, and, sweeping down the line, drove back a body of the enemy immediately confronting his own little battalion, and struck the flank of another moving to attack the right of the position. But coming suddenly upon a miscegenated line of white and colored troops, which rose suddenly from ambush and fired into the faces of his men, his line fell back. The combatants fought here, for a while, with clubbed guns and the negroes, who seemed furious with fear, used theirs like mauls. Soon after this, the most serious charge of the day was made upon the right and center. The enemy came in two lines, each twelve or fifteen hundred strong. The front line swung first one end foremost, then the other, as it came at the double-quick, and my line, facing to the right and left, massed alternately at the threatened points. This time the Federals came up so close that I believed the position lost. Their repulse was chiefly due to the exertions of Captain Lea and Colonel Wycher, so far as the efforts of officers contributed to a victory which nothing but the unflinching courage of the men could have secured.

The first line, after driving us nearly a hundred yards and completely turning our right, finally recoiled, and the second ran as early. But they left many dead behind. Our loss was surprisingly small in this fight; the enemy fired heavy volleys, but too high.

The enemy made no further attack, and seemed hopeless of driving us away.

Late at night, our ammunition having almost entirely given out, we quitted our position and fell back, through Marion. Marching then southwardly, through the gorges of the mountain, we reached Rye Valley, fifteen miles dis-

tant, by morning. The enemy did not move during the night.

It can safely be asserted that we were not worsted in this fight, although for lack of ammunition we quitted the field. Every attack made by the enemy upon our position was repulsed, notwithstanding our greatly inferior numbers. Our loss was slight; his was heavy. General Breckinridge declared that no troops could have fought better or more successfully than those which held the right.

From Rye Valley we moved to the main road again, striking it at Mount Airy, thirteen miles from Marion. Here General Breckinridge learned that the enemy had marched directly to Saltville. He entertained grave fears that the place would be taken, having no confidence in the ability of the small garrison to hold it. His fears were realized. He instructed me to collect details from all the brigades of men who were least exhausted and the most serviceable horses, and follow the enemy as closely as I could, relieving Saltville if the garrison held out until I arrived. I accordingly marched with three hundred men, arriving at Seven-Mile Ford at nightfall on the 19th. I halted until 1 o'clock at night, and then pressed on, over terrible roads, and reached the vicinity of Saltville at daylight. The night was bitterly cold and the men were so chilled that they were scarcely able to sit on their horses.

Passing through Lyon's Gap we discovered indications scarcely to be mistaken that Saltville had indeed fallen. Still it was necessary to make sure, and I moved in the direction of the southern defenses. Shortly afterward the sight of the enemy and a skirmish which showed a strong force in line, convinced me that I could not enter the place. Scouts, sent to reconnoiter, returned, declaring that the enemy held all the entrances. I lost one man killed. Falling back three miles, I went into camp to await the time when the enemy should commence his retreat. This he did on the 22d and marched toward Kentucky. We immediately followed. At Hyter's Gap the forces of the enemy divided,—those under Gillem moving in the direction of Tennessee, those under

Burbridge going straight toward Kentucky. We followed the latter. There is no word in the English language which adequately expresses how cold it was. Our horses, already tired down and half starved, could scarcely hobble. Those of the enemy were in worse condition, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that for ten miles a man could have walked on dead ones. They lay dead and stark, frozen in every conceivable and revolting attitude, as death had overtaken them in their agony. Saddles, guns, accoutrements of all kinds strewed the road like the debris of a rout. We picked up many stragglers. Some pieces of artillery were abandoned but their carriages were burned.

When we reached Wheeler's ford, fifty-two miles from Saltville, I had left of my three hundred only fifty men. Here we had our last skirmish with the enemy and gave up the pursuit. More than one hundred prisoners were taken, many of them unable to walk. The Federals lost hundreds of men whose limbs, rotted by the cold, had to be amputated. Such suffering, to be conceived, must be witnessed. The raid had accomplished great things, but at terrible cost. Soon after this my brigade went into winter quarters. Forage was scarcely to be had at all in the department, and I sent my horses, with a strong detail to guard and attend to them, to North Carolina. The men could scarcely be reconciled to this parting with their best friends, and feared, too, it preluded infantry service. In the huts built at Abingdon they were sufficiently comfortable, but were half famished. The country was almost bare of supplies. Still they bore up, cheerful and resolute.

In March we were ordered to Lynchburg, to assist in defending that place against Sheridan. He passed by, however, and struck at larger game. About this time the men who had lain so long, suffered so much and endured so heroically in prison began to arrive. The men who had braved every hardship in field and camp were now reinforced by those who were fresh from the harsh insults and galling sense of captivity. Six months earlier this addition to our numbers would have told—now it was too late.

Our gallant boys would not halt or rest until they rejoined their old comrades. Then they crowded around with many a story of their prison life and vow of revenge—never to be accomplished. All asked for arms, and to be placed at once in the ranks.

In April the enemy advanced again from east Tennessee. Stoneman raided through North Carolina—tapped the only road which connected Richmond with the Southern territory still available, at Salisbury, and then suddenly turned up in our rear and between us and Richmond. This decided General Early, who was then commanding the department, to move eastwardly that he might get closer to General Lee. All the troops in the department were massed, and we moved as rapidly as it was possible to do. General Early having fallen ill, the command devolved upon General Echols. This officer did all that any man could have done to preserve the *morale* of the troops. He was possessed of remarkable administrative capacity, and great tact as well as energy. While firm, he was exceedingly popular in manner and address, and maintained good humor and satisfaction among the troops while he preserved order and efficiency.

General Echols had at this time besides the cavalry commands of Vaughan, Cosby, Giltner and mine, some four or five thousand infantry; the division of General Wharton, and the small brigades commanded by Colonels Trigg and Preston. My brigade was doing duty as infantry, the horses having not yet returned. Marching about twenty-five miles every day, the men became more than ever disgusted with the infantry service and their feet suffered as much as their temper. It was observed that the men just returned from prison, although least prepared for it, complained least of the hard marching.

We knew at this time that General Lee had been at length forced to evacuate Richmond, but we hoped that, followed by the bulk of his army, he would retreat safely to some point where he could effect a junction with General Joseph Johnston, and collect, also, all of the detachments of troops which had previously operated at a distance from the large

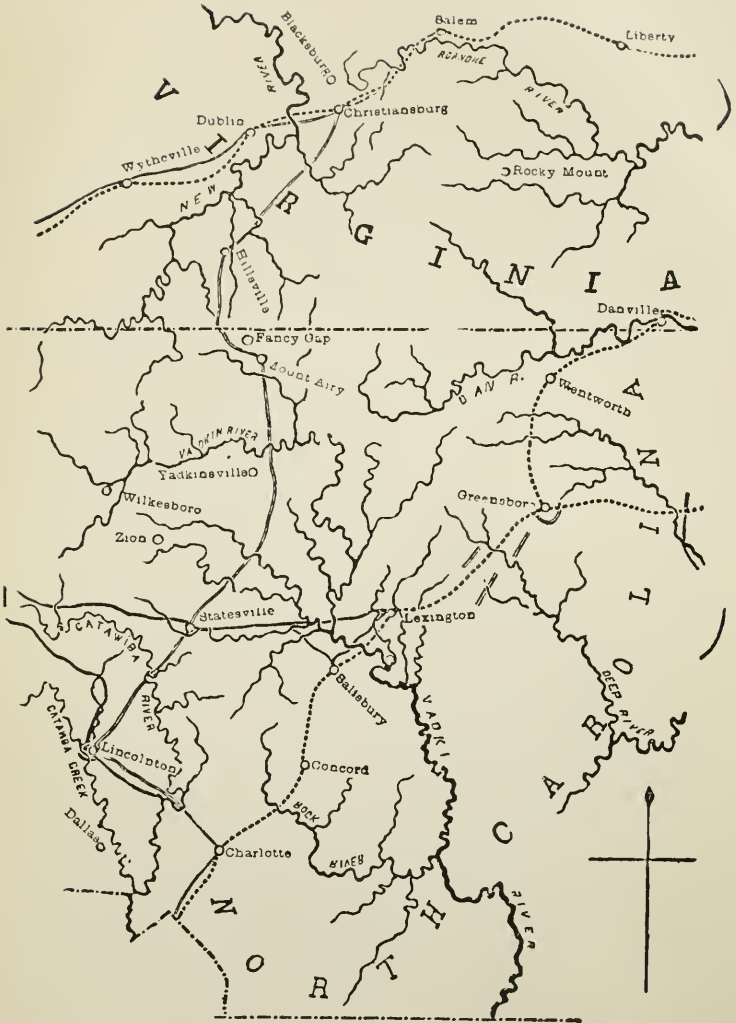
armies. The troops which General Echols commanded were veterans, and they understood the signs which were now rife and public. But they were not altogether hopeless, and were still resolute although their old enthusiasm was utterly gone. They still received encouragement from the citizens of the section through which they marched.

While General Echols was still confident that he would be able to join General Lee at some point to the southwest of Richmond, most probably Danville, we learned with a dismay which is indescribable that he had surrendered. If the light of heaven had gone out a more utter despair and consternation would not have ensued. When the news first came, it perfectly paralyzed every one. Men looked at each other as if they had just heard a sentence of death and eternal ruin passed upon all. The effect of the news upon the infantry was to cause an entire disorganization. Crowds of men threw down their arms and left and those who remained lost all sense of discipline.

On the next day General Echols called a council of war, announced his intention of taking all the men who would follow him to General Joseph E. Johnston, and consulted his officers regarding the temper of the men. The infantry officers declared that their men would not go and that it was useless to attempt to make them.

General Echols then issued an order furloughing the infantry soldiers for sixty days. He believed that this method would, at the end of that time if the war was still going on, secure many to the Confederacy, while to attempt to force them to follow him would be unavailing and would make them all bitterly hostile in the future. He issued orders to the cavalry commanders to be prepared to march at 4 P. M. in the direction of North Carolina.

I obtained permission from him to mount my men on mules taken from the wagons, which were necessarily abandoned. My command was about six hundred strong. All the men furloughed during the winter and spring had promptly reported, and it was increased by more than two hundred exchanged men. Of the entire number, not more



Map of Route of General B. W. Duke,

Commanding Gen. Morgan's Cavalry from S. W. Virginia to Gen. J. E. Johnston's Army at Charlotte, N. C., April, 1864, and Route while with President Davis, from Charlotte to the South Carolina Line.

═══ Indicates Route

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than ten (some of these officers) failed to respond to the orders to continue their march to General Johnston's army. The rain was falling in torrents when we prepared to start upon a march which seemed fraught with danger. The men were drenched, and mounted upon mules without saddles and with blind bridles or rope halters. Everything conspired to remind them of the gloomy situation. The dreadful news was fresh in their ears. Thousands of men had disbanded around them. They were told that Stoneman held the gaps in the mountains through which they would have to pass. The gloomy skies seemed to threaten disaster. But braver in the hour of despair than ever before, they never faltered or murmured. The trial found them true. I can safely say that the men of my brigade were even more prompt in rendering obedience, more careful in doing their full duty at this time when it was entirely optional with themselves whether they should go or stay, than they had ever been in the most prosperous days of the Confederacy. To command such men was the proudest honor that an officer could obtain.

We moved off in silence, broken by a cheer when we passed Vaughan's brigade, which was also going on. On the next day we were overtaken by ninety men from Giltner's brigade, who came to join us. Colonel Dimond and Captains Scott, Rogers, Barrett, and Willis, and Lieutenant Freeman, well known as among the best officers of the Kentucky Confederate troops, commanded them. These men felt as we did, that disaster gave us no right to quit the service in which we had enlisted and that so long as the Confederate Government survived it had a claim upon us that we could not refuse.

The reports that the gaps were occupied by the enemy proved untrue, and we entered North Carolina without seeing a Federal. At Statesville, General Echols left us to go to General Johnston's camp. Vaughan was instructed to proceed to Morgantown, south of the Catawba river, and I pushed on toward Lincolnton, where I expected to find Colonel Napier with the horses. Just after crossing the

river, information was received that a part of Stoneman's force was marching from the west in the same direction. I hoped, by moving rapidly, to get to Lincolnton first. The enemy's column moved upon a road which approached closely to the one by which we were marching. Our scouts were fighting during the afternoon upon the by-roads which connected the main ones. When within two miles of Lincolnton, videttes came back rapidly to tell me that the enemy had occupied the town and were coming to meet us.

I was unwilling to fight, and I knew that to countermarch would be ruinous. Fortunately an officer had, a little while before, mentioned that a small road turned off to the left two miles from Lincolnton and led to other traces and paths, which conducted to the main road to Charlotte. The head of the column was just at a road which answered the description he had given, and, strengthening the advance guard to hold the enemy in check, I turned the column into it. It proved to be the right road and, pressing guides, we reached, after a march of twelve or fifteen miles, the Charlotte road road and were between that place and the enemy. At daybreak next morning we moved on slowly. The enemy reached the bridge over the Catawba after we had passed and had partially torn up the bottom. At Charlotte we found a battalion of General Ferguson's brigade of Mississippi cavalry.

On the next day Mr. Davis and his Cabinet arrived, escorted by General Debrell's division of cavalry, in which was Williams' Kentucky brigade, commanded then by Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge. In a day or two the town was filled with unattached officers, disbanded and straggling soldiers, the relics of the naval forces, fleeing officials and the small change of the Richmond bureaux.

The negotiations were then pending between Generals Johnston and Sherman. General Breckinridge, in his capacity of Secretary of War, assisted at these conferences, but he was impatiently expected by Mr. Davis. The latter on the day of his arrival made the speech which has been so much commented upon. It was simply a manly, courageous

appeal to the people to be true to themselves. The news of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln was received, during this period, but was almost universally disbelieved. When General Breckinridge arrived, he brought the first authoritative account of the Sherman and Johnston cartel. But two days later, General Johnston telegraphed that the authorities at Washington had repudiated it; that the armistice was broken off and that he was preparing to surrender. Then there was another stir and commotion among the refugees. The greater part chose to remain at Charlotte and accept the terms granted General Johnston's army.

Mr. Davis, accompanied by General Breckinridge and the members of his Cabinet, quitted Charlotte to march, if possible, to Generals Taylor and Forrest, in Alabama. The five brigades of Ferguson, Debrell, Breckinridge, Vaughan, and mine composed his escort. At Unionville I found Colonel Napier, with all the horses he had been able to save from the enemy, and seventy or eighty men. This increased the strength of the brigade to seven hundred and fifty-one effectives.

I asked and obtained promotion, well won and deserved, for several officers. Major Steele was made colonel; Captains Logan and Messick, lieutenant-colonels; Sergeant Jno. Carter, captain; Captains Davis and Gwynn, of my staff, to whom I owed gratitude for inestimable assistance, were made majors. I wished for promotion for other officers—indeed they all deserved it—but was assured that so many commissions could not be issued at once.

We moved through South Carolina with great deliberation—so slowly, indeed, that with the detachments constantly passing them on their way to surrender, the *morale* of the troops was seriously impaired. Nothing demoralizes cavalry more than dilatory movements in time of danger. They argue that it indicates irresolution on the part of their leaders.

While in South Carolina, an old lady reproached some men of my brigade very bitterly for taking forage from her barn. "You are a gang of thieving, rascally Kentuckians,"

she said: "afraid to go home, while our boys are surrendering decently." "Madam," answered one of them, "you are speaking out of your turn; South Carolina had a good deal to say in getting up this war, but we Kentuckians have contracted to close it out."

At Abbeville, where we were received with the kindest hospitality, was held the last Confederate council of war. Mr. Davis desired to know from his brigade commanders the true spirit of the men. He presided himself. Besides Generals Breckinridge and Bragg, none others were present than the five brigade commanders. Mr. Davis was apparently untouched by any of the demoralization which prevailed; he was affable, dignified and looked the very personification of high and undaunted courage. Each officer gave, in turn, a statement of the condition and feeling of his men, and, when urged to do so, declared his own views of the situation. In substance, all said the same. They and their followers despaired of successfully prosecuting the war, and doubted the propriety of prolonging it. The honor of the soldiery was involved in securing Mr. Davis' escape, and their pride induced them to put off submission to the last moment. They would risk battle in the accomplishment of these objects—but would not ask their men to struggle against a fate which was inevitable, and forfeit all hope of a restoration to their home and friends. Mr. Davis declared that he wished to hear no plan which had for its object only his safety—that twenty-five hundred men, brave men, were enough to prolong the war, until the panic had passed away, and they would then be a nucleus for thousands more. He urged us to accept his views. We were silent, for we could not agree with him and respected him too much to reply. He then said, bitterly, that he saw all hope was gone; that all the friends of the South were prepared to consent to her degradation. When he arose to leave the room he had lost his erect bearing, his face was pale and he faltered so much in his step that he was compelled to lean upon General Breckinridge. It was a sad sight to men who felt toward him as

we did. I will venture to say that nothing he has subsequently endured equalled the bitterness of that moment.

At the Savannah river, next day, the men were paid, through the influence of General Breckinridge, with a portion of the specie brought from Richmond. Each man got from twenty-six to thirty dollars—as he was lucky. Generals Vaughan and Debrell remained at the river to surrender.

At Washington, Ga., on the same day, the 7th of May, Mr. Davis left us, with the understanding that he was to attempt to make his escape. General Breckinridge had determined to proceed, with all the men remaining in an opposite direction, and divert if possible pursuit from Mr. Davis. That night General Ferguson's brigade went to Macon to surrender, Ferguson himself going to Mississippi. On the next morning some three hundred and fifty of my brigade and a portion of Williams' brigade, under Colonel Breckinridge, marched to Woodstock, Ga.

Many men of my brigade, dismounted and unable to obtain horses, and many of the paroled men hoping to be exchanged, had followed us out from Virginia, walking more than three hundred miles. When at length, unwilling to expose them to further risk and suffering, I positively prohibited their coming farther they wept like children.

A great portion of the men with Colonel Breckinridge were from his own regiment, the Ninth Kentucky, and the former "Morgan men," so long separated, were united just as all was lost. The glorious old "Kentucky brigade," as the infantry brigade first commanded by General Breckinridge, then by Hanson, Helm and Lewis was called, was not many miles distant, and surrendered about the same time. Upon leaving Washington, General Breckinridge, accompanied by his staff and some forty men, personally commanded by Colonel Breckinridge, had taken a different road from that upon which the brigade had marched. When I arrived at Woodstock I did not find him there, as I had expected.

Hours elapsed and he did not come. They were hours

of intense anxiety. In our front was a much superior force of Federal cavalry; to go forward would provoke an engagement, and it could only result in severe and bloody defeat. Retreat, by the way we had come, was impossible. Upon the left, if we escaped the enemy, we would be stopped by the sea.

I could not determine to surrender until I had heard from General Breckinridge, who was, at once commander of all the Confederate forces yet in the field, in this vicinity, and the sole remaining officer of the Government. Nor, until he declared it, could I know that enough had been done to assure the escape of Mr. Davis. The suspense was galling. At length Colonel Breckinridge arrived with a message from the General.

While proceeding leisurely along the road, upon which he had left Washington, General Breckinridge had suddenly encountered a battalion of Federal cavalry, formed his forty-five men and prepared to charge them. They halted, sent in a flag of truce, and parleyed. General Breckinridge saw that he could no longer delay his own attempt at escape and while the conference was proceeding, set off with a few of his personal staff.

After a sufficient time had elapsed to let him get away, Colonel Breckinridge marched by the enemy (a truce having been agreed on), and came directly to Woodstock. General Breckinridge directed him to say to me that he had good reason to believe that Generals Forrest and Taylor had already surrendered. That if we succeeded in crossing the Mississippi we would find all there prepared to surrender. He counseled an immediate surrender upon our part, urging that it was folly to think of holding out any longer and criminal to risk the lives of the men when no good could possibly be accomplished. He wished them to return to Kentucky—to their homes and kindred. He forbade any effort to assist his escape.

"I will not have," he said, "one of these young men encounter one hazard more for my sake."

The men were immediately formed, and the words of the

chieftain they loved and honored repeated to them. They declared that they had striven to do their duty and preserve their honor and felt that they could accept, without disgrace, release from service which they had worthily discharged. Then the last organization of "Morgan men" was disbanded. Comrades who felt for each other the esteem and affection which brave and true men cherish parted with sad hearts and dimmed eyes. There remained of the "old command" only the recollections of an eventful career and the ties of friendship which would ever bind its members together. There was no humiliation for these men. They had done their part and served faithfully, until there was no longer a cause and a country to serve. They knew not what their fate would be and indulged in no speculation regarding it. They had been taught fortitude by the past, and, without useless repining and unmanly fear, they faced the future.